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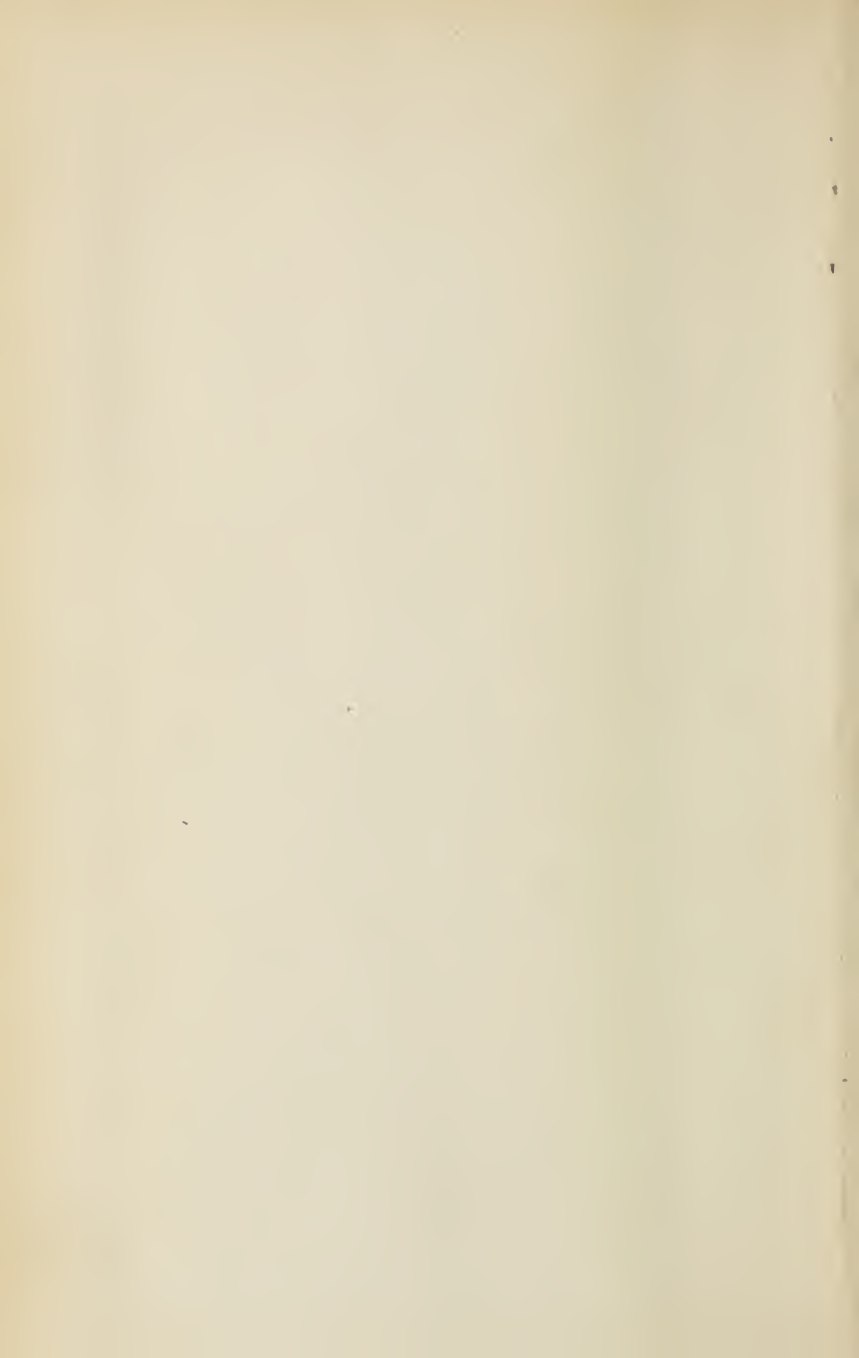
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A MISSIONARY HYMN-BOOK

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NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.
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Presbyterian Historical Society
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WITHDRAWN

NOTES

Too much pains can hardly be taken in the preparation of a missionary service or meeting. Hymns do not always afford the particular contribution to these gatherings that they alone can bring, when selected on the spot, possibly at random, from the most hackneyed of their kind. With this in mind, a preliminary practice of the hymns, with at least a little nucleus of singers, should in every case form a necessary part of the proceedings. Such a nucleus will help the audience with even an unfamiliar tune; and preliminary practices will rapidly familiarise people with the tunes included here for the first time.

It will be seen that the Amen is not invariably given. It can be added easily if required; but the indiscriminate use of Amen does not enhance the value of a hymn. In some cases it even detracts from the sense. Perhaps if a suggestion be wanted, Amen may safely be sung at the close of a prayer or of an ascription of praise.

First published in 1922 under the auspices of the Missionary Council of the National Assembly of the Church of England, the successor of the Central Board of Missions.

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mi4

PREFACE

THIS hymn-book is the work of a Committee appointed by the Central Board of Missions in 1916. Few, if any, hymn-books are satisfying, and this is as true of missionary hymn-books as of others of a more general character. Modern taste in both words and tunes differs widely from that of twenty-five years ago. There is a great discrimination in both words and music. It is not enough to say that the words are familiar or that the tune is taking. A higher standard is now set both in art and in devotion. This has resulted in attempts from several quarters to produce hymn-books which have this truer standard in view, which are not written to satisfy the demands of any particular school of thought, and which fearlessly draw on all sources both ancient and modern, provided that both words and music are not unworthy of those high moments of worship for which they are intended.

This book is made from this standpoint, and is a humble contribution offered to the Church at a time when the responsibilities and opportunities for the great world campaign to which she is committed were never so great, and when her deep enthusiasm for the Kingdom of God demands the purest expression, both in poetry and in melody, to which we can attain.

On behalf of the Committee,

THEODORE PETRIBURG

(Chairman).

THE Committee are deeply indebted to the help and advice of several members, and not least to Mr. Harvey Grace, organist of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square, whose knowledge and skill have been invaluable.

Considerable use has been made of the old tunes brought to the notice of the present generation in the *English Hymnal*, to the compilers of which editors of all subsequent collections of hymns and tunes will be indebted.

Where permission to use copyright tunes has been obtained, an acknowledgment is printed below the tune. No effort has been spared to trace the owners of copyright words and tunes. If any have been inserted without proper authority, indulgence is craved.

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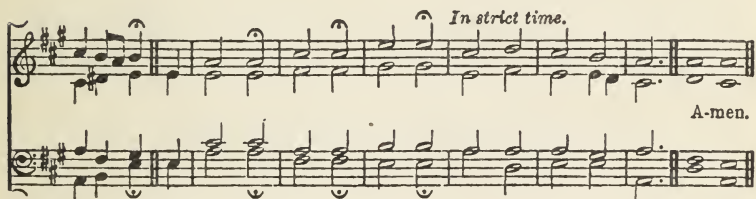
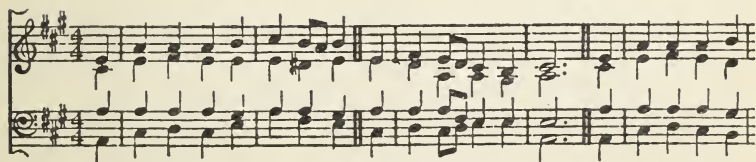
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A MISSIONARY HYMN-BOOK

I.—INVOCATION, PRAYER AND PRAISE.

1 MILES' LANE. C. M. W. SHRUBSOLE (1760-1806).



E. PERRONET (1726-92)
and others.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name;
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of
light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's
might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Praise Him Whose way of pain ye
trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

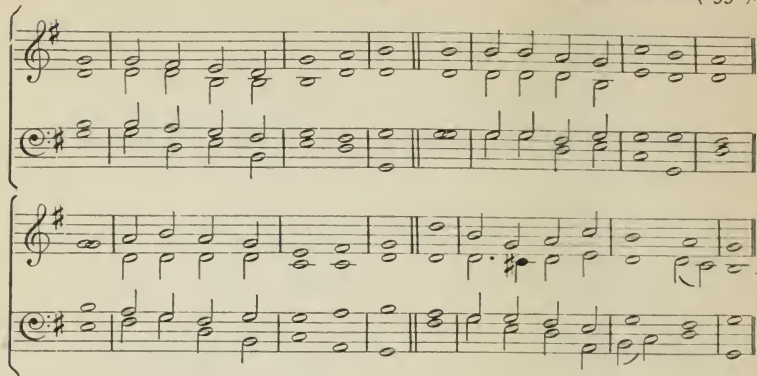
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His
grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
To Him their hearts enthrall,
Lift high the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. *Geneva Psalter (1551).*



W. KETHE (16th cent.).

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful
voice; [tell,
Him serve with fear, His praise forth
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

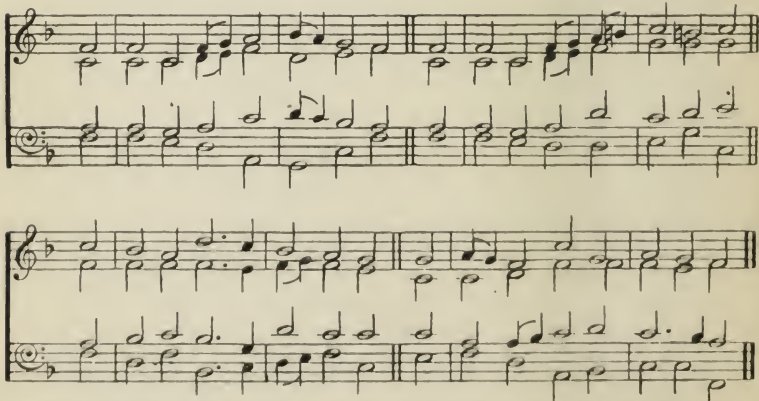
The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name
always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is
good:
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

3 ILLSLEY. L. M. J. BISHOP (1665-1737).



This hymn may also be sung to *Melcombe*, H. A. & M. 4; E. H. 260.

H. W. BAKER (1821-77).

ALMIGHTY GOD, Whose only
Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy
need.

In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

There are who never yet have heard
The tidings of Thy blessed Word,
But still in heathen darkness dwell,
Without one thought of heaven or
hell;

And some within Thy sacred fold
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

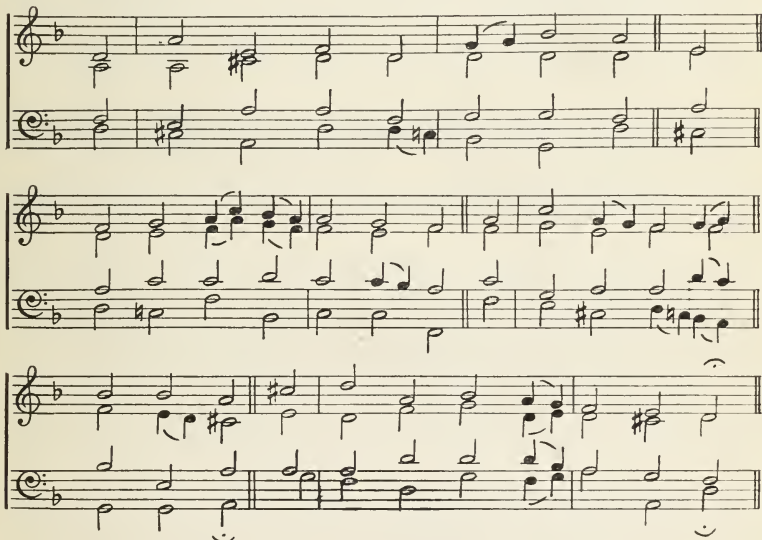
O give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire.

That so from Angel-hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the Blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.

4 PLAISTOW.

L. M.

Magdalen Hymns (1760).



I. WATTS (1674-1748).

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred
joy;

Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our
aid,

Made us of clay and formed us
men;

And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,

He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-
ful songs;

High as the heavens our voices
raise;

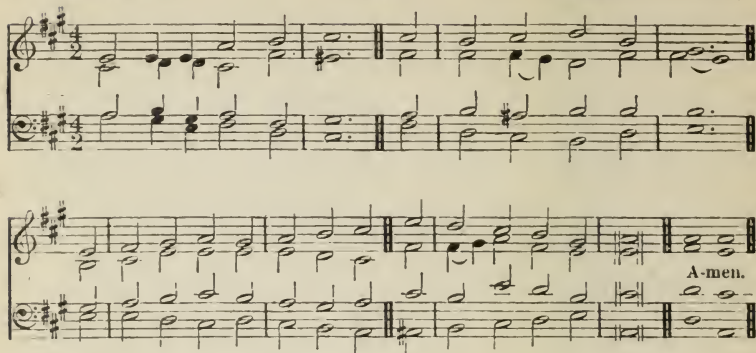
And earth with her ten thousand
tongues

Shall fill Thy courts with sound-
ing praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;

Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

5 DOMINICA. S. M. H. S. OAKELEY (1830-1903).



E. HATCH (1835-89).

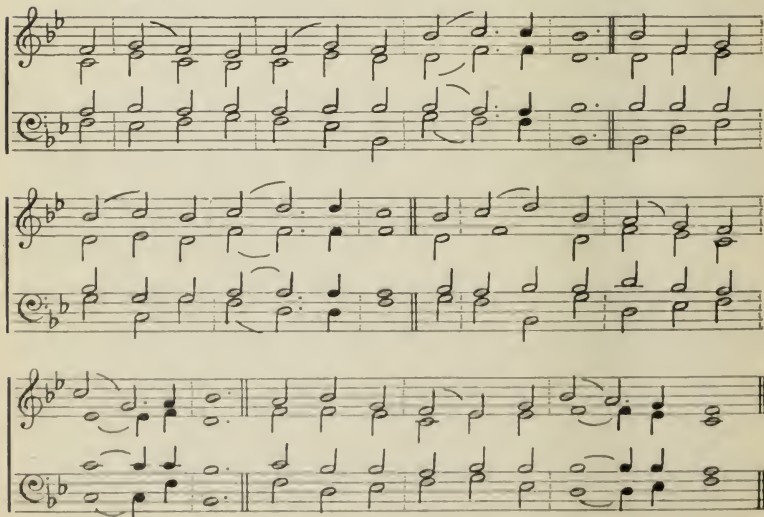
BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glow with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure;
Until with Thee I will one will
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

6 VENI CREATOR. L. M. *Mechlin.*
Unison.



J. COSIN (1594-1672)
from the *Latin*.

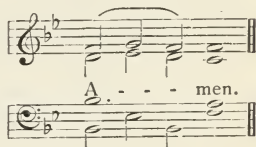
COME, Holy Ghost, our souls
inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can
come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,

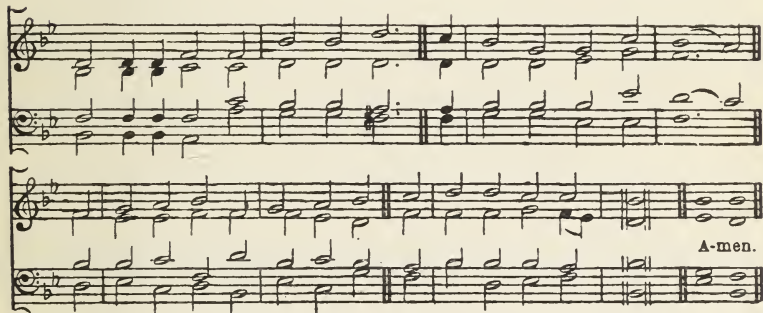
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.



7 NATIVITY.

C. M.

H LAHEE (b. 1826).



By permission of the Rev. W. G. Horder.

This hymn may also be sung to *Richmond*, No. 39.

I. WATTS (1674-1748).

COME, let us join our cheerful
songs
With Angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died,"
they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips
reply,
"For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

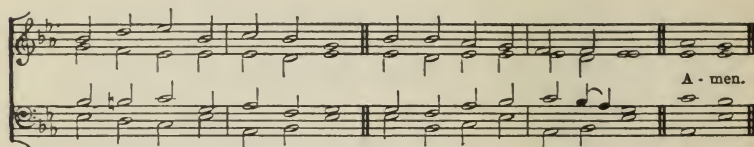
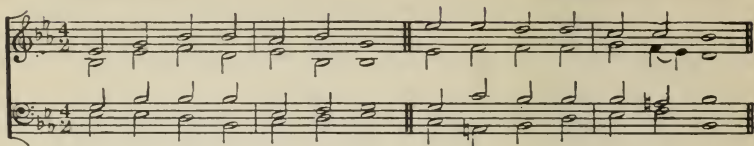
Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

8 CULBACH.

7. 7. 7. 7.

J. SCHEFFLER (1657).



J. NEWTON (1725-1807).

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

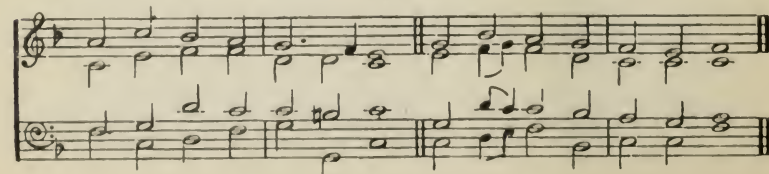
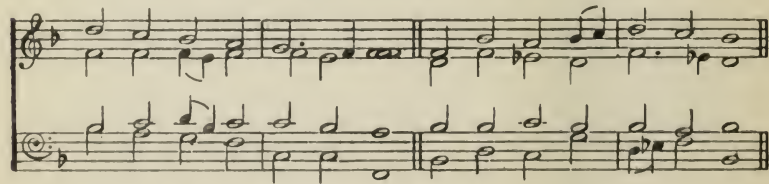
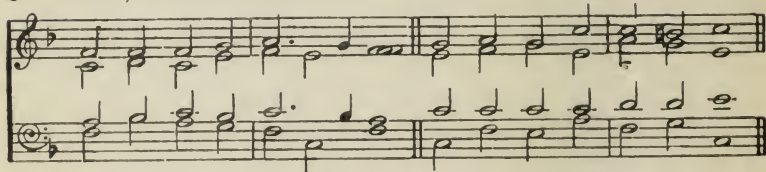
Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin;
 Lord, remove this load of sin;
 Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
 Take possession of my breast;
 There Thy blood-bought right main-
 tain,
 And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

9 VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS. 7. 7. 7. D. S. WEBBE (1740-1816).



J. M. NEALE (1818-66)
from the Latin.

COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy:
Father of the poor, draw near;
Giver of all gifts, be here;
Come, the soul's true radiancy:

Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest Guest,
Come in toil refreshingly:
Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

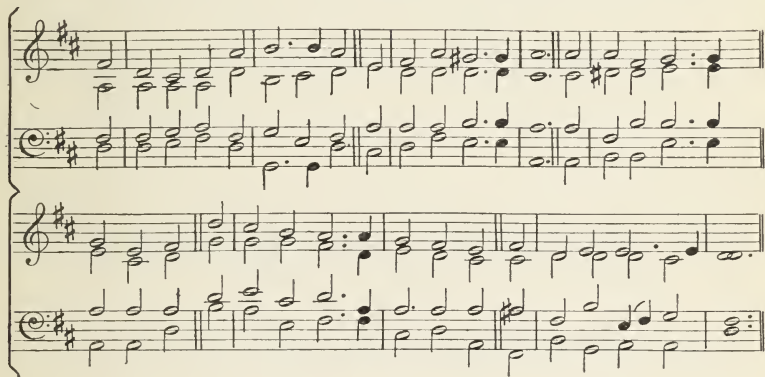
O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.

Where Thou art not, man hath
nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

What is soilèd, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd, fructify;
What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Strengthen what goes erringly.

Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold Mystery.
Here Thy grace and virtue send:
Grant salvation to the end,
And in heaven felicity.

10 ST. BERNARD. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. H. J. GAUNTLETT (1805-76).



J. G. WHITTIER (1807-92).

DEAR Lord and Father of man-
kind,
Forgive our foolish ways.
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence praise.

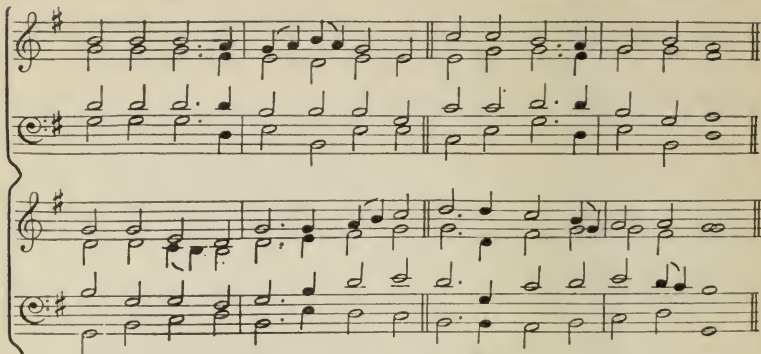
In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and
stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our de-
Thy coolness and Thy balm; [sire
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind,
and fire,
O still small voice of calm !

11 SUSSEX.

8. 7. 8. 7.

English Traditional Melody.

By permission of Dr. Vaughan Williams.

MRS. L. M. WILLIS (1864).

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer;

Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures

Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters

Would we idly rest and stay;
But would smite the living foun-
tains
From the rocks along our way.

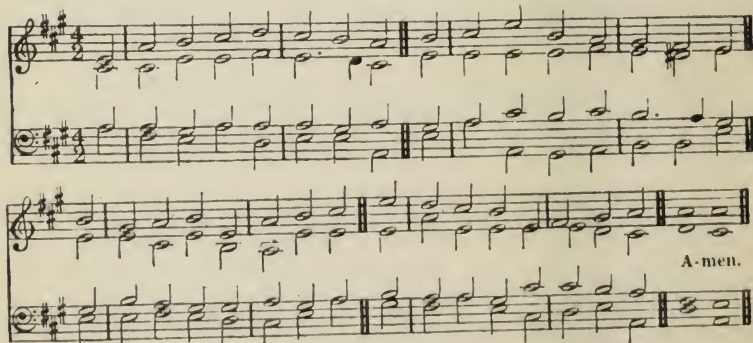
Be our Strength in hours of weak-
ness,

In our wanderings be our Guide:
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

12 NORFOLK.

L. M.

S. HOWARD (1710-82).

This hymn may also be sung to *Old Hundredth*, No. 2.

ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748).

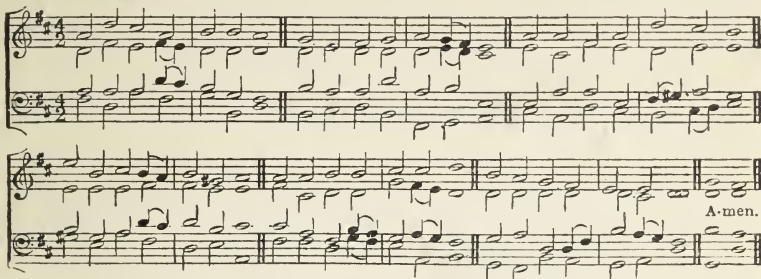
FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

13 HEATHLANDS.

7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

H. SMART (1813-79).



H. F. LYTE (1793-1847).

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

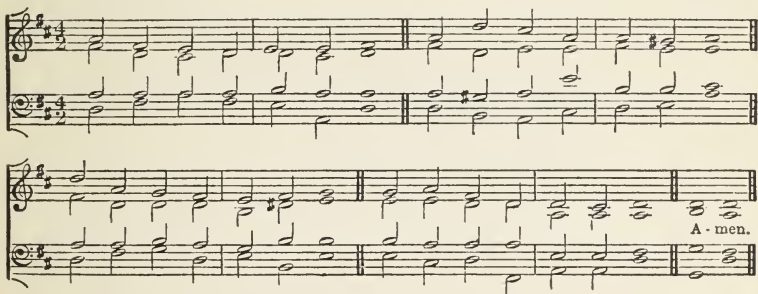
Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

14 BUCKLAND.

7. 7. 7. 7.

L. G. HAYNE (1836-83).



J. JULIAN (1839-1913).

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, Life Divine,
Breathe on us Thy Life benign:
Life, to join ourselves to Thee;
Life, our life in Thee to see.

Bounteous Spirit, Light Divine,
Cause on us Thy Light to shine:
Light, our path in life to see;
Light, to lead our feet to Thee.

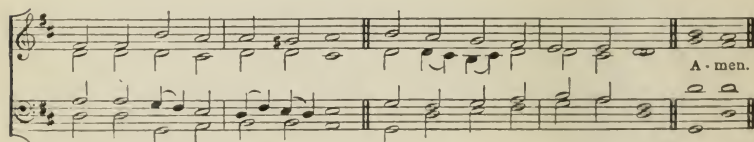
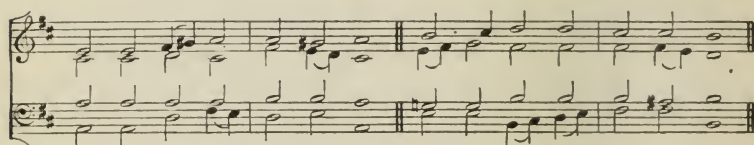
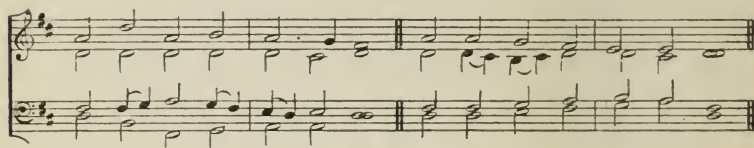
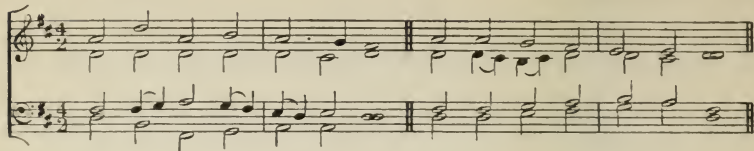
Holy Spirit, Fire Divine,
With Thy Fire our souls refine:
Fire, to purge our sins away;
Fire, to cleanse us for Thy day.

Gentle Spirit, Love Divine,
With Thy Love all love entwine:
Love, in trial peace to give;
Love, for all through life to live.

15 SALZBURG.

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

J. HINTZE (1622-1700).



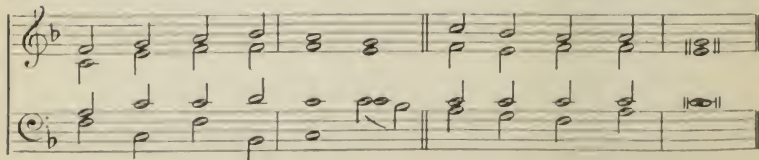
J. CONDER (1789-1855).

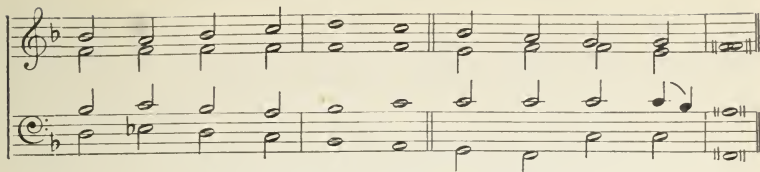
GRANT, O Saviour, to our prayers,
 That this changeful world's affairs
 Ordered by Thy governance,
 May so peaceably advance
 That Thy Church, with ardour due,
 May her proper work pursue
 In all godly quietness,
 Through the Name we ever bless.

16 PROVIDENCE.

6. 5. 6. 5.

S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).





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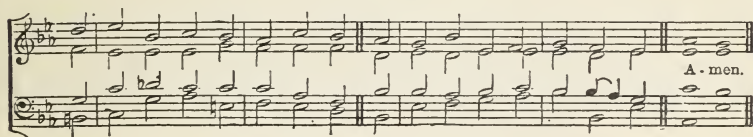
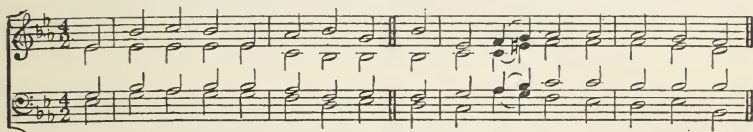
W. PENNEFATHER (1816-73).

JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of the eternal day.

17 ST. SEPULCHRE. L. M. G. COOPER (1820-76).



W. COWPER (1731-1800).

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art
found,

And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;

Such ever bring Thee when they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

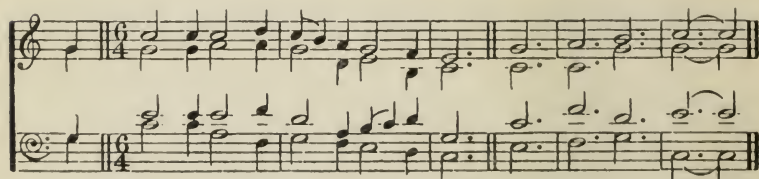
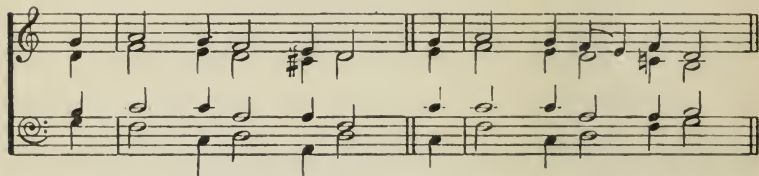
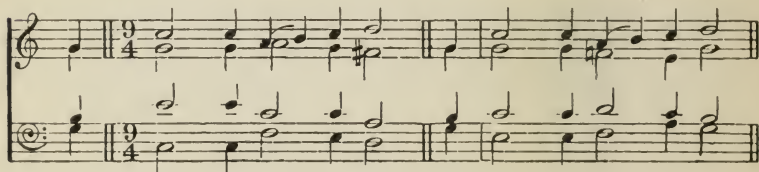
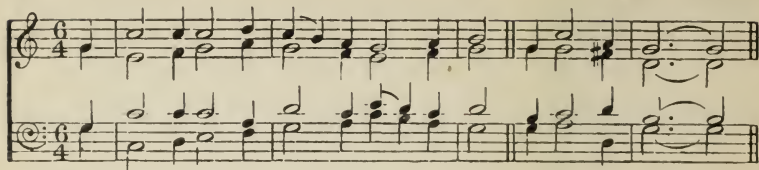
Here may we prove the power of
prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our
eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

18 HIGH ROAD.

10. 4. 6. 6. 6. 6. 10. 4.

MARTIN SHAW.



By permission of Messrs. Curwen and Sons, Ltd.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1632).

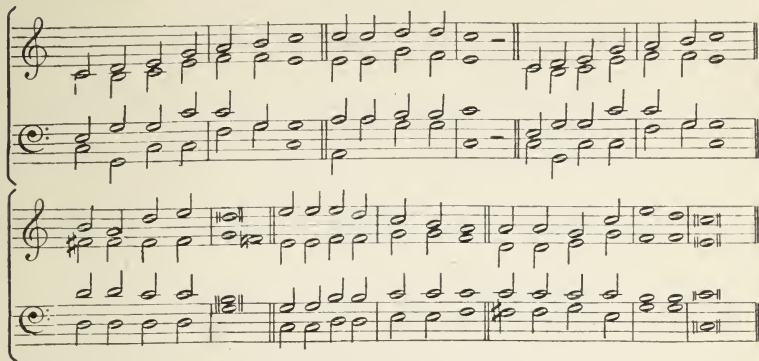
LET all the world in every corner sing,
 My God and King!
 The heavens are not too high,
 His praise may thither fly;
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow.
 Let all the world in every corner sing,
 My God and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing,
 My God and King!
 The Church with psalms must shout,
 No door can keep them out;
 But above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part.
 Let all the world in every corner sing,
 My God and King!

19 MOEL LYS.

7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 7.

S. G. STOCK (1838-98).



By permission of Dr. Eugene Stock.

SARAH G. STOCK (1838-98).

LET the song go round the earth—
 Jesus Christ is Lord !
 Sound His praises, tell His worth,
 Be His Name adored ;
 Every clime and every tongue
 Join the grand, the glorious song !

Let the song go round the earth !
 From the eastern sea,
 Where the daylight has its birth,
 Glad, and bright, and free !
 China's millions join the strains,
 Waft them on to India's plains.

Let the song go round the earth !
 Lands where Islam's sway
 Darkly broods o'er home and hearth,
 Cast their bonds away !
 Let His praise from Afric's shore
 Rise and swell her wide lands o'er !

Let the song go round the earth !
 Where the summer smiles ;
 Let the notes of holy mirth
 Break from distant isles !
 Inland forests, dark and dim,
 Snow-bound coasts give back the hymn.

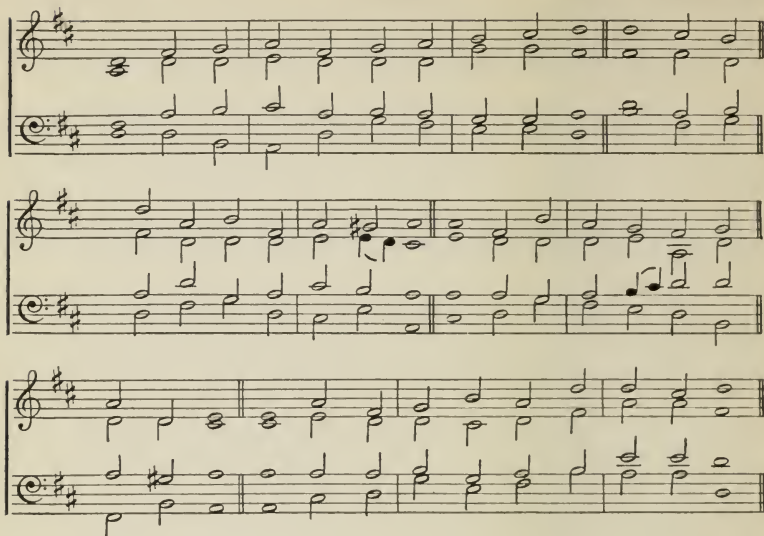
Let the song go round the earth—
 Jesus Christ is King !
 With the glory of His worth
 Let the whole world ring !
 Him creation all adore
 Evermore and evermore !

20

FARLEY CASTLE.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

H. LAWES (1596-1662).



WINIFRED COXON.

LORD, for Thy servants at the battle's front,
 Facing the hosts of hell in fiercest fight,
 Often discouraged, wearied, sad at heart,
 Yet pressing forward, striving for the right—

For these we pray Thee, Lord, O strengthen them,
 Grant them to know that Thou art by their side,
 Give them fresh courage, kindle zeal anew,
 Let them not falter whatsoe'er betide.

And most of all we pray, O Lord, for those
 Who once in heathen darkness groped their way,
 But, having found in Thee the One True Light,
 Are following onward to the perfect day.

Often they stand alone mid pagan night,
 By enemies beset on every side,
 By former friends forsaken, scorned, despised,
 Tempted and weak, by persecutions tried.

O may Thy Spirit's power descend on these,
 Making them strong to witness, Lord, for Thee,
 Keeping them true in fierce temptation's hour,
 Giving them sweet and holy liberty.

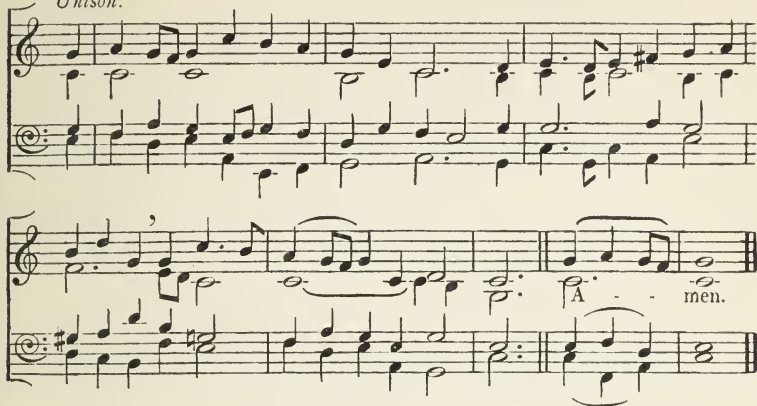
Comfort their hearts, give them Thine own deep peace,
 And teach them ever to rejoice in Thee,
 Still pressing forward, never turning back
 Until with us in heaven Thy face they see.

21 MARTINS.

10. 10. 7.

P. C. BUCK.

Unison.



By permission of Dr. P. C. Buck.

S. J. STONE (1839-1900).

LORD of the harvest! it is right
and meet
That we should lay our first-fruits
at Thy feet
With joyful Alleluia.

Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving
after prayer;
Sweet is the worship that with
heaven we share,
Who sing the Alleluia.

Lowly we prayed and Thou didst
hear on high,—
Didst lift our hearts and change our
suppliant cry
To festal Alleluia.

So sing we now in tune with that
great song,
That all the age of ages shall prolong,
The endless Alleluia.

To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who
hast heard,
And to Thy white-robed reapers
given the word,
We sing our Alleluia.

O Christ, Who in the wide world's
ghostly sea
Hast bid the net be cast anew, to
Thee
We sing our Alleluia.

To Thee, Eternal Spirit, Who again
Hast moved with life upon the
slumbrous main,
We sing our Alleluia.

Yea, west and east the companies
go forth:
"Come!" is sounding to the
south and north;
To God sing Alleluia!

The fishermen of Jesus far away
Seek in new waters an immortal
prey:
To Christ sing Alleluia!

The Holy Dove is brooding o'er the
deep,
And careless hearts are waking out
of sleep;
To Him sing Alleluia!

Yea, for sweet hope new-born,—
blest work begun,—
Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,
Adoring Alleluia.

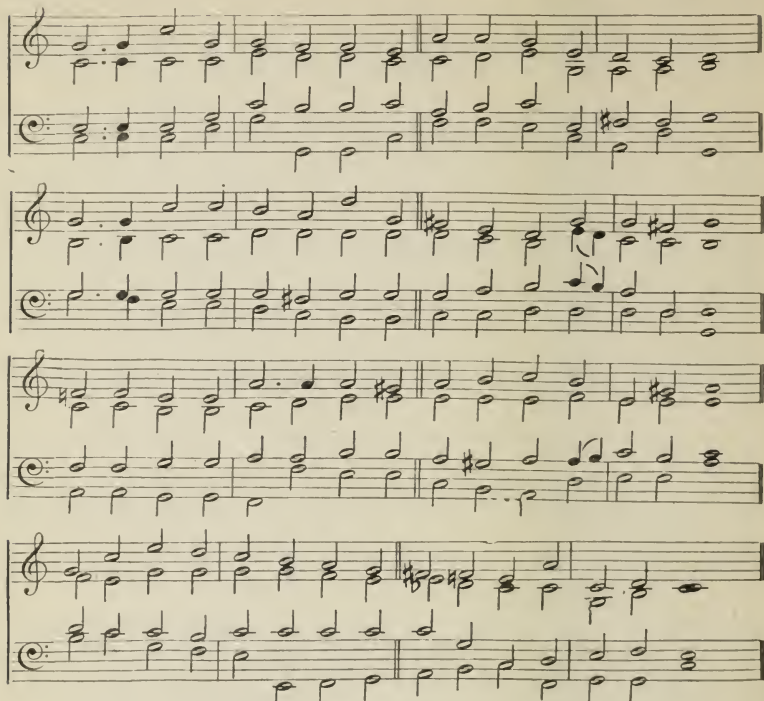
Glory to God! The Church in
patience cries;
Glory to God! The Church at rest
replies,
With endless Alleluia.

22

LUX EOI.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN (1842-1900).



By permission of Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.

This hymn may also be sung to *Hyfrydol*, No. 83.

SARAH G. STOCK (1838-98).

LORD, Thy ransomed church is
waking

Out of slumber far and near,

Knowing that the morn is breaking

When the Bridegroom shall appear;

Waking up to claim the treasure

With Thy precious life-blood
bought,

And to trust in fuller measure

All Thy wondrous death hath
wrought.

Praise for these glad showers of bless-

Earnests of the latter rain; [ing,

Praise for grateful hearts confessing

Thou hast quickened us again:

That Thy Gospel's priceless treasure

Now is borne from land to land,

And that all the Father's pleasure

Prosper in Thy pierced hand.

Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wandering
throng;

Praise for voices daily learning

To upraise the glad new song:

Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting

Now to touch Thy garment's hem;

Praise for souls believing, tasting

All Thy love has won for them.

Set on fire our heart's devotion

With the love of Thy dear Name;

Till o'er every land and ocean

Lips and lives Thy Cross proclaim;

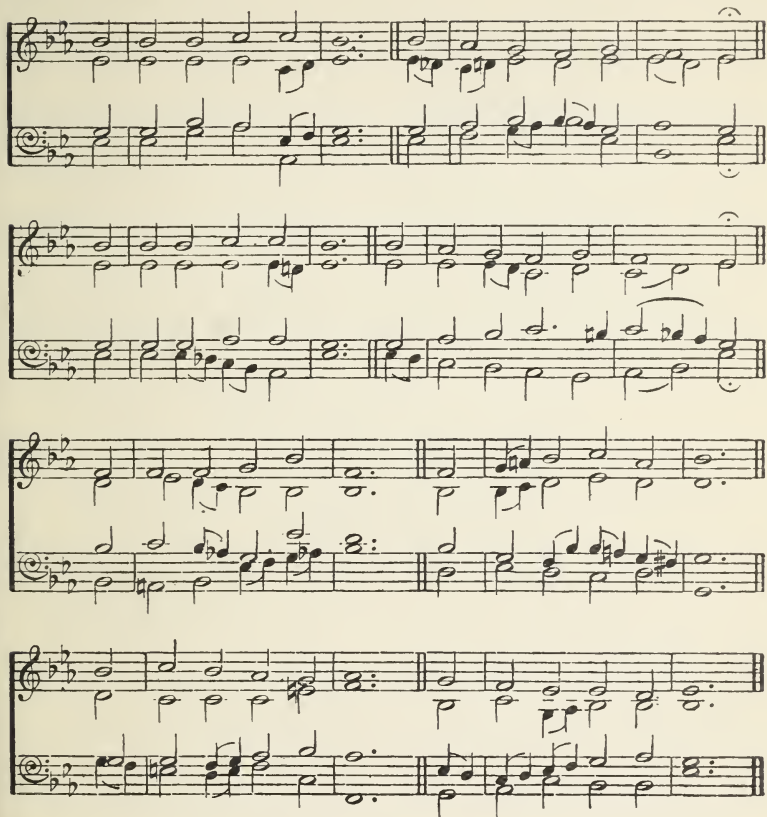
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,

Keeping watch till Thou shalt
come.

Loins well girt, lamps brightly
burning;

Then, Lord, take Thy servants
home

23 NUN DANKET. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. J. CRÜGER (1598-1662).



C. WINKWORTH (1829-78)
from the German.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and
voices,

Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;

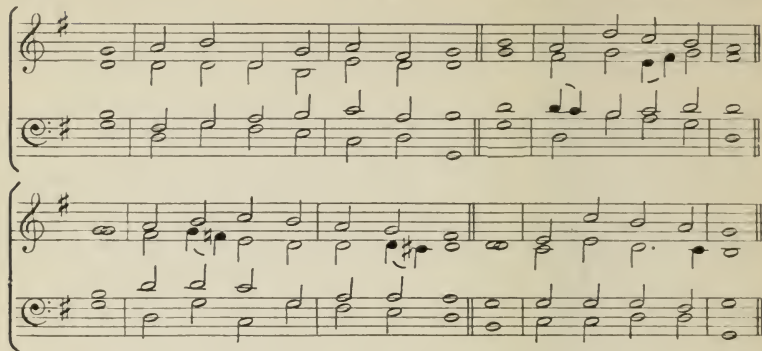
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

24

ABERDEEN.

C. M.

BREMNER'S *Collection* (1749).

I. WATTS (1674-1748).

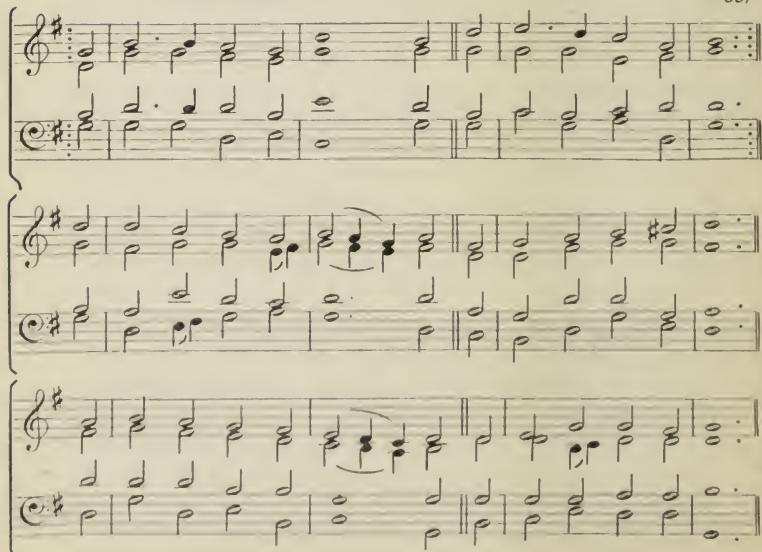
O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a different tongue;
 In every language learn His word,
 And let His Name be sung.

His mercy reigns through every land;
 Proclaim His grace abroad;
 For ever firm His truth shall stand;
 Praise ye the faithful God.

25

WOHLAUF, THUT NICHT
VERZAGEN.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

B. HELDER (1585-
1635).

E. H. BICKERSTETH (1825-1906).

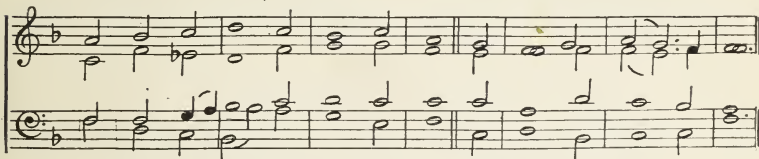
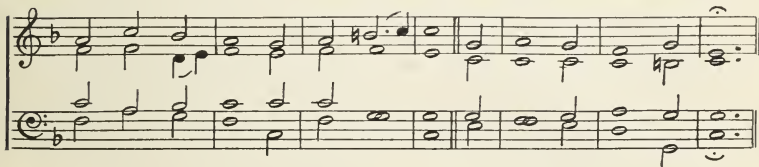
O BROTHERS, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of jubilee.

O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The Cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token:
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To Thee all praise be due;
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us, in glory
The Angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before Thee
Exultingly again.

Great God of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration
Be Thine for evermore.
Still on, in conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

26 O GOD OF LOVE. C. M. B. R. in *The Divine Companion* (1722)



This hymn may also be sung to *Richmond*, No. 39.

C. WESLEY (1707-88).

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My blest Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus—the Name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He speaks;—and, listening to His
voice,

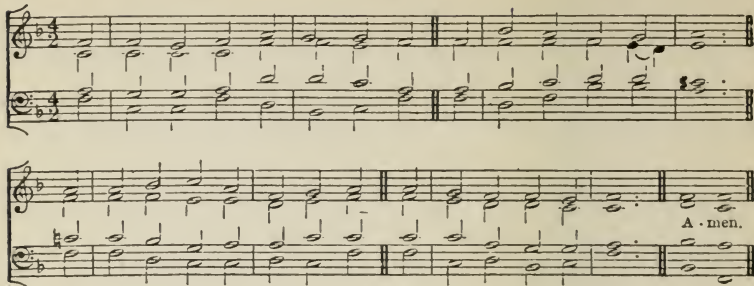
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye
dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

27 ST. FLAVIAN.

C. M.

DAYE'S *Psalter* (1563).

H. W. BAKER (1821-77).

O HOLY GHOST, Thy people
bless,
Who long to feel Thy might,
And fain would grow in holiness
As children of the light.

To Thee we bring, Who art the Lord,
Ourselves to be Thy throne;
Let every thought, and deed, and
word,
Thy pure dominion own.

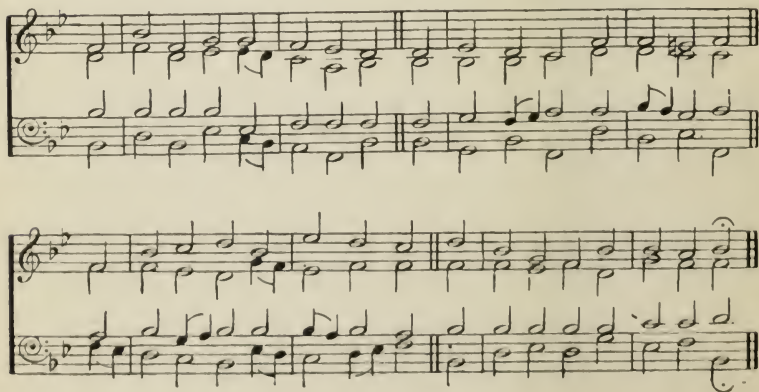
Life-giving Spirit, o'er us move,
As on the formless deep;
Give life and order, light and love,
Where now is death or sleep.

Great Gift of our ascended King,
His saving truth reveal;
Our tongues inspire His praise to
sing,
Our hearts His love to feel.

True Wind of Heaven, from south or
north,
For joy or chastening, blow:
The garden-spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

O Holy Ghost, of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee;
Grant us to know and serve aright
One God in Persons Three.

28 WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

Hamburg Choralbuch (1690).

J. MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

O SPIRIT of the Living God !
In all the fulness of Thy
grace;
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with
might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of
love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
When'er the joyful sound is
heard.

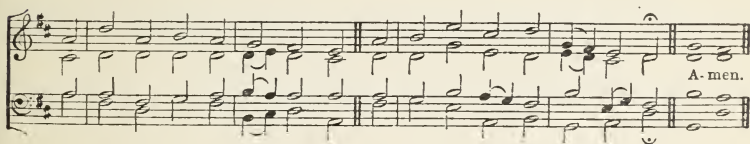
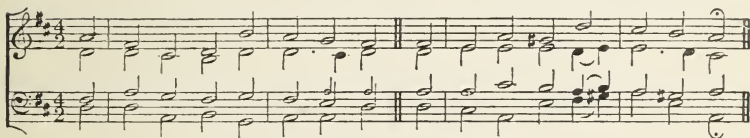
O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to
meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning
air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

29 DEVONSHIRE.

L. M.

J. F. LAMPE (1703-51) and
S. S. WESLEY.



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

This hymn may also be sung to *St. Sepulchre*, No. 17.

C. WESLEY (1707-88).

O THOU who camest from above,
The fire celestial to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for
Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

There let it for Thy glory burn,
With ever-bright, undying blaze;
And trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

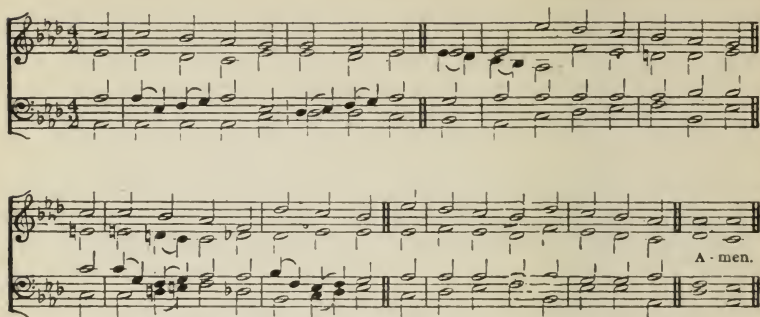
Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

30

ST. LAWRENCE.

L. M.

L. G. HAYNE (1836-83).



This hymn may also be sung to *Wesley's Bristol*, No. 130.

J. ARMSTRONG (1813-56).

O THOU Who makest souls to shine
 With light from lighter worlds above,
 And droppest glistening dew divine
 On all who seek a Saviour's love;

Do Thou Thy benediction give
 On all who teach, on all who learn,
 That so Thy Church may holier live,
 And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those who teach pure hearts and wise,
 Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
 Themselves first training for the skies,
 They best will raise their people there.

Give those who learn the willing ear,
 The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
 Such gifts will make the lowliest here
 Far better than a kingdom find.

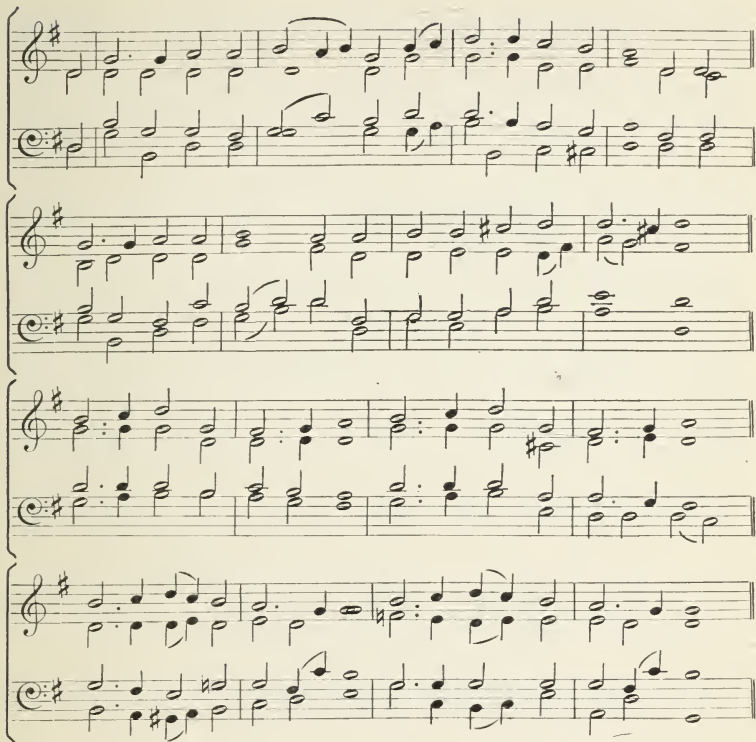
O bless the shepherd; bless the sheep;
 That guide and guided both be one,
 One in the faithful watch they keep,
 Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
 In Thee to live, in Thee to die,
 Before we upward pass to heaven,
 We taste our immortality.

31 FORTEM VIRILI
PECTORE.

7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Melody 1697; harmonized
by F. C. BURKITT.



F. C. BURKITT (b. 1864).

OUR Lord, His Passion ended,
Hath gloriously ascended,
Yet though from Him divided,
He leaves us not unguided;
All His benefits to crown
He hath sent His Spirit down,
Burning like a flame of fire
His disciples to inspire.

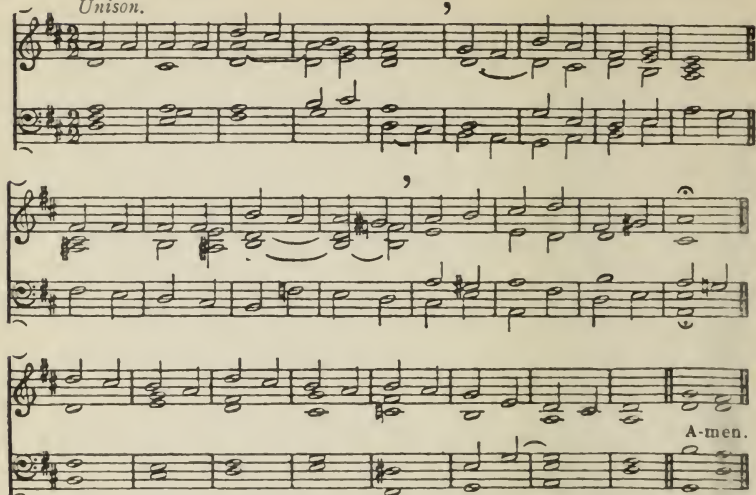
God's Spirit is directing;
No more they sit expecting;
But forth to all the nation
They go with exultation;
That which God in them hath
wrought
Fills their life and soul and thought,
So their witness now can do
Work as great in others too.

The centuries go gliding,
But still we have abiding
With us that Spirit Holy
To make us brave and lowly—
Lowly, for we feel our need,
God alone is strong indeed;
Brave, for with the Spirit's aid
We can venture unafraid.

O Lord of every nation,
Fill us with inspiration,
We know our own unfitness,
Yet for Thee would bear wit-
ness;
By Thy Spirit now we raise
To Thy heavenly Father praise
Holy Spirit, Father, Son,
Make us know Thee, ever One.

32 PRAISE MY SOUL. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 4. 7.

J. Goss (1800-80).

Unison.

By permission of Victoria, Lady Carbery.

H. F. LYTE (1793-1847).

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven;
 To His feet thy tribute bring.
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like me His praise should sing?
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still the same for ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

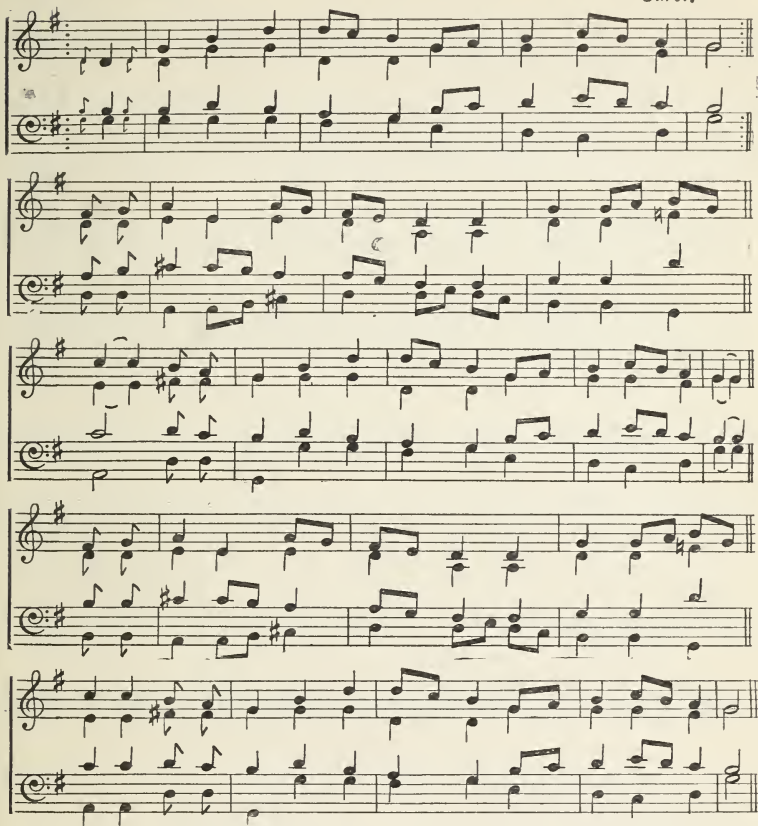
Fatherlike, He tends and spares us;
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes.
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him:
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
 Dwellers all in time and space.
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Praise Him! Praise Him!
 Praise with us the God of grace.

33 A VIRGIN
UNSPOTTED.

II. II. II. II. and refrain.

English Traditional
Carol.



H. BONAR (1808-89).

PRAISE, praise ye the Name of
Jehovah our God; [abroad.
Declare, O declare ye His glories
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation
to nation, [His salvation;
Till the uttermost islands have heard
For His love floweth on free and
full as a river, [and ever.
And His mercy endureth for ever

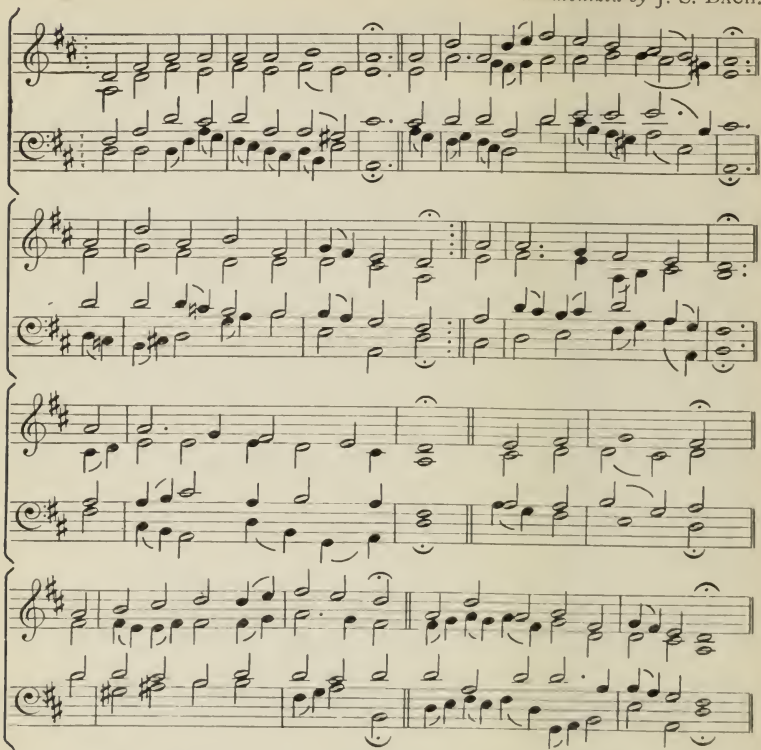
Praise, praise ye the Lamb Who for
sinners was slain,
Who went down to the grave, and
ascended again;
And Who soon shall return, when
these dark days are o'er,
To set up His kingdom in glory and
For His love, etc. [power;

Then the heaven, and the earth, and
the sea shall rejoice,
The field and the forest shall lift the
glad voice,
The sands of the desert shall flourish
in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er
the scene;
For His love, etc.

Her bridal attire and her festal array
All nature shall wear on that glorious
day,
For her King cometh down with His
people to reign,
And His presence shall bless her with
Eden again;
For His love, etc.

34

WACHET AUF! 8.9.8.8.9.8.6.6.4.8.8.

P. NICOLAI (1556-1608);
harmonized by J. S. BACH.

J. MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

PRAISE the Lord through every nation;

His holy arm hath wrought salvation;

Exalt Him on His Father's throne;

Praise your King, ye Christian legions,

Who now prepares in heavenly regions

Unfailing mansions for His own;

With voice and minstrelsy

Extol His majesty:

Alleluia!

His praise shall sound all nature
Where'er the race of man is found.God with God dominion sharing,
And Man with man our image
bearing.

Gentile and Jew to Him are given:

Praise your Saviour, ransomed

sinners,

[winners;

Of life, through Him, immortal

No longer heirs of earth, but

O beatific sight [Heaven.

To view His face in light:

Alleluia!

And, while we see, transformed to be
From bliss to bliss eternally.Jesu, Lord, our Captain glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell
victorious,Wisdom and might to Thee belong:
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee,
We bow the knee, we fall before
Thee,Thy love henceforth shall be our
song:

The cross meanwhile we bear,

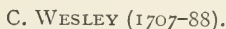
The crown ere long to wear.

Alleluia!

Thy reign extend world without end,
Let praise from all to Thee ascend.

GOPSAL.

6.6.6.6.8.8. G. F. HANDEL (1685-1759).



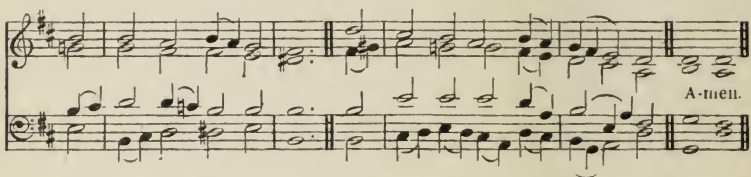
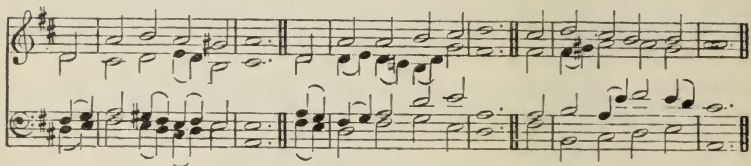
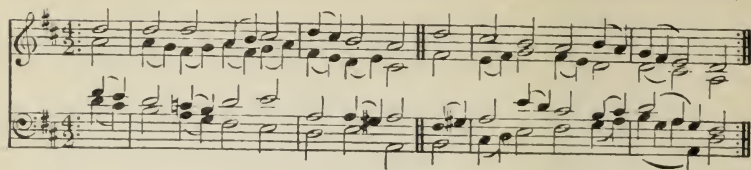
REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, etc.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart,' etc.

He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, etc.

36 EIN FESTE BURG. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. M. LUTHER (1483-1546).

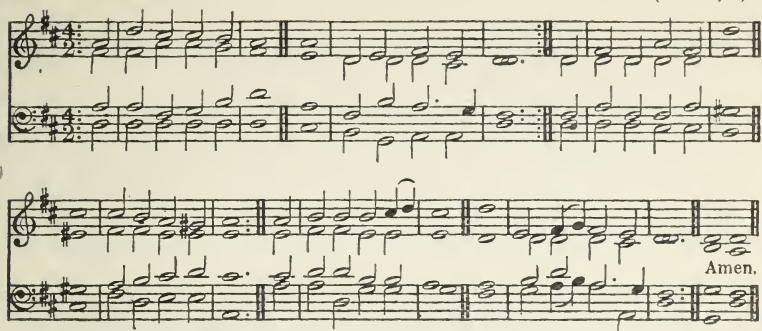


H. W. BAKER (1821-77).

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation.
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His name;
For He is God alone,
Who hath His mercy shown:
Let all His Saints adore him !

When in distress to Him we cried
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining.
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
O praise our God alway:
Let all His Saints adore Him !

37 HAWARDEN. 6. 6. 6. 6. D. S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

*JOHN ELLERTON (1826-93).

SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
 True Light of men, to-day;
 And through the written word
 Thy very self display;
 That so, from hearts which burn
 With gazing on Thy face,
 The little ones may learn
 The wonders of Thy grace.

Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
 Thy Spirit's living flame,
 That so with one accord
 Our lips may tell Thy Name;
 Give Thou the hearing ear,
 Fix Thou the wandering thought,
 That those we teach may hear
 The great things Thou hast wrought.

Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
 In all we say of Thee;
 According to Thy word
 Let all our teaching be;
 That so Thy lambs may know
 Their own true Shepherd's voice,
 Where'er He leads them go,
 And in His love rejoice.

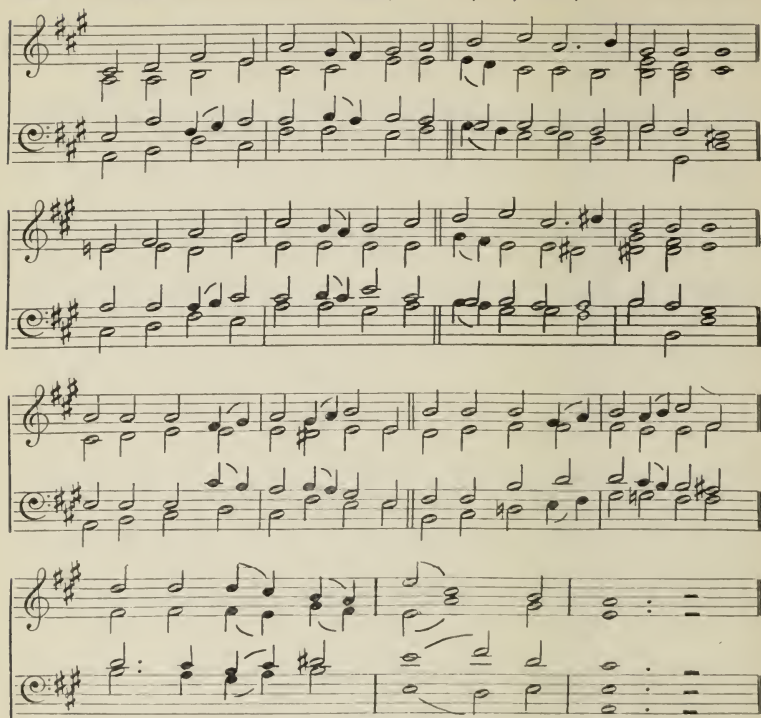
Live Thou within us, Lord;
 Thy mind and will be ours;
 Be Thou beloved, adored,
 And served, with all our powers;
 That so our lives may teach
 Thy children what Thou art,
 And plead, by more than speech,
 For Thee with every heart.

38

SOUND ALOUD. (1ST TUNE.)

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

H. GRACE.



By permission of Mr. H. Grace.

H. D. MARTIN (1831-98).

SOUND aloud Jehovah's praises;
 Tell abroad the awful Name;
 Heaven the ceaseless anthem raises,
 Let the earth her God proclaim,—
 God, the hope of every nation,
 God, the source of consolation,
 Holy, blessèd Trinity!

This the Name from ancient ages
 Hidden in its dazzling light;
 This the Name that kings and sages
 Prayed and strove to know aright,
 Through God's wondrous Incarnation,
 Now revealed the world's salvation,
 Ever blessèd Trinity!

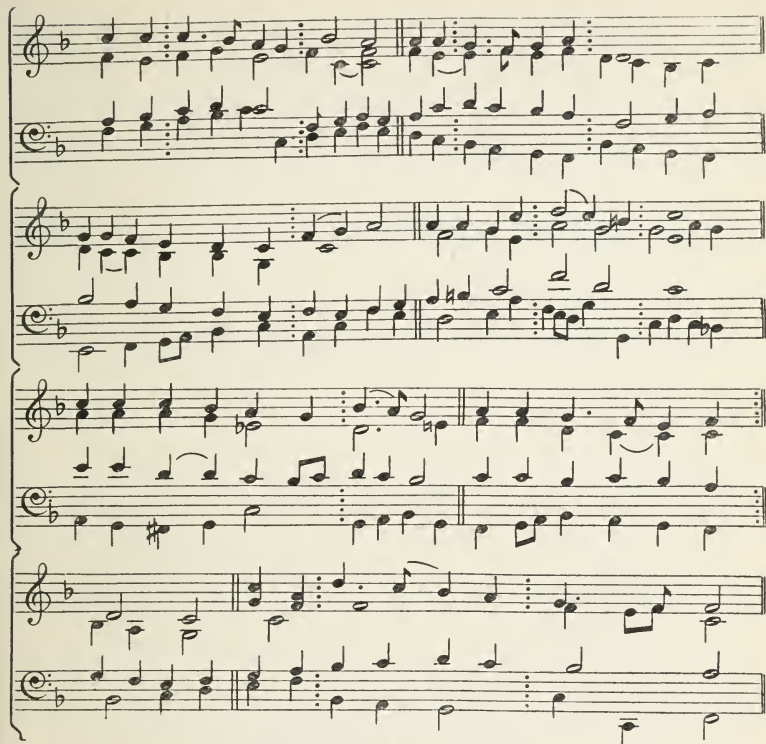
Into this great Name and holy
 We all tribes and tongues baptize;
 Thus the Highest owns the lowly,

Homeward, heavenward, bids them
 rise,
 Gathers them from every nation,
 Bids them join in adoration
 Of the blessèd Trinity!

In this Name the heart rejoices,
 Pouring forth its secret prayer;
 In this Name we lift our voices,
 And our common faith declare,
 Offering praise and supplication,
 And the thankful life's oblation,
 To the blessèd Trinity!

Still Thy Name o'er earth and ocean
 Shall be carried, "God is Love,"
 Whispered by the heart's devotion,
 Echoed by the choirs above,
 Hallowed through all worlds for ever,
 Lord, of life the only Giver,
 Blessèd, glorious Trinity.

38 GREENOCK. (2ND TUNE.) 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. K. G. FINLAY.



By permission of Mr. K. G. Finlay.

H. D. MARTIN (1831-98).

SOUND aloud Jehovah's praises;
 Tell abroad the awful Name;
 Heaven the ceaseless anthem raises,
 Let the earth her God proclaim,—
 God, the hope of every nation,
 God, the source of consolation,
 Holy, blessèd Trinity!

This the Name from ancient ages
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 This the Name that kings and sages
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 Through God's wondrous Incarnation,
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Homeward, heavenward, bids them
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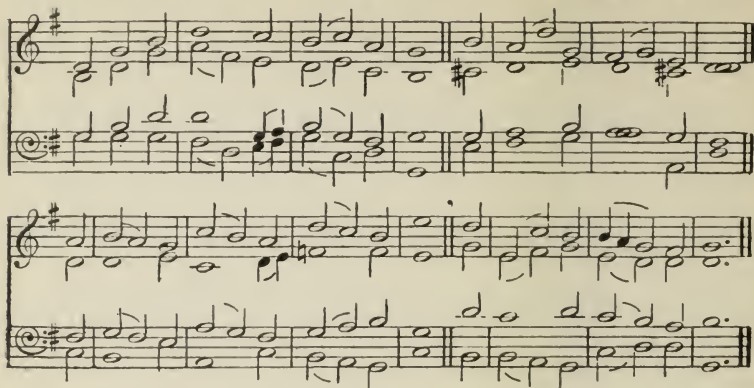
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 Shall be carried, "God is Love,"
 Whispered by the heart's devotion,
 Echoed by the choirs above,
 Hallowed through all worlds for ever,
 Lord, of life the only Giver,
 Blessèd, glorious Trinity.

39

RICHMOND.

C. M.

T. HAWEIS and S. WEBBE.



ANDREW REED (1787-1862).

SPIRIT DIVINE, attend our
prayers,

And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious
powers;

O come, great Spirit, come !

Come as the light : to us reveal

Our emptiness and woe ;

And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire : and purge our hearts

Like sacrificial flame ;

Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

Come as the dew : and sweetly bless

This consecrated hour :

May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

Come as the dove : and spread Thy
wings,

The wings of peaceful love ;

And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

Come as the wind, with rushing sound

And Pentecostal grace,

That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers ;

Make a lost world Thy home ;

Descend with all Thy gracious
powers :

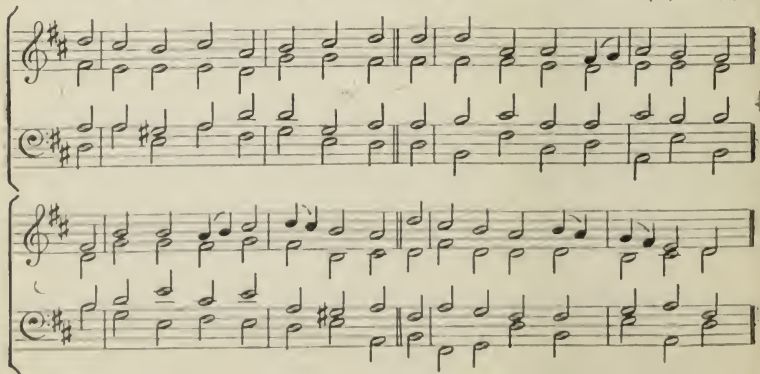
O come, great Spirit, come !

40

VOM HIMMEL HOCH.

L. M.

M. LUTHER (1483-1546).



CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER
(1823-95).

SPIRIT of God, that moved of
old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are
cold, [grace.
And stir them with an inward

Thou that art power and peace
combined, [love,
All highest strength, all purest
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove;

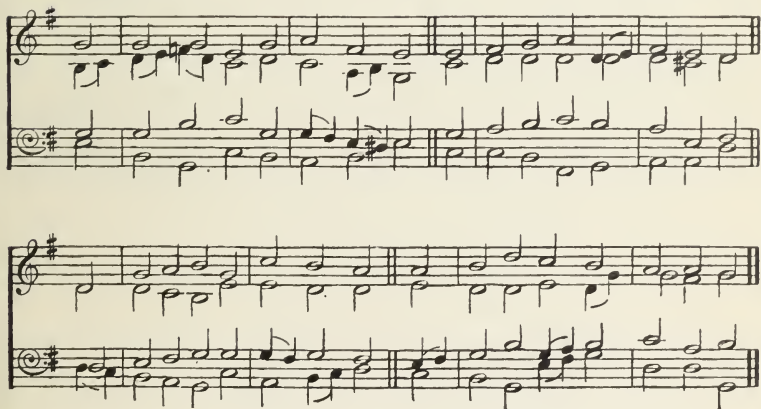
Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us
Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were
made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold
light;
But still with softest breathings
stir
Our wayward souls—and lead us
right,
O Holy Ghost the Comforter!

41 BRESLAU.

L. M.

Leipzig (1625).



*From Foundling Hospital
Collection (1774).*

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from
above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be
taught
The acts our great Redeemer
wrought.

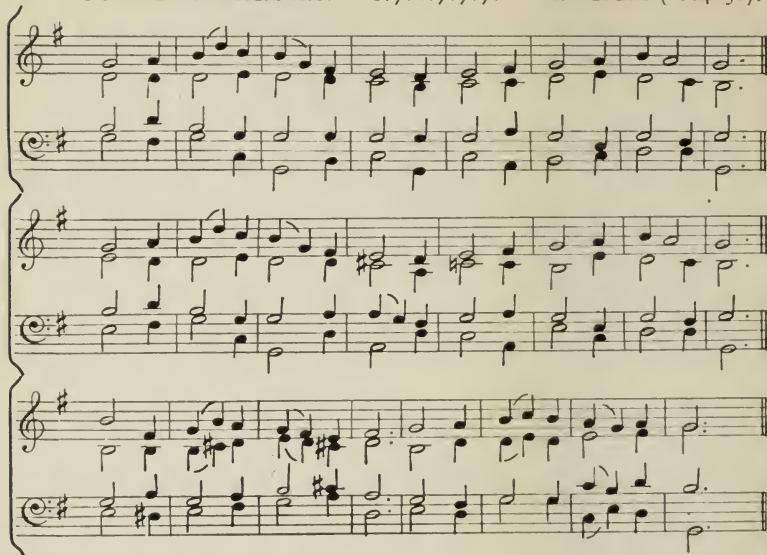
Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

42

GOTT DES HIMMELS.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

H. ALBERT (1604-51).

R. M. MOORSOM (1831-1911) *from the Greek.*

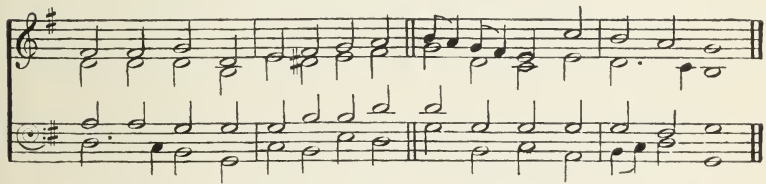
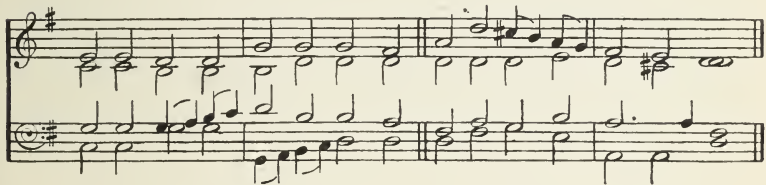
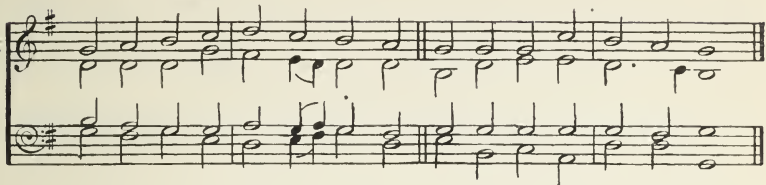
THOU, Who on the Cross at noontide
 Didst the sin of Adam slay,
 Paradise for man regaining,
 By presumption cast away;
 Jesu ! hear us when we call,
 And forgive the frequent fall.

Thou, Thy hands of love extending
 To the wide world East and West,
 Didst proclaim salvation, crying,
 " Come to Me, and be at rest ";
 Jesu ! keep us free from shame,
 For the glory of Thy Name.

For the joy then set before Thee,
 Thou the agony didst bear;
 As we bend before Thine altar
 Hear the pleading of our prayer;
 Jesu ! Who the joy hast known,
 Draw us to Thee, and Thy throne.

Thou upon the Cross uplifted
 Didst a pleasure find in pain;
 Now the ransomed Church doth greet Thee
 With the cry, the grateful strain:
 " Jesu ! Thou the joy hast known,
 Draw the nations to Thy throne."

43 ALLELUIA DULCE 8.7.8.7.8.7. Ch. Plain Chant (1782).
CARMEN.



J. M. NEALE (1818-66)
from the Latin.

TO the Name of our salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

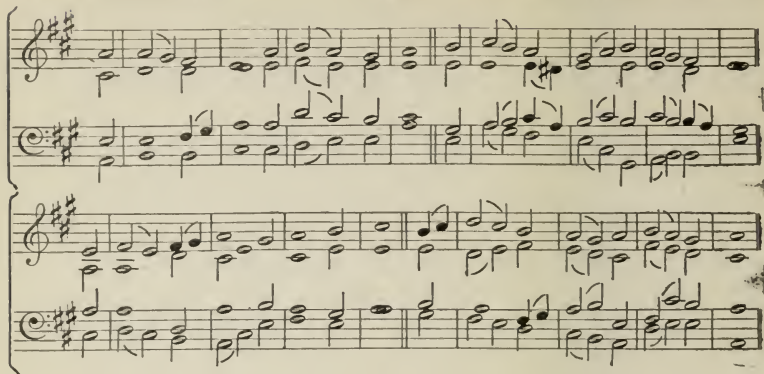
Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessed Name revere,
Holy Jesu, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with Angels there.

44

WAREHAM.

L. M.

W. KNAPP (1698-1768).



T. KELLY (1769-1854).

WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
 Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
 The sinner's hope let men deride,
 For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the Cross we see
 In shining letters, "God is Love;"
 He bears our sins upon the Tree;
 He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
 It holds the fainting spirit up;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
 It takes its terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The Angels' theme in heaven above.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
 By bitter grief and anguish sore,
 Be praise from all the ransomed race
 For ever and for evermore.

II.—MISSIONARY SUBJECTS IN GENERAL.

1.—CALL AND COMMISSION.

45

SALONICA.

4. 10. 10. 10. 4.

J. S. SCOTT.

Unison.

By permission of Mr. J. S. Scott.

JANE L. BORTHWICK (1813-97).

COME, labour on !
 Who dares stand idle on the
 harvest plain,
 While all around him waves the
 golden grain ?
 And to each servant does the Master
 "Go, work to-day !" [say,

Come, labour on !
 Claim the high calling Angels cannot
 share,
 To young and old the Gospel-glad-
 ness bear :
 Redeem the time : its hours too swiftly
 The night draws nigh. [fly,

Come, labour on !
 The enemy is watching night and day,
 To sow the tares, to snatch the seed
 away ;
 While we in sleep our duty have
 He slumbered not. [forgot,

Come, labour on !
 Away with gloomy doubts and
 faithless fear ! [here ;
 No arm so weak but may do service
 By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
 His righteous will.

Come, labour on !
 No time for rest, till glows the
 western sky. [way lie,
 Till the long shadows o'er our path—
 And a glad sound comes with the
 setting sun—
 "Servants, well done !"

Come, labour on !
 The toil is pleasant, the reward is
 sure ;
 Blessed are those who to the end
 endure ;
 How full their joy, how deep their
 rest shall be,
 O Lord, with Thee !

46

GONFALON ROYAL. L. M.

P. C. BUCK.

Unison.

Harmony.

A men.

By permission of Dr. P. C. Buck.

G. W. DOANE (1799-1859).

FLING out the banner! Let it
float
Skyward and seaward, high and
wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour
died.

Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

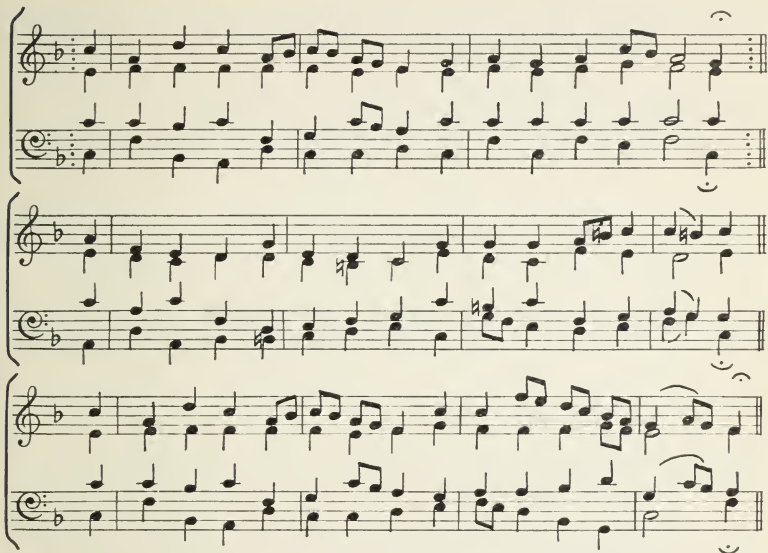
Fling out the banner! Heathen
lands
Shall see from far the glorious
sight,
And nations crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and
wide!
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

Fling out the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

47 ST. GALL.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

St. Gall Gesangbuch (1863).

E. H. BICKERSTETH (1825-1906).

"FOR My sake and the Gospel's go
And tell redemption's story;"
His heralds answer, "Be it so,
And Thine, Lord, all the glory!"
They preach His birth, His life, His
Cross,
The love of His atonement,
For Whom they count the world but
loss,
His Easter, His enthronement.

Hark, hark, the trump of jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea
Glad tidings of salvation:

As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly Dayspring through the
gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

Still on and on the anthems spread
Of Hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed
in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph-song are singing.

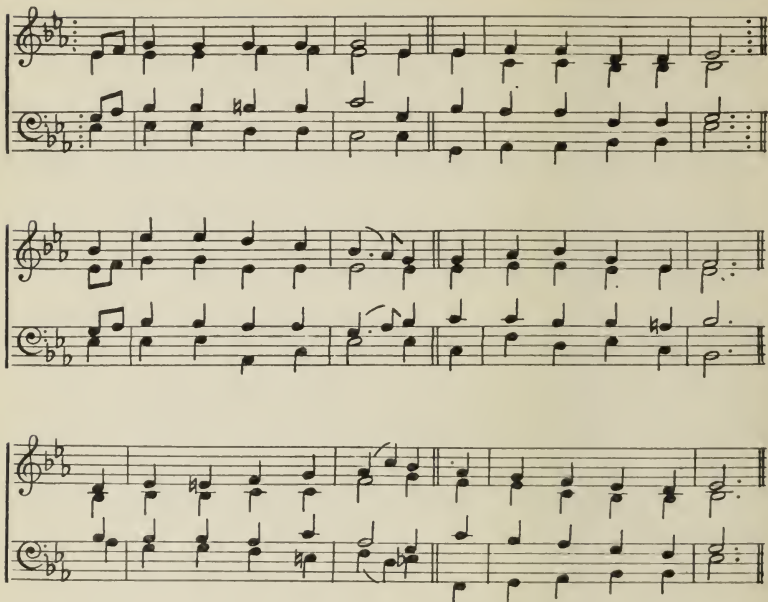
He comes, Whose Advent-trumpet drowns
The last of Time's evangels,
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of Saints and Angels:
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, Who changest never,
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever!

48

CALCUTTA.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

R. HEBER (1783-1826).



REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826).

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;

In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.

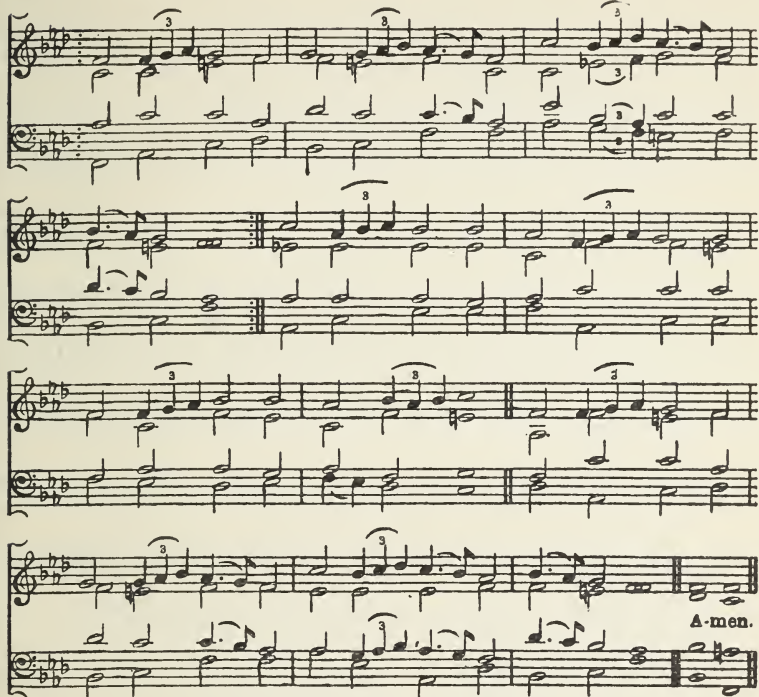
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll;
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

49

EBENEZER.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

T. J. WILLIAMS.



By permission of Mr. W. Gwenlyn Evans.

T. REES.

FROM the depths of sin and failure,
 From despair as black as night,
 Lord, we hear our brothers calling
 For deliverance and for light.
 Use us, Lord, to speed Thy kingdom;
 Through us may Thy will be done;
 Give us eyes to see the vision
 Of a world redeemed and won.

By the love that bore in silence
 Man's contempt and Satan's dart;
 By the longing for the lost ones
 That consumes the Saviour's heart;
 Use us, Lord, etc.

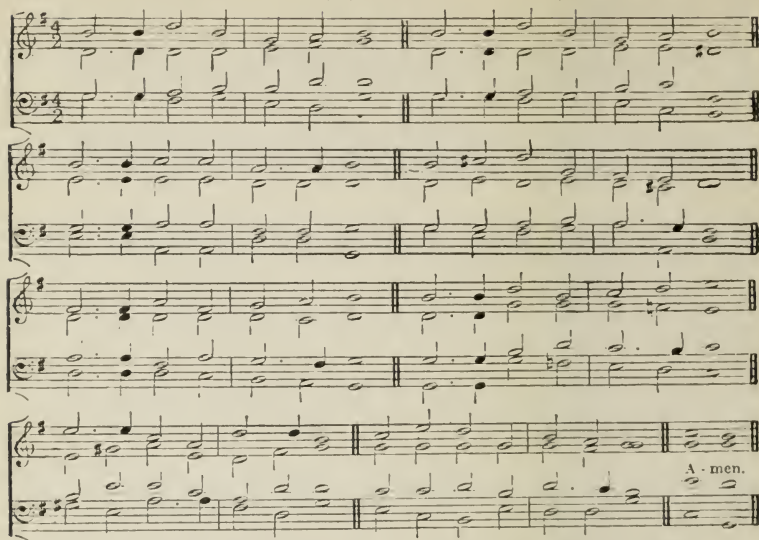
By the Saviour's blood that bought us,
 By the peace His merits bring,
 By the Spirit that constrains us
 Now on earth to crown Him King;
 Use us, Lord, etc.

50

ST. GEORGE.

7.7.7.7.D.

G. J. ELVEY (1816-83).



S. J. STONE (1839-1900).

GIVE the word, eternal King,
 Swift and fair from hill to hill,
 Speed the angel-feet that bring
 News of glory and good-will,
 News of freedom's open door,
 Thy redemption's sweet release,
 Priceless treasure to the poor,
 To the weary perfect peace.

Give the word, ascended Son,
 By the travail of Thy soul,
 By the triumph it hath won,
 Let the tidings onward roll;
 In the depth and o'er the height
 Thy love's banner be unfurled;
 Make Thine own, in hell's despite,
 All the kingdoms of the world.

Give the word, O Holy Ghost,
 West, and East, and South, and
 North,
 Make a second Pentecost;
 Bid Thy companies go forth,
 Bearing all the gifts of grace
 On Thy wings, O mystic Dove,
 Visions of the Saviour's face,
 Music of the Father's love.

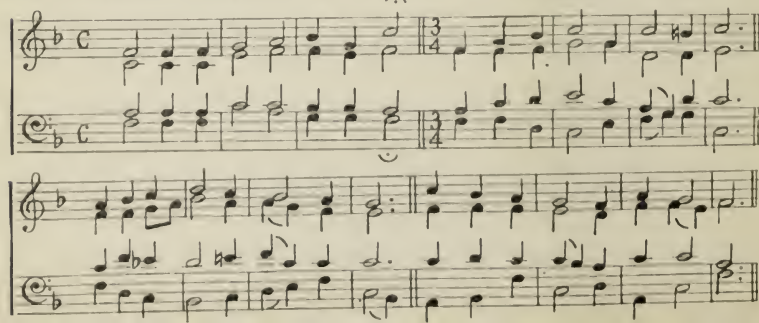
Father, Son, and Spirit, God!
 By the sum of human ill,
 By Thy dread avenging rod,
 By Thine all-absolving will,
 Lo, before Thy feet we fall,
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!
 Three in One, and All in All,
 Hear our cry, and give the word!

51

ANGELS' SONG.

L. M.

O. GIBBONS (1583-1625).



H. BONAR (1808-89).

GO, labour on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

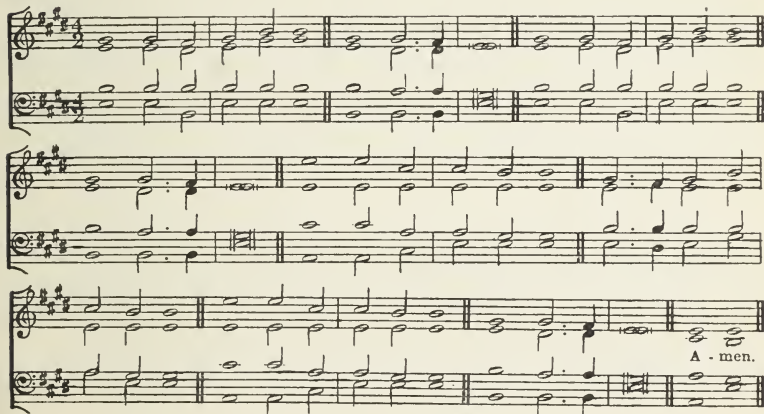
Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee
not:
The Master praises; what are men?

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and
pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bride-
groom's voice, [come!"]
The midnight peal, "Behold, I

52 HAPPY LAND.

6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 7. 6. 4.

Indian Air.

A - men.

ANON.

HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake:
Jesus Himself is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake.

Call to each wakening band,
Watch, brethren, watch:
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
Be ye as men that wait
Always at their Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch.

Heed we the Steward's call,
Work, brethren, work:
There's room enough for all:
Work, brethren, work.
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work.

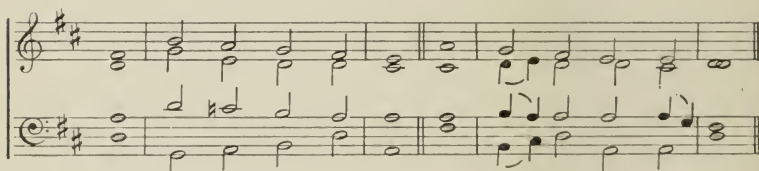
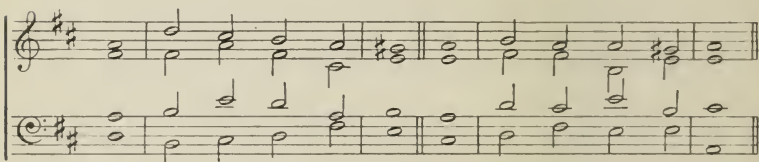
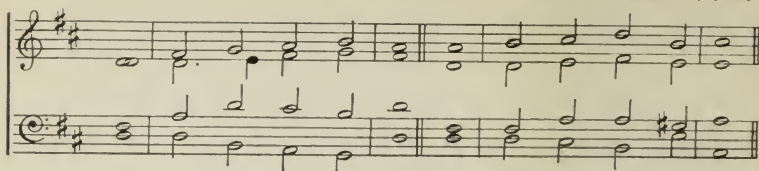
Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray:
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for ceaseless fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near:
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise:
Thrice holy is the Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise.
What more befits the tongues
Soon to join the Angels' songs?
Whilst heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise.

53

OLD 120TH.

6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

ESTE'S *Psalter* (1592).

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).

I GAVE My life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou mightst ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave My life for thee;
 What hast thou given for Me ?

I spent long years for thee
 In weariness and woe,
 That an eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know.
 I spent long years for thee;
 Hast thou spent one for Me ?

My Father's home of light,
 My rainbow-circled throne
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 I left it all for thee;
 Hast thou left aught for Me ?

I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I suffered much for thee;
 What canst thou bear for Me ?

And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love.
 Great gifts I brought to thee;
 What hast thou brought to Me ?

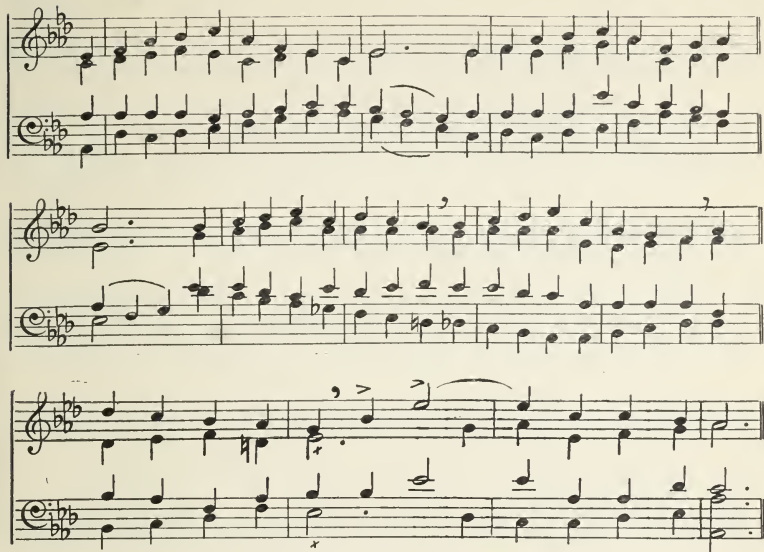
Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Me be spent,
 World-fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent.
 I gave Myself for thee;
 Give thou thyself to Me.

54

MARK'S TEY.

10. 10. 8. 8. 6. 6.

MARTIN SHAW.



By permission of Mr. Martin Shaw.

Verses 1 and 3 to be sung in unison, verse 2 in harmony.

ANON. from the Latin.

MAY every child of man,
 Creator kind !
 In praise do all he can,
 With heart and mind.
 With peaceful mind and loving heart;
 Because he is a living part
 Of this world Thou hast made,
 Let thanks be duly paid.

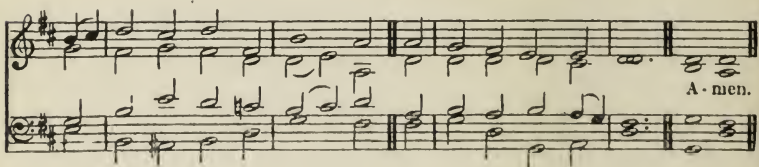
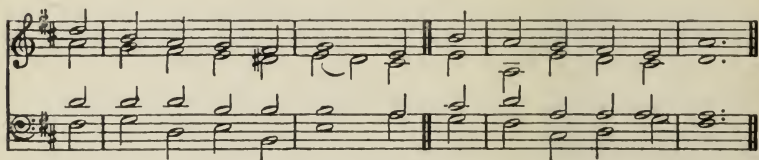
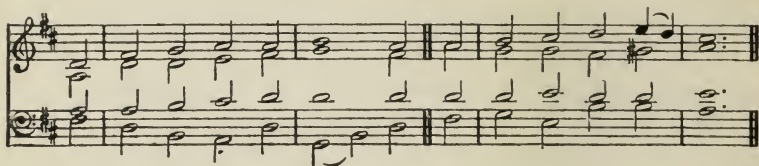
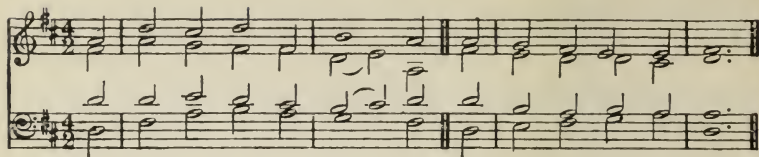
But more, he is Thy son
 Born from above.
 Hallowed, redeemed, and won,
 By Thy great love;
 O Father, Saviour, Holy Ghost !
 In Christ our Lord we see Thee most :
 To Him, Thine image fair,
 We bring our praise and prayer.

So may we ever dwell
 With Thee secure;
 Our soul's true citadel,
 Cleansèd and pure:
 O God, our Light ! may Thy praise still
 These tongues and hearts with joy fulfil,
 To love Thee more and more,
 To love Thee evermore.

55 PEARSALL.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

R. L. PEARSALL (1795-1856).



SARAH G. STOCK (1838-98).

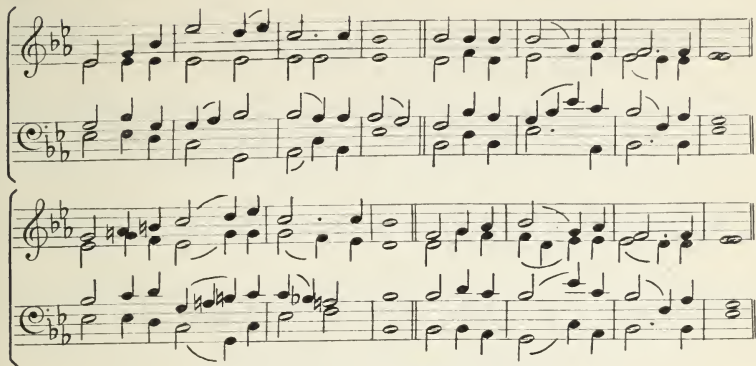
O MASTER! when Thou callest
 No voice may say Thee nay,
 For blest are they that follow
 Where Thou dost lead the way;
 In freshest prime of morning,
 Or fullest glow of noon,
 The note of heavenly warning
 Can never come too soon.

O Master! where Thou callest
 No foot may shrink in fear,
 For they who trust Thee wholly
 Shall find Thee ever near;
 And chamber still and lonely,
 Or busy harvest field,
 Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
 Shall precious produce yield.

O Master! whom Thou callest
 No heart may dare refuse;
 'Tis honour, highest honour,
 When Thou dost deign to use
 Our brightest and our fairest,
 Our dearest,—all are Thine;
 Thou Who for each one carest,
 We hail Thy love's design.

They who go forth to serve Thee,
 We too, who serve at home,
 May watch and pray together
 Until Thy Kingdom come;
 In Thee for aye united,
 Our song of hope we raise,
 Till that blest shore is sighted,
 Where all shall turn to praise.

56 WELLS. (1ST TUNE.) L. M. S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

56 BROCKHAM. (2ND TUNE.) L. M. J. CLARKE (1669-1707).



H. E. Fox (b. 1841).

SEND forth the Gospel! Let it run
 Southward and Northward,
 East and West;
 Tell all the earth Christ died and lives,
 Who giveth pardon, life, and rest.

Send forth Thy Gospel, mighty Lord!
 Out of this chaos bring to birth
 Thine own Creation's promised
 hope—
 The better days of heaven on earth.

Send forth Thy Gospel, gracious
 Lord!

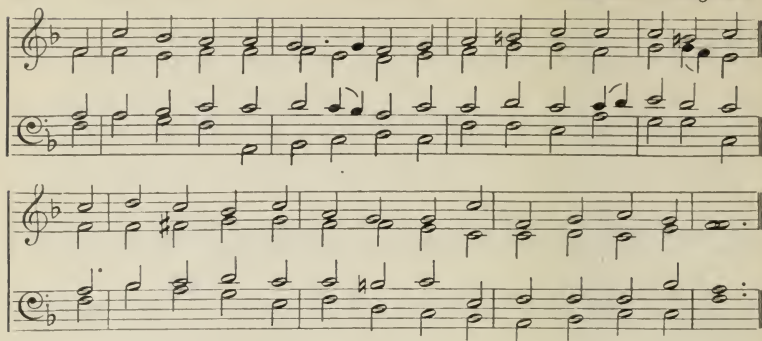
Thine was the blood for sinners
 shed;
 Thy voice still pleads in human
 hearts;
 To Thee Thine other sheep be led.

Send forth Thy Gospel, holy Lord!
 Kindle in us love's sacred flame—
 Love giving all and grudging naught
 For Jesus' sake—in Jesus' Name.

Send forth the Gospel! Tell it out!
 Go, brothers, at the Master's call;
 Prepare His way, Who comes to reign,
 The King of kings and Lord of all.

57 AMOR DEI.

8.8.8.6.

Bremen Gesangbuch.M. E. GATES (*d.* 1905).

SEND Thou, O Lord, to every
place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to
win;
In every place to bring them in,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

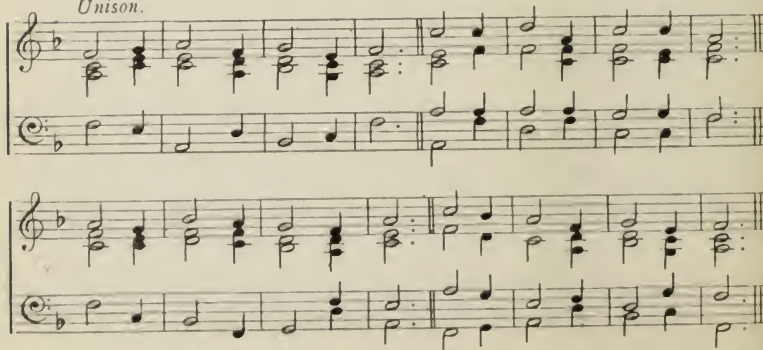
Send men whose eyes have seen the
King!
Men in whose ears His sweet words
ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to
bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come.

Gird each one with the Spirit's
sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless
word;
And make them conquerors, con-
quering Lord,
Where Thou Thyself wilt come.

Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost,
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!"

58 ORIENTIS PARTIBUS.

7.7.7.7.

*Mediæval French Melody.**Unison.*

W. WALSHAM HOW (1823-97).

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour
Mighty are your enemies, [bright;
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows
cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

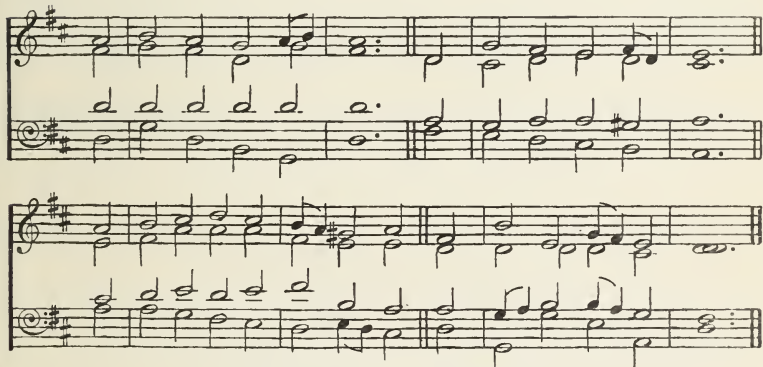
Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles, banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

59 WINDERMERE.

S. M.

A. SOMERVELL.



By permission of Dr. A. Somervell.

J. MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

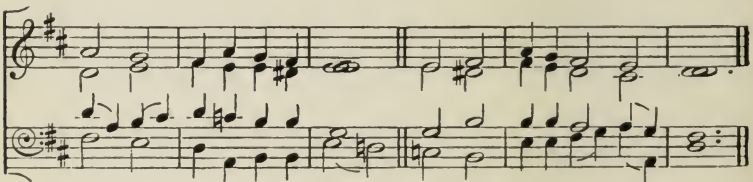
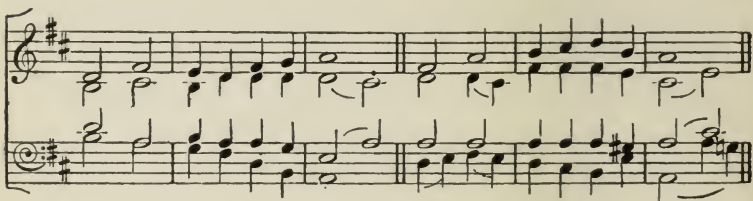
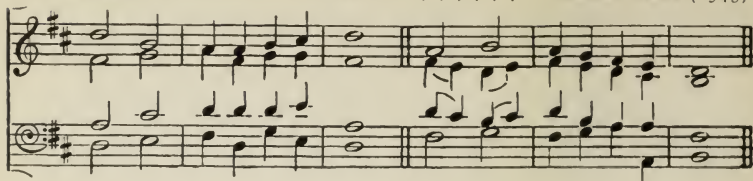
Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.

Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The Angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest-home!"

60 MINISTRES DE L'ETERNEL. 7.7.7.7.7. Geneva Psalter (1543).



WILLIAM SAUMAREZ SMITH
(1836-1909).

TELL it out, the Lord is King;
Tell it out in accents clear,
Message meet for every land,
Message meant for every ear,
Light and love and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King !

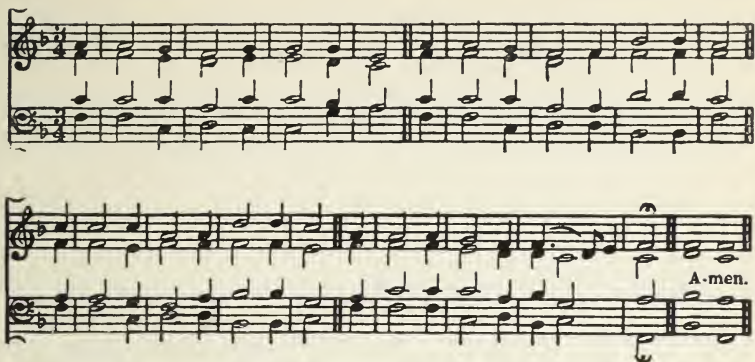
Tell it out, 'tis God's desire
Written in His word of grace;
Message fit for human need,
Fit for every clime and place,
Light and love and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King !

Tell it out, proclaim the Christ,
Tell the message far and wide;
Doors are open, enter them;
Messengers be multiplied,
Light and love and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King !

Everywhere the peoples yearn
For the mighty healing word;
Christians, speed the message forth,
Let it everywhere be heard,
Light and love and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King !

Spread the Gospel of the King.
Tell it out to all the earth,
You who have it in your heart,
You who know its boundless worth,
Light and love and life to bring;
Tell it out, the Lord is King !

61 LA SAINTE CHAPELLE. L. M. C. JANEQUIN (1529).



This hymn may also be sung to *Wesley's Bristol*, No. 130.

CLARA THWAITES.

THE sunset burns across the sky,
 Upon the air its warning cry
 The curfew tolls from tower to tower:
 O children, 'tis the last, last hour!

The work that centuries might have done
 Must crowd the hour of setting sun,
 And through all lands the saving Name
 Ye must in fervent haste proclaim.

Ere yet the vintage shout begin,
 O labourers, press in! press in!
 And fill unto its utmost coasts
 The vineyard of the Lord of Hosts.

It is a vineyard of red wine,
 Wherein shall purple clusters shine;
 The branches of His own right hand
 Shall overspread Emmanuel's land.

The fields are white to harvest. Weep,
 O tardy workers, as ye reap,
 For wasted hours that might have won
 Rich harvests ere the set of sun.

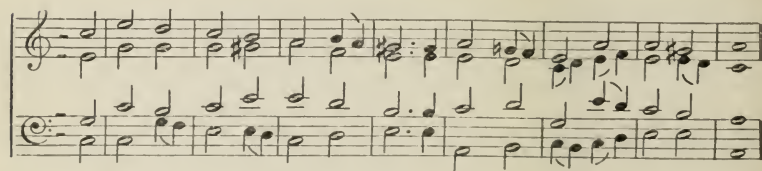
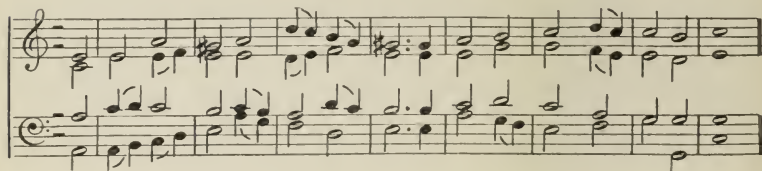
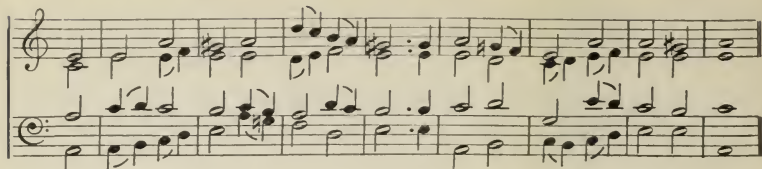
We hear His footsteps on the way!
 O work while it is called to-day,
 Constrained by love, endued with power,
 O children, in this last, last hour.

62

LEICESTER.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

J. BISHOP (1665-1737).



S. J. STONE (1839-1900).

THROUGH midnight gloom from
Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

How mournfully it echoes on !
For half the earth is Macedon ;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
" O ye that live, behold we die !"

By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon ;
The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
" O hear and help us, lest we die !"

Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on ;
" I come ; who would abide My
day
In yonder wilds prepare My way ;
My voice is crying in their cry ;
' Help ye the dying, lest ye die.' "

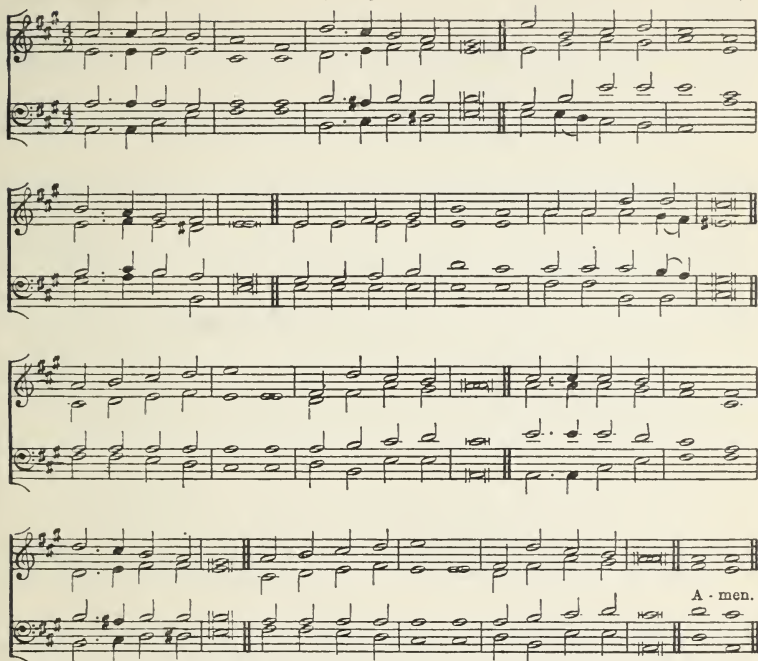
Jesu, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon ;
O by the kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry ;
Help us to help them, lest we die !

63

HERMAS.

6. 5. 6. 5. 4.

F. R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).



FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).

WHO is on the Lord's side?
 Who will serve the King?
 Who will be His helpers
 Other lives to bring?
 Who will leave the world's side?
 Who will face the foe?
 Who is on the Lord's side?
 Who for Him will go?
 By Thy call of mercy,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
 Not with gold or gem,
 But with Thine own Life-blood,
 For Thy diadem.
 With Thy blessing filling
 Each who comes to Thee,
 Thou hast made us willing,
 Thou hast made us free.
 By Thy grand redemption,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow.
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure,
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side;
 Saviour, we are Thine.

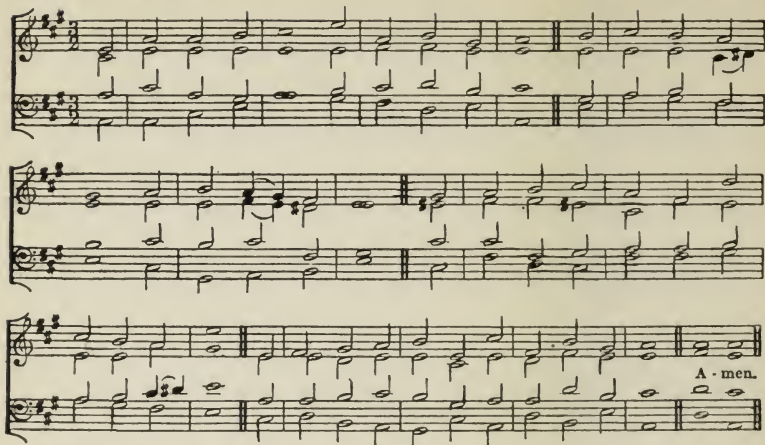
Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful,
 For our Captain's band,
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.

64

HANOVER.

IO. IO. II. II.

W. CROFT (1678-1727).



C. WESLEY (1707-88).

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne !
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

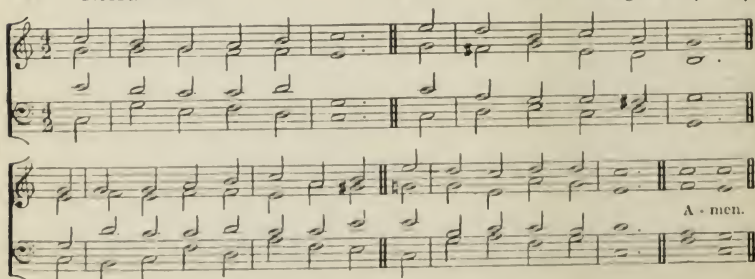
Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with Angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love !

65

NARENZA.

S. M.

Cöln Gesangbuch (1619).



P. DODDRIDGE (1702-51).

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's com-
mand;
And, while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

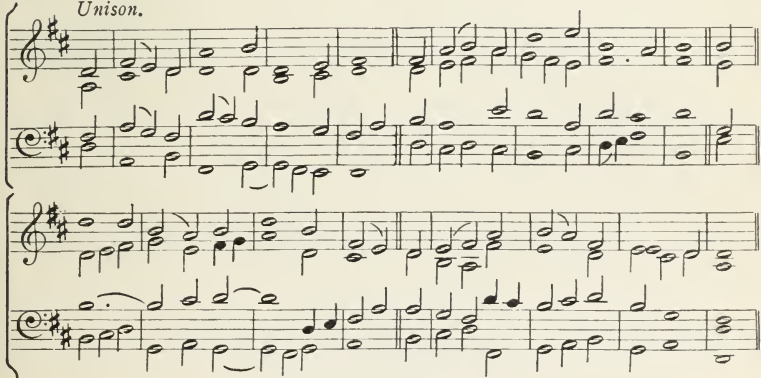
O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's
head
Amid the angelic band.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blessed,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

2.—THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM.

66 FINNART. L. M. K. G. FINLAY.

Unison.

By permission of Mr. K. G. Finlay.

J. H. B. MASTERMAN (b. 1867).

ALMIGHTY Father, Who dost
give
The gift of life to all who live,
Look down on all earth's sin and
strife,
And lift us to a nobler life.

Lift up our hearts, O King of kings,
To brighter hopes and kindlier
things,
To visions of a larger good,
And holier dreams of brotherhood.

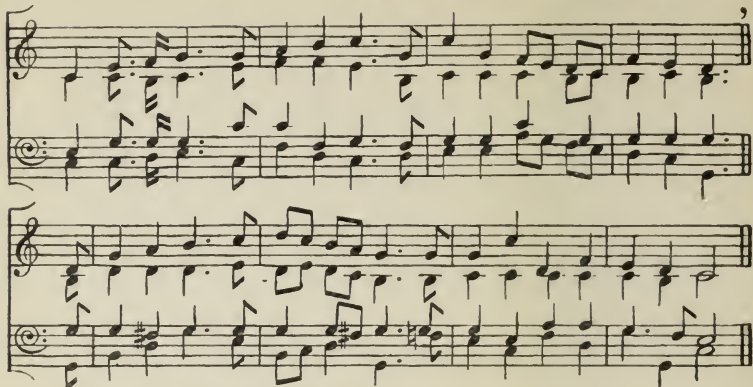
Thy world is weary of its pain,
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honour, falsely strong,
And all its ancient deeds of
wrong.

Hear Thou the prayer Thy servants
pray,
Uprising from all lands to-day,
And o'er the vanquished powers of
sin,
O, bring Thy great salvation in.

67

TRURO.

L. M.

Psalmodia Evangelica (1790).

C. WESLEY (1707-88).

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the
nations shake;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

Say to the heathen from Thy
throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone;"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home,
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

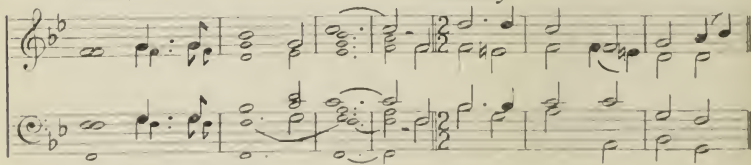
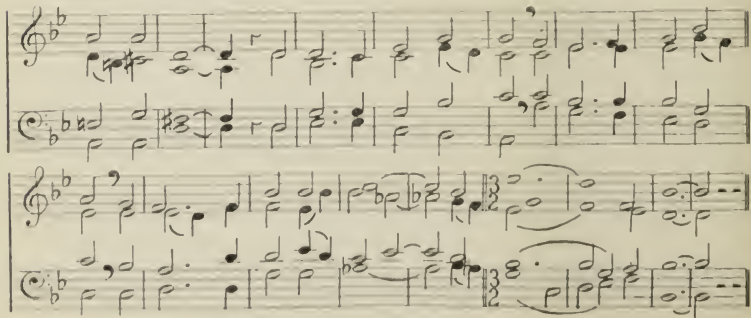
Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee
fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of
all.

68

CRICKLEWOOD. (1ST TUNE.)

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

GEORGE GRACE.

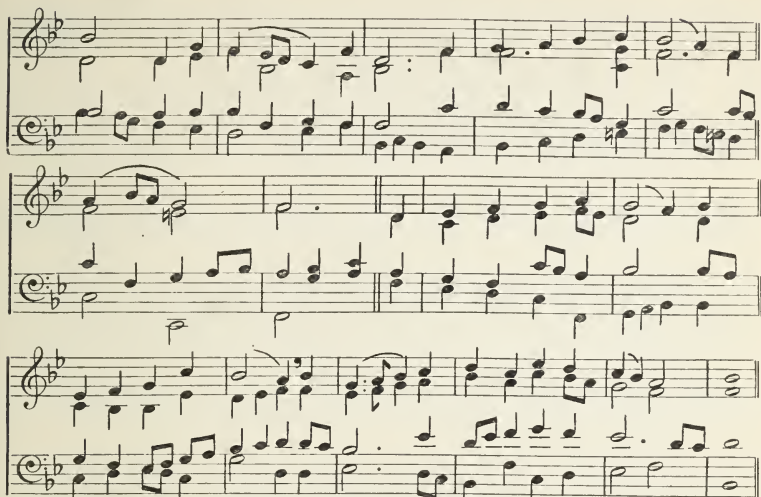
*Unison.**Harmony.**Small notes for Organ, ad lib.*

By permission of Dr. George Grace.

68

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD. (2ND TUNE.)

K. G. FINLAY.

Unison.

By permission of Mr. K. G. Finlay.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT (1813-86).

CHRIST for the world ! we sing:
 The world to Christ we bring
 With loving zeal;
 The poor, and them that mourn,
 The faint and overborne,
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world ! we sing:
 The world to Christ we bring
 With fervent prayer;
 The wayward and the lost,
 By restless passions tossed,
 Redeemed at countless cost
 From dark despair.

Christ for the world ! we sing:
 The world to Christ we bring
 With one accord;
 With us the work to share,
 With us reproach to dare,
 With us the cross to bear
 For Christ our Lord.

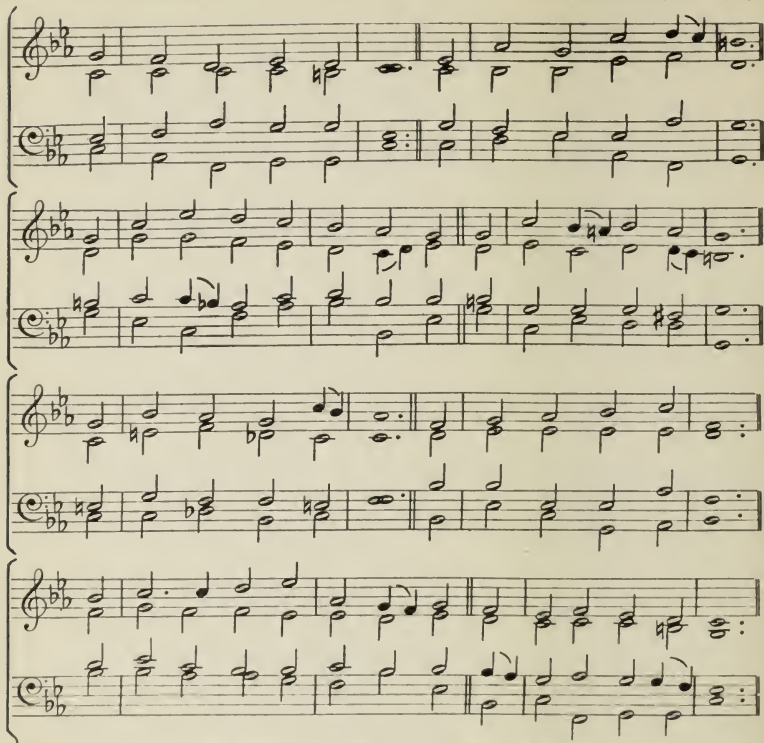
Christ for the world ! we sing:
 The world to Christ we bring
 With joyful song;
 The new-born souls, whose days,
 Reclaimed from error's ways,
 Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

69

BATH NEW.

D. S. M.

S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

H. BONAR (1808-89).

COME, Lord, and tarry not;
 Bring the long-looked-for day;
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay?
 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
 Daily ascends their sigh;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
 Dost Thou not hear the cry?

Come, for the corn is ripe;
 Put in Thy sickle now;
 Reap the great harvest of the earth,
 Sower and Reaper Thou.
 Come in Thy glorious might,
 Come with the iron rod,
 Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
 Most mighty Son of God.

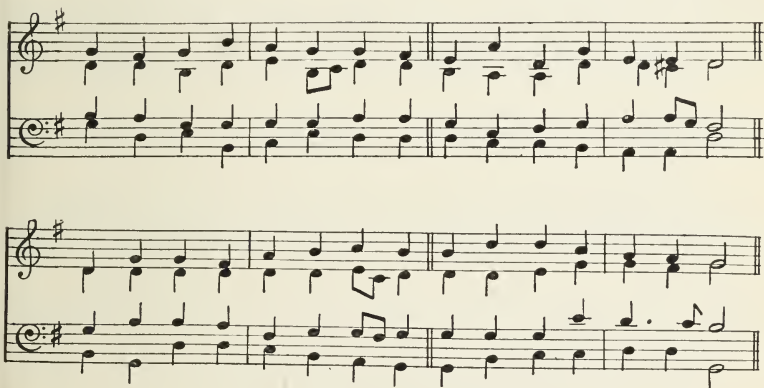
Come, and make all things new,
 Build up this ruined earth,
 Restore our faded Paradise,—
 Creation's second birth.
 Come, and begin Thy reign
 Of everlasting peace;
 Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
 Great King of righteousness.

70

REDHEAD.

8. 7. 8. 7.

R. REDHEAD (1820-1901).



C. WESLEY (1707-88).

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us;
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver;
 Born a Child and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us forever;
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

By Thy own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thy all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

71

ALVESTON. (1ST TUNE.)

Irreg.

B. HARWOOD.

By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

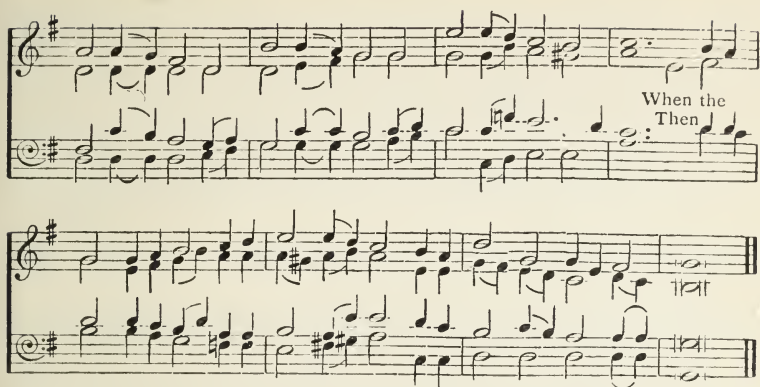
71

BENSON. (2ND TUNE.)

Irreg.

M. D. KINGHAM.

VS. 2, 3, 4.



A. C. AINGER (1841-1904).

GOD is working His purpose out as year succeeds to year,
 God is working His purpose out and the time is drawing near;
 Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
 When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters
 cover the sea.

From utmost east to utmost west where'er man's foot hath trod,
 By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God,
 "Give ear to Me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear to Me,
 That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover
 the sea."

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
 The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the Prince of peace?
 What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,
 When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters
 cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
 That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine throughout the
 world.

Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
 That the earth may be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover
 the sea.

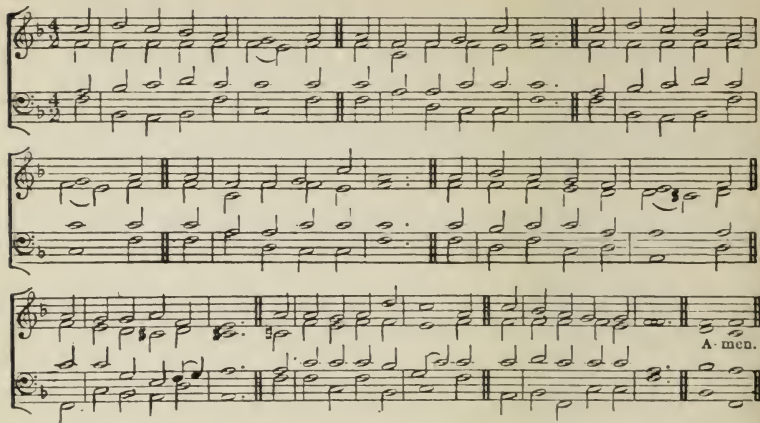
All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses the deed;
 Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives life to the seed;
 Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
 When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters
 cover the sea.

72

CRÜGER.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. CRÜGER (1695-1662).



J. MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

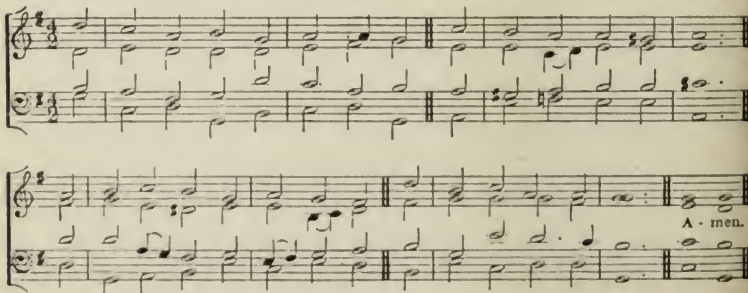
Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of love.

73

BRISTOL.

C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT'S *Psalter* (1621).

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM

P. DODDRIDGE (1702-51).

HARK the glad sound! the
Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to
bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His
grace,
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

74 MECKLENBURG. 7.7.7.7. D. *Geistreiches Gesangbuch* (1704).

This hymn may also be sung to *Salzburg*, No. 15.

J. MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! hark the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banners furled.
Sheathed His sword: He speaks—
'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son!

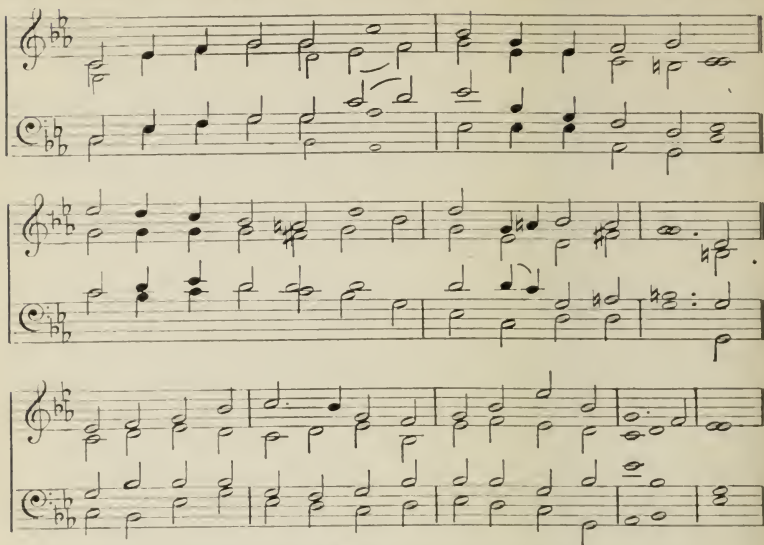
He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all!

75

LITTLE CORNARD. (1ST TUNE.)

6.6.6.6.8.8.

M. SHAW.



By permission of Messrs. Curwen and Sons, Ltd.

C. E. OAKLEY (1832-65).

HILLS of the North, rejoice,
 River and mountain spring,
 Hark to the Advent voice,
 Valley and lowland, sing:
 Though absent long, your Lord is
 nigh;
 He judgment brings and victory.

Isles of the Southern seas,
 Deep in yon coral caves
 Pent be each warring breeze,
 Lulled be your restless waves:
 He comes to reign with boundless
 sway,
 And make your wastes His great
 highway.

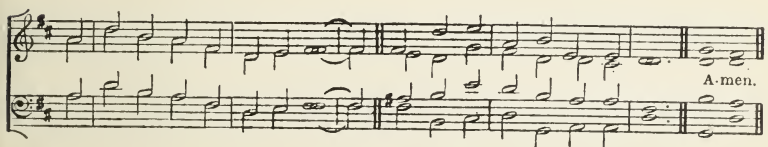
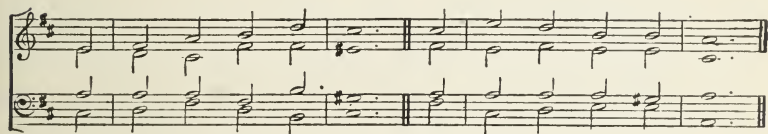
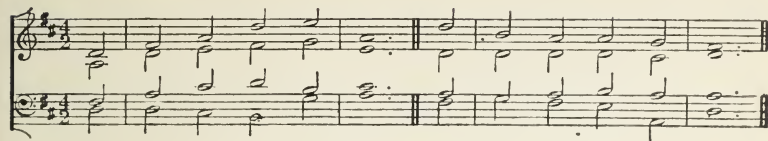
Lands of the East, awake,
 Soon shall your sons be free;
 The sleep of ages break,
 And rise to liberty.
 On your far hills, long cold and
 grey,
 Has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost West,
 Ye that have waited long,
 Unvisited, unblest,
 Break forth to swelling song:
 High raise the note, that Jesus
 died,
 Yet lives and reigns, the Cruci-
 fied.

Shout while ye journey home,
 Songs be in every mouth;
 Lo, from the North we come,
 From East, and West, and South.
 City of God, the bond are free:
 We come to live and reign in thee.

75

CHRISTCHURCH. (2ND TUNE.) 6.6.6.6.8.8.

C. STEGGALL
(1826-1905).

C. E. OAKLEY (1832-65).

HILLS of the North, rejoice,
 River and mountain spring,
 Hark to the Advent voice,
 Valley and lowland, sing:
 Though absent long, your Lord is
 nigh;
 He judgment brings and victory.

Isles of the Southern seas,
 Deep in yon coral caves
 Pent be each warring breeze,
 Lulled be your restless waves:
 He comes to reign with boundless
 sway,
 And make your wastes His great
 highway.

Lands of the East, awake,
 Soon shall your sons be free;
 The sleep of ages break,
 And rise to liberty.
 On your far hills, long cold and
 grey,
 Has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost West,
 Ye that have waited long,
 Unvisited, unblest,
 Break forth to swelling song:
 High raise the note, that Jesus
 died,
 Yet lives and reigns, the Cruci-
 fied.

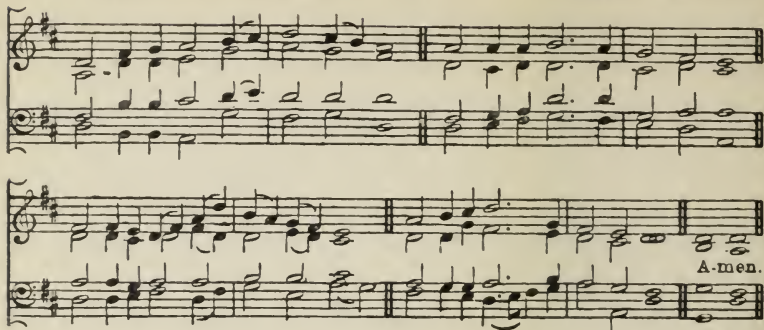
Shout while ye journey home,
 Songs be in every mouth;
 Lo, from the North we come,
 From East, and West, and South.
 City of God, the bond are free:
 We come to live and reign in thee.

76

DUKE ST. (1ST TUNE.)

L. M.

J. HATTON (d. 1793).

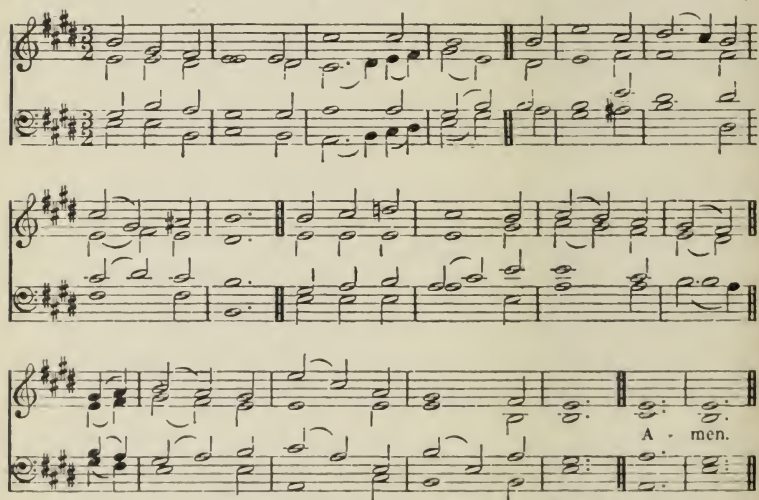


76

GALILEE. (2ND TUNE.)

L. M.

P. ARMES (1836-1908).



permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

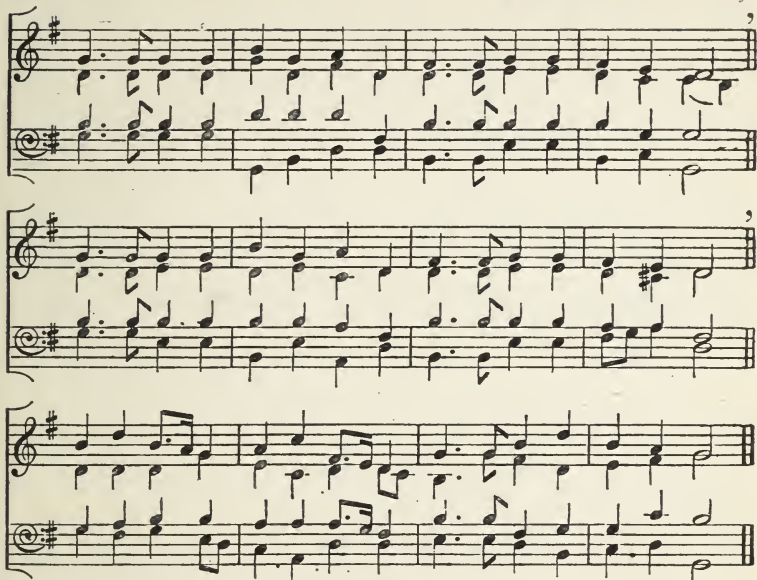
I. WATTS (1674-1748).

JESUS shall reign where'er the
sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He
reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his
chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

77 RHUDDLAN. 8.7.8.7.8.7. *Welsh Traditional Melody.*

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND (1847-1918).

JUDGE eternal, throned in splendour,
 Lord of lords and King of kings,
 With Thy living fire of judgment
 Purge this realm of bitter things:
 Solace all its wide dominion
 With the healing of Thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
 For the hour that brings release:
 And the city's crowded clangour
 Cries aloud for sin to cease;
 And the homesteads and the woodlands
 Plead in silence for their peace.

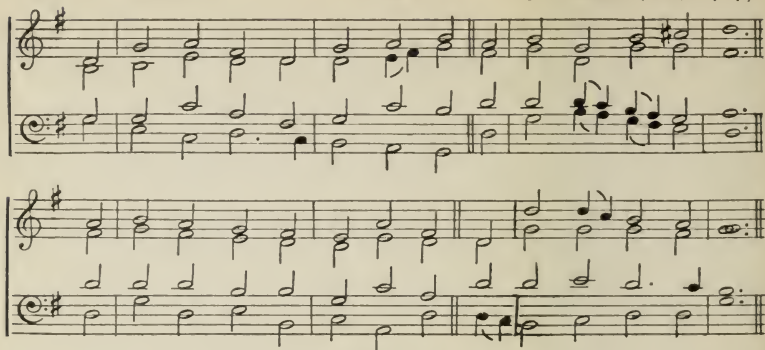
Crown, O God, Thine own endeavour;
 Cleave our darkness with Thy sword:
 Feed the faint and hungry heathen
 With the richness of Thy word:
 Cleanse the body of this empire
 Through the glory of the Lord.

78

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

J. CLARKE (1669-1707).



J. MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass;
 Ye bars of iron, yield;
 And let the King of Glory pass;
 The Cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star
 That leads the train of night,
 Shines on the march, and guides from far
 His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage;
 In that mysterious strife,
 The powers of heaven and hell engage
 For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God,
 Sworn warriors of Christ's host,
 Where hallowed footsteps never trod
 Take your appointed post.

Though few and small and weak your bands,
 Strong in your Captain's strength,
 Go to the conquest of all lands:
 All must be His at length.

The spoils at His victorious feet
 Ye shall rejoice to lay,
 And lay yourselves as trophies meet,
 In His great judgment day.

Then fear not, faint not, halt not now;
 In Jesus' Name be strong;
 To Him shall all the nations bow,
 And sing the triumph song:—

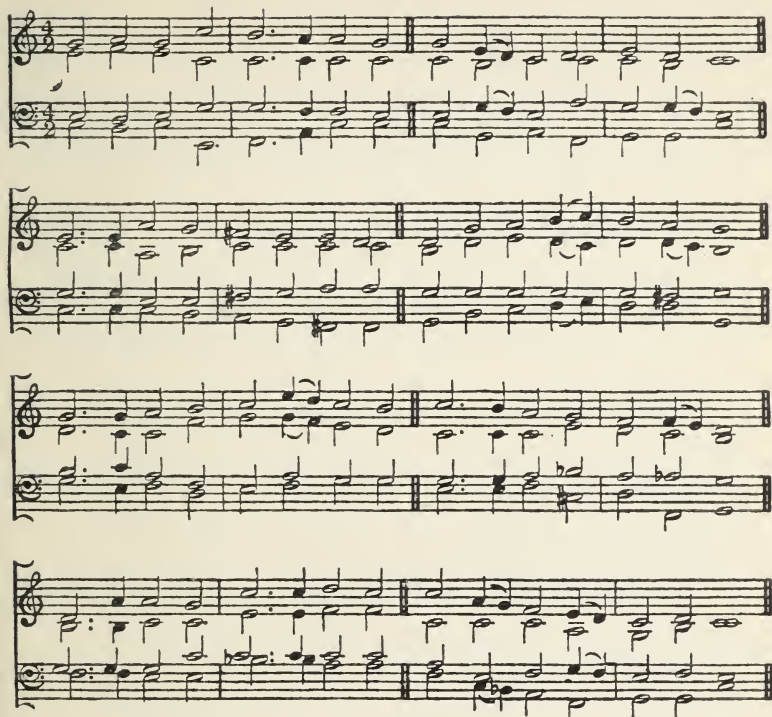
Uplifted are the gates of brass,
 The bars of iron yield;
 Behold the King of Glory pass;
 The Cross hath won the field.

79

EPWORTH.

8.7.8.7.D.

S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

This hymn may also be sung to *Deerhurst*, No. 96.

H. DOWNTON (1818-85).

LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;

When shall earth Thy rule obey?

When shall end the night of weeping?

When shall break the promised day?

See the whitening harvest languish,

Waiting still the labourers' toil;

Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?

Shall the strong retain the spoil?

Tidings, sent to every creature,

Millions yet have never heard;

Can they hear without a preacher?

Lord Almighty, give the word:

Give the word; in every nation

Let the Gospel-trumpet sound,

Witnessing a world's salvation

To the earth's remotest bound.

Then the end: Thy Church completed,

All Thy chosen gathered in,

With their King in glory seated,

Satan bound, and banished sin;

Gone for ever parting, weeping,

Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;

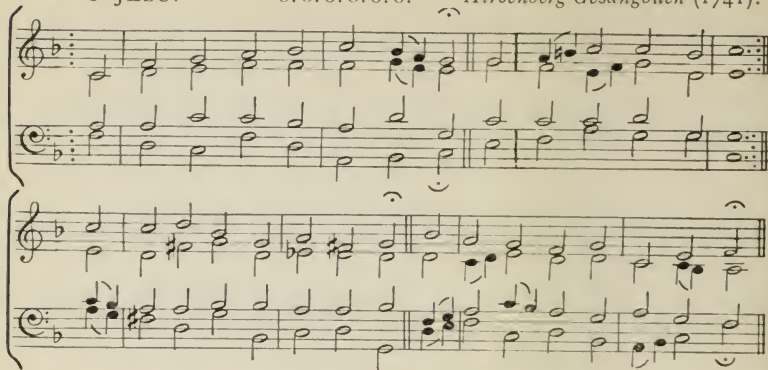
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;

Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

80

O JESU.

8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

Hirschberg Gesangbuch (1741).

W. CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878).

O NORTH, with all thy vales of
green!

O South, with all thy palms!
From peopled towns and fields be-
tween

Uplift the voice of psalms.
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears.
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years,
His Kingdom is begun:
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

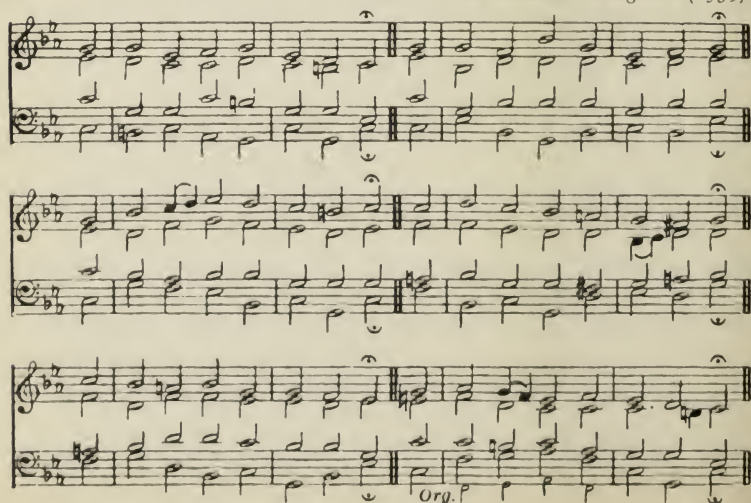
O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky:
When He shall reign from pole to
pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

When all shall heed the words He
said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And He, who conquered death, shall
win
The mightier conquest over sin.

81

VATER UNSER.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

SCHUMANN'S Gesangbuch (1539).

L. TUTTIETT (1825-99).

O QUICKLY come, dread Judge
of all;

For, awful though Thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art
near.

O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one

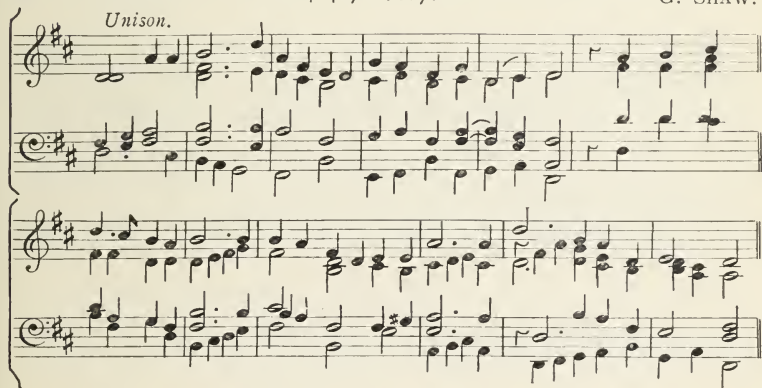
O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found;
O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our
way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the
day:
O quickly come: for round Thy
Throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

82 ARTHUR.

4. 4. 7. 8. 8. 7.

G. SHAW.



By permission of Mr. Geoffrey Shaw

CLARA THWAITES.

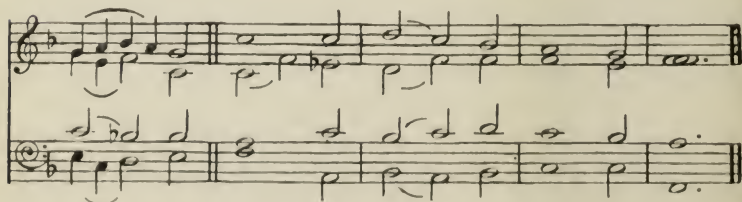
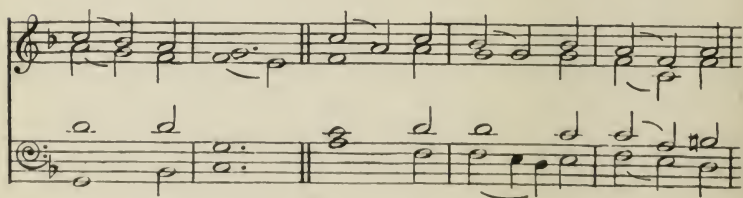
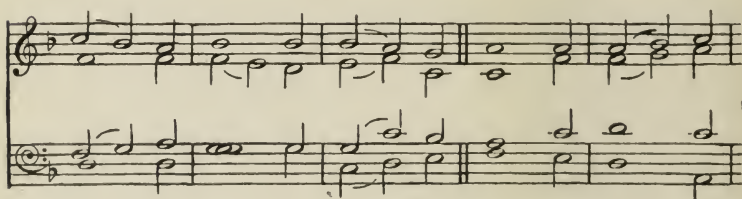
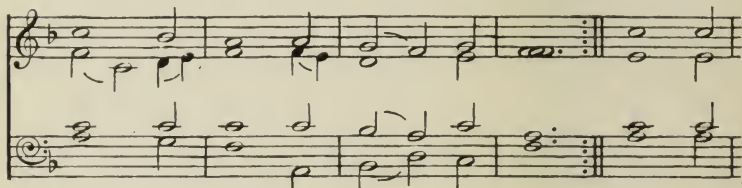
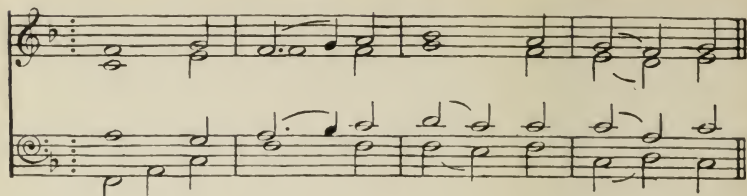
O WORLD of pride,
Throw open wide
Your golden gates of splendour!
And let the Holy Christ come in
To triumph over death and sin;
O kings, your homage render!

O world of woe,
Wide open throw
Your iron gates of terror!
And let the Consolation in
To triumph over death and sin,
And free from bonds of error.

O Labour's sons,
Ye toiling ones,
Throw wide your brazen portal!
And let Him in—the Son of man—
Your toil to own, your work to scan,
And bless with joys immortal!

O gates of doom,
Make room, make room
For Christ, the King of Glory!
He shall the world's wide gates
possess,
He shall come in to judge—to
bless—
And end earth's bitter story

83 HYFRYDOL. (1ST TUNE.) 8.7.8.7.D. H. PRICHARD (1811-87).

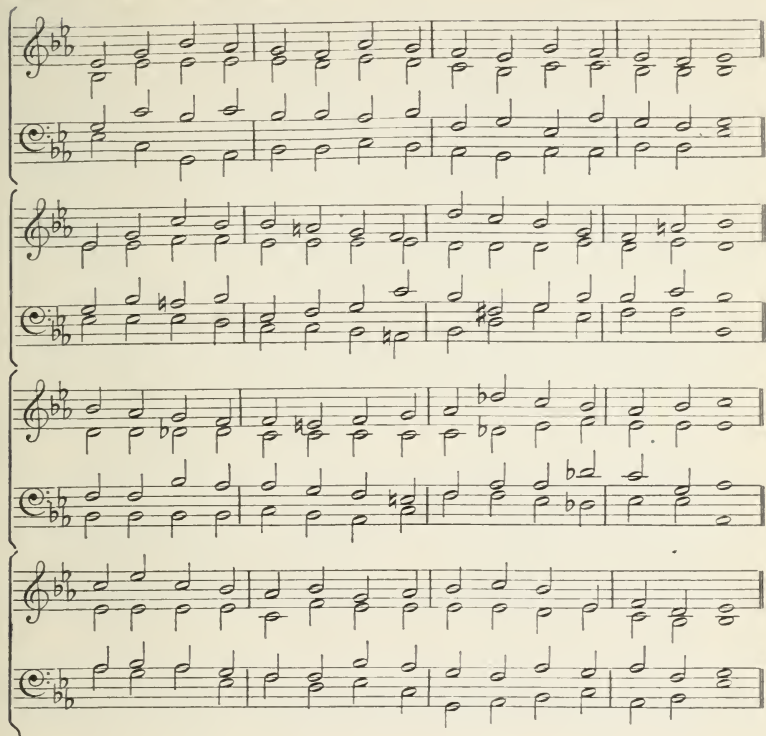


83

IONA. (2ND TUNE.)

8.7.8.7.D.

J. STAINER (1840-1891).



A. CLEVELAND COXE (1818-96).

S AVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
 By Thy pains and consolations:
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee
 Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
 Be it to the nations told;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
 And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal
 breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest;
 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain,
 Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,
 Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

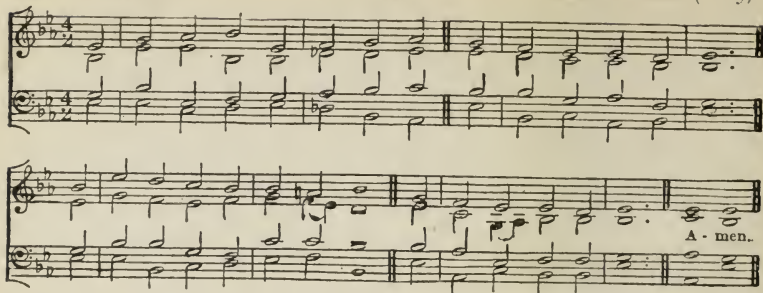
Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
 For Thy Spirit new creating,
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.

84

DUNDEE.

C. M.

Scottish Psalter (1615).



I. WATTS (1674-1748).

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations,—Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord His way.

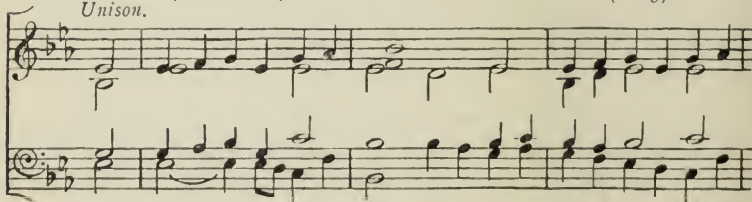
Behold! He comes, He comes to
The nations as their God; [bless
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

But when His voice shall raise the
dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

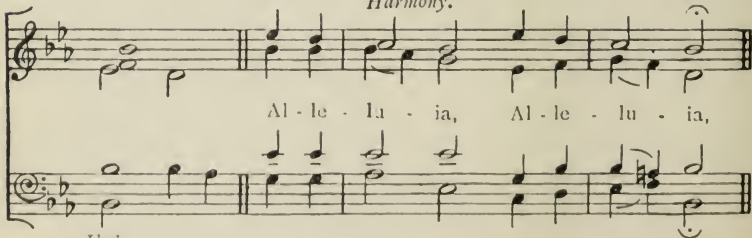
85

LASST UNS ERFREUEN. 8.8.4.4.8.8. Geistliche Kirchengesäng (1623).

Unison.



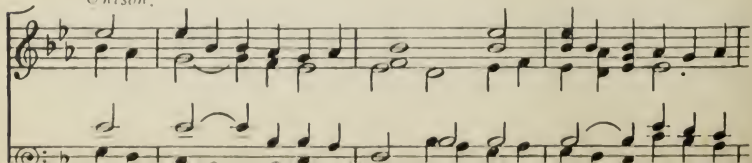
Harmony.



Al - le - lu - ia,

Al - le - lu - ia,

Unison.



Harmony.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -

Unison.

lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - - - ia.

85 WAREHAM. (2ND TUNE.) L. M. W. KNAPP.

J. CONDER (1789-1855).

*THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King."

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

*He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;

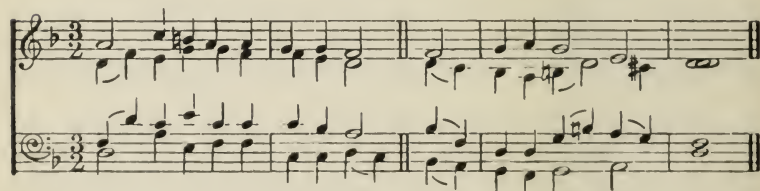
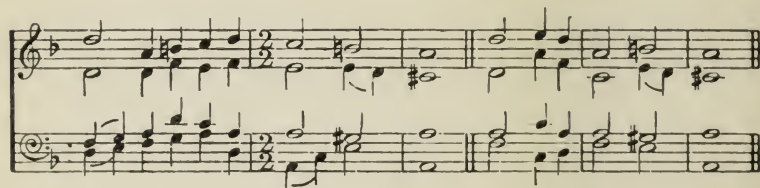
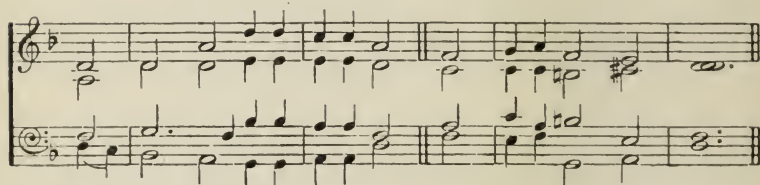
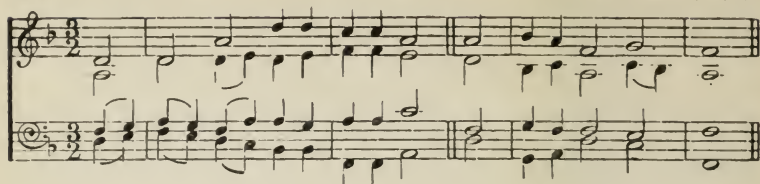
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
He will present them at the Throne;
And Angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

*Alike pervaded by His eye
All parts of His dominion lie:—
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

*One Lord one empire all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring.
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

When sung with Alleluias the starred verses only should be used.



J. MILTON (1608-74).

THE Lord will come and not be
slow,

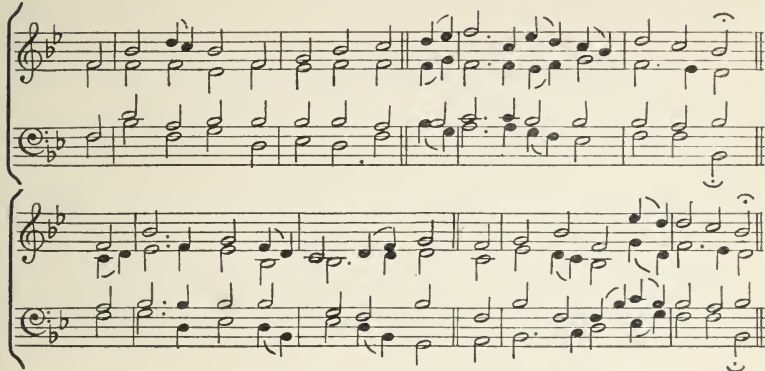
His footsteps cannot err:
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

Surely to such as do Him fear
Salvation is at hand:
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice, from her heavenly
bower,
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, God, judge Thou the earth in
night,
This wicked earth redress;
For Thou art He Who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

The nations all whom Thou hast
made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy Name.
For great Thou art, and wonders
great
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou in Thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

87 CAMERONIAN MIDNIGHT HYMN. L.M. *Scottish Hymn Melody.*

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS (1840-93).

THESE things shall be: a loftier race
 Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
 With flame of freedom in their souls,
 And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
 To spill no drop of blood, but dare
 All that may plant man's lordship firm,
 O'er earth, and fire, and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
 Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
 In every heart and brain shall throb
 The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
 And fervent as the young-eyed throng
 Who chant their heavenly psalms before
 God's face with undiscordant song.

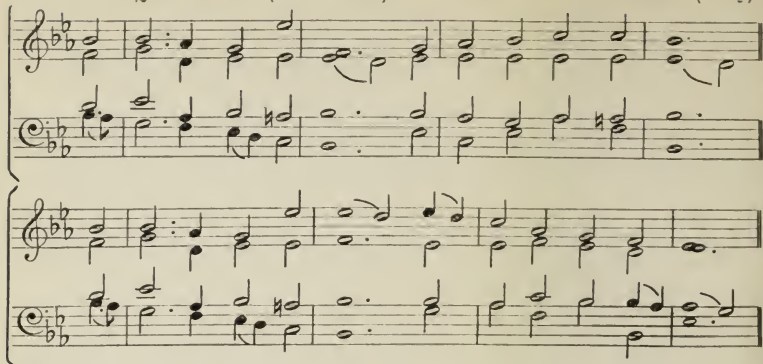
New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
 And mightier music thrill the skies,
 And every life shall be a song,
 When all the earth is paradise.

88

ST. QUINTIN. (1ST TUNE.)

6.6.6.6.

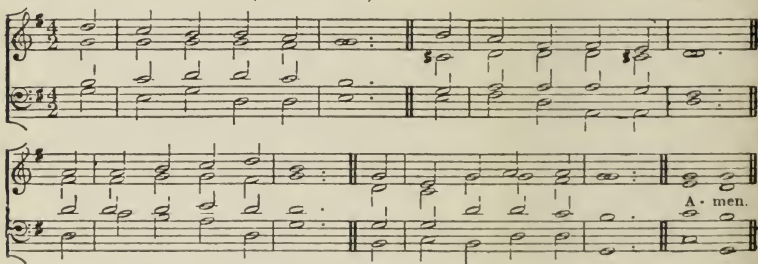
H. PARR (1815).



88

ST. CECILIA. (2ND TUNE.)

L. G. HAYNE.



L. HENSLEY (1827-1905).

THY Kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,—
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight

Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

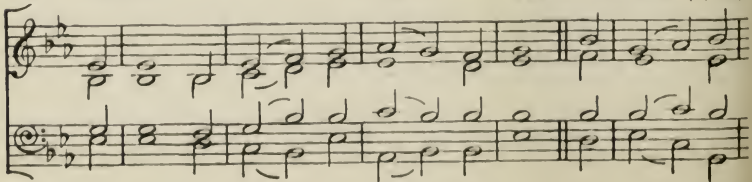
O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set!

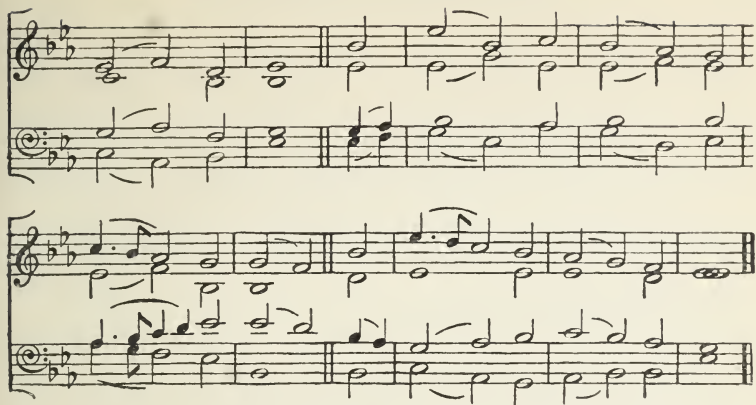
89

IRISH.

C. M.

Dublin Collection (1749).





F. L. HOSMER.

THY Kingdom come! on bended
knee

The passing ages pray:
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that Kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;

Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

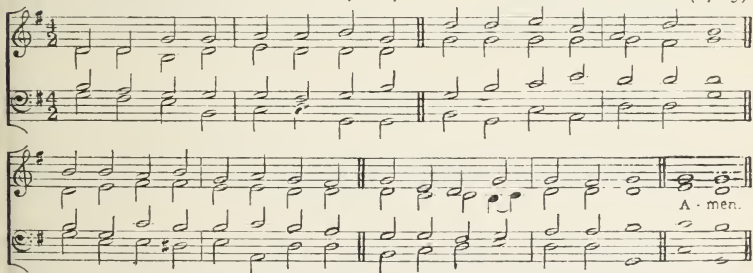
The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in
might,
And every hurt be healed;

When knowledge, hand in hand with
peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad:
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

90

STUTT GART.

8. 7. 8. 7.

Psalmodia Sacra (1715).

T. KELLY (1769-1854).

ZION'S King shall reign vic-
torious;

All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His Kingdom glorious;
He will reign through endless day.

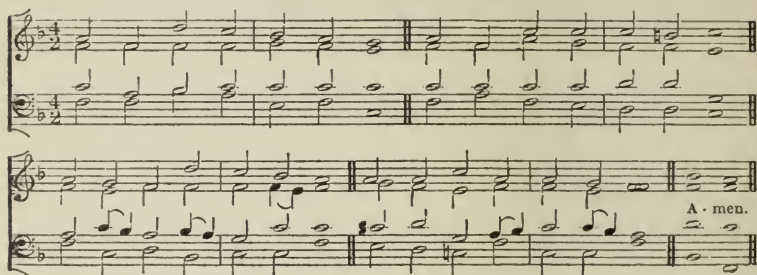
Nations, now from God estrangèd,
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

Then shall Israel, long dispersèd,
Mourning seek the Lord their
God,
Look on Him Whom once they
piercèd,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign.

3.—THE CHURCH AND THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

91 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT (1805-76).

H. W. BAKER (1821-77),
from the Latin.

CAPTAINS of the saintly band,
Lights who lighten every land,
Princes who with Jesus dwell,
Judges of His Israel.

On the nations sunk in night
Ye have shed the Gospel light;
Sin and error flee away,
Truth reveals the promised day.

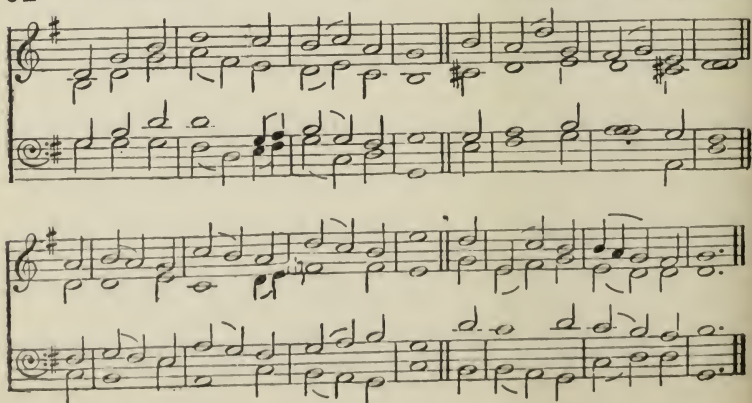
Not by warrior's spear and sword,
Not by art of human word,
Preaching but the Cross of shame,
Rebel hearts for Christ ye tame.

Earth, that long in sin and pain
Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,
Now to serve its God is free
In the law of liberty.

Distant lands with one acclaim
Tell the honour of your name,
Who, wherever man has trod,
Teach the mysteries of God.

Glory to the Three in One
While eternal ages run.
Who from deepest shades of night
Called us to His glorious light.

92 RICHMOND. C. M. T. HAWEIS and S. WEBBE.



S. JOHNSON (1722-82).

CITY of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime !
 The true thy chartered freemen are
 Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast, high intent;
 One working band, one harvest song,
 One King omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come
 down
 From man's primeval youth !

How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of freedom, love, and truth !

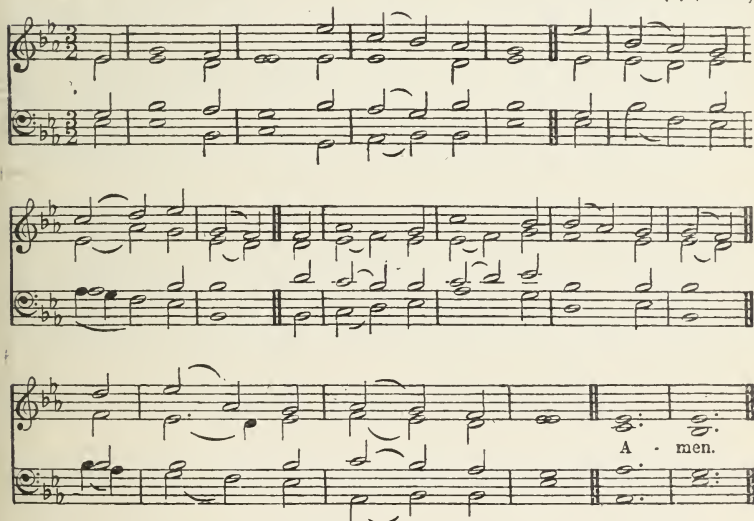
How gleam thy watch-fires through
 the night
 With never-fainting ray !
 How rise thy towers, serene and
 bright,
 To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands:
 Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
 The eternal City stands.

93 MANCHESTER.

C. M.

R. WAINWRIGHT (1748-82).



C. WESLEY (1707-88).

COME, let us join our friends
 above
 Who have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise.

Let saints on earth in concert sing
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
 One Church, above, beneath;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow;
 Part of His host have crossed the
 flood,
 And part are crossing now.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs with glory crowned;
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear His trumpet sound.

O Jesus, be our Guard and Guide !
 Then, when the word is given,
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves
 divide,
 And bring us safe to heaven.

94 SINE NOMINE.

10. 10. 10. 4.

ANON.

Unison.

le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A - men.

By permission of the Committee of the "English Hymnal."

W. WALSHAM HOW (1823-47).

FOR all the Saints who from their
labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the word
confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their For-
tress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the
well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their
one true Light. Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true,
and bold, [fought of old,
Fight as the Saints who nobly
And win, with them, the victor's
crown of gold. Alleluia!

O blest communion! fellowship
divine! [shine;
We feebly struggle, they in glory
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are
Thine. Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the
warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant
triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and
arms are strong. Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the
west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors
comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the
blest. Alleluia!

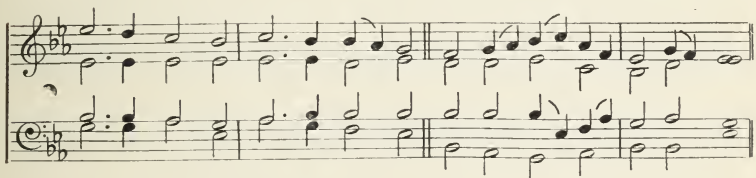
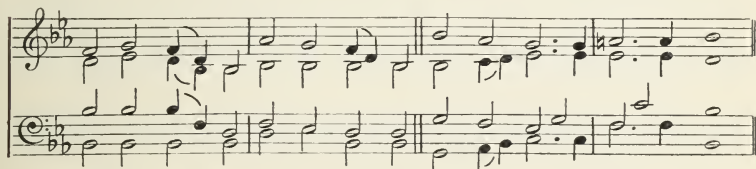
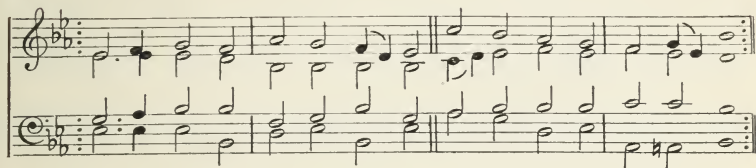
But lo! there breaks a yet more
glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright
array:
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from
ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in
the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost.
Alleluia!

95 AUSTRIA.

S. 7. 8. 7. D.

F. J. HAYDN (1732-1809).



J. NEWTON (1725-1807).

GLORIOUS things of thee are
spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He Whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy
foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord the
Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar lead-
ing.
Light by night, and shade by
day;
Daily on the manna feeding
Which He gives them when they
pray.

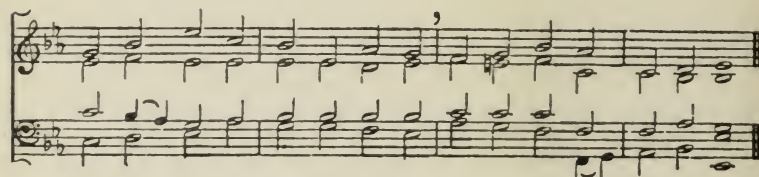
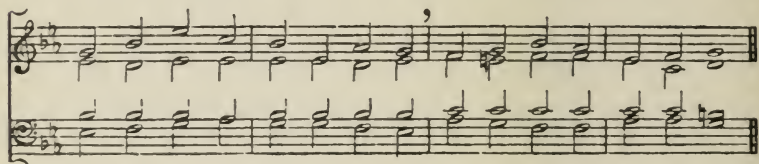
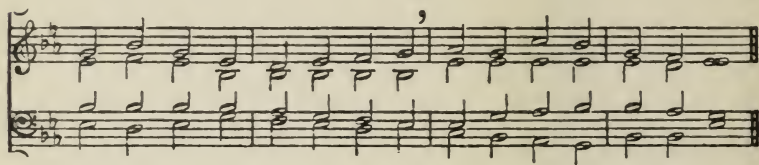
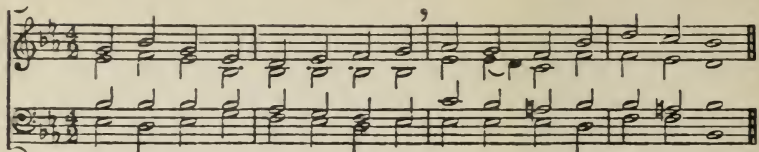
Saviour, since of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name;
Fading is the worldly's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know

96

DEERHURST.

8. 7. 8. 7. D.

J. LANGRAN (1835-1909).



By permission of Novello and Co., Ltd.

C. WORDSWORTH (1807-85).

HARK! the sound of holy voices,

Chanting at the crystal sea

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Lord, to Thee:

Multitude, which none can number,

Like the stars in glory stands.

Clothed in white apparel, holding

Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet,

Who prepared the way of Christ,

King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,

Martyr, and Evangelist,

Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,

Widows who have watched to prayer,

Joined in holy concert, singing

To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood.

Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;

Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,

Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner,

They have triumphed following

Thee, the Captain of salvation,

Thee, their Saviour and their King;

Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;

Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,

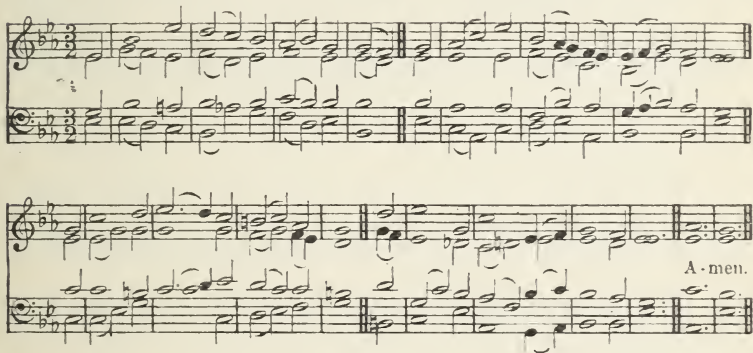
And by death to life immortal

They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
 Now they drink, as from a river,
 Holy bliss and infinite;
 Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the Beatific Vision
 Of the Blessèd Trinity.

God of God, the One-begotten,
 Light of Light, Emmanuel,
 In Whose Body joined together
 All the Saints for ever dwell;
 Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
 That we may for evermore
 God the Father, God the Son, and
 God the Holy Ghost adore.

97 ST. PANCRAS. L. M. J. BATTISHILL (1738-1801).



R. BAXTER (1615-91).

HE wants not friends that hath
 Thy love,
 And may converse and walk with
 Thee,
 And with Thy Saints here and above,
 With whom for ever I must be.

Still we are centred all in Thee,
 Members, though distant, of one
 Head;
 In the same family we be,
 By the same faith and spirit led.

In the communion of Saints
 Is wisdom, safety and delight;
 And when my heart declines and
 faints,
 It's raised by their heat and light !

Before Thy throne we daily meet
 As joint-petitioners to Thee;
 In spirit we each other greet,
 And shall again each other see.

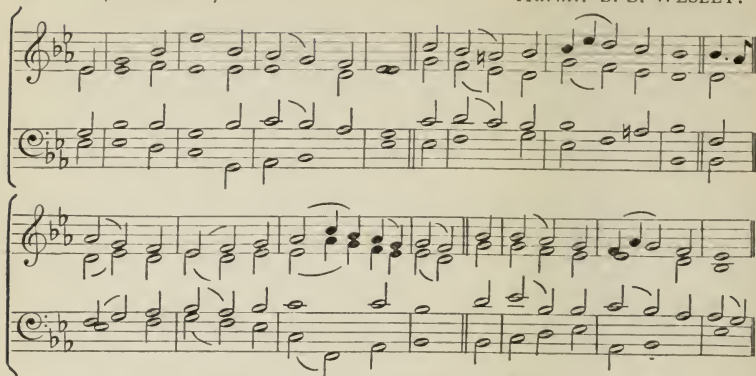
As for my friends, they are not lost;
 The several vessels of thy fleet,
 Though parted now, by tempests
 tossed,
 Shall safely in the haven meet.

The heavenly hosts, world without
 end,
 Shall be my company above;
 And Thou, my best and surest
 Friend,
 Who shall divide me from Thy
 love ?

98

LIVERPOOL.
(1ST TUNE.)

C. M.

R. WAINWRIGHT (1748-82).
Harm.: S. S. WESLEY.

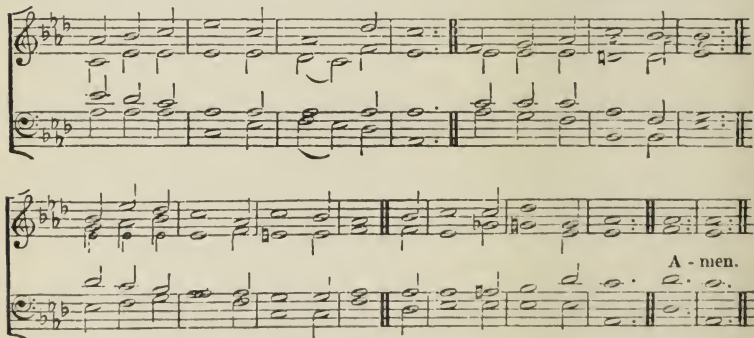
By permission of the Royal College of Music.

98

BEATITUDO. (2ND TUNE.)

C. M.

J. B. DYKES (1823-76).



I. WATTS and others, 18th cent.

HOW bright these glorious spirits
shine !

Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they from sufferings
great

Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have
washed
Those robes that shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

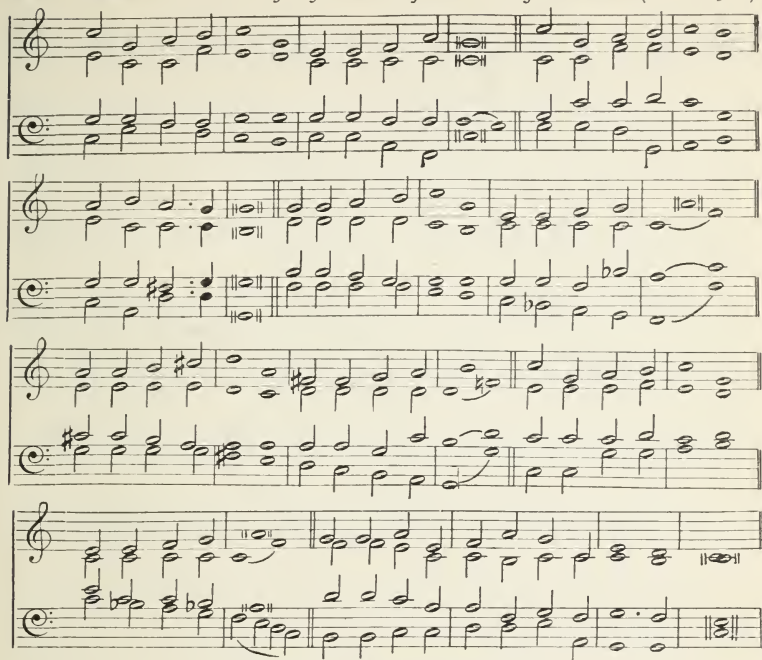
Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering
beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, which dwells amid the
throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His
flock
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

99

TADCASTER. 6.5.6.5.D. with refrain. E. J. HOPKINS (1818-1901).



By permission of Messrs. Weekes and Co.

H. JENNER (b. 1848).

JESUS, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.
We the cross are bearing
Once on Jesus laid,
We the prayer are praying
That our Master prayed.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

Though the time be distant,
Still we watch and pray,
E'en though faint and weary,
Waiting for the day
When the Church uniting
In one host shall fight
'Gainst the powers of darkness
In the Lord's own might.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it, etc.

Thou, our heavenly Master,
Bid contentions cease,
Thou, our Prince of Salem,
Give Thy children peace;

Peace from God the Father,
Peace from God the Son,
Peace from God the Spirit,
From the Three in One.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it, etc.

When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When the world is vanquished.
By the Church made one;
East and West together,
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it, etc.

Praise we God the Father,
Praise the Son Who died,
Praise Him Who doth ever
In His Church abide.
Praise through endless ages,
To Thy Name alone,
Holy, Holy, Holy.
God the Three in One.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

100

FERNHILL. (1ST TUNE.)

6.6.8.6.6.6.

B. HARWOOD.

By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

100

PORTHWIDDEN. (2ND TUNE.)

6.6.8.6.6.6.

G. SHAW.

Unison.

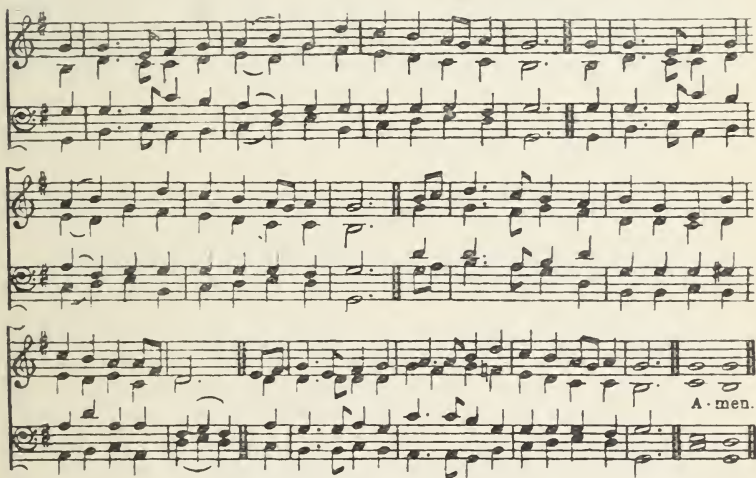
By permission of Mr. Geoffrey Shaw.

J. BROWNLIE *from the Greek.*

LORD of a countless throng,
 Fair as the stars of night,
 Won from the thrall of cruel wrong
 Back to the good and right:
 Thine is the praise they sing,
 Lord of their souls, and King.

Thine was the love that sought
 Far as their wanderings led:
 Thine was the wondrous grace that
 brought
 Life to the faint and dead:
 Pardon for all the past,
 Peace that shall endless last.

Lord of a countless throng
 Sworn to be faithful aye,
 When in the power that makes them strong,
 They stand in evil day:
 Make us by grace we pray,
 Loyal and brave as they.

101 GOSTERWOOD. 7.6.7.6.D. *English Traditional Melody.*

By permission of Dr. Vaughan Williams.

W. WALSHAM HOW (1823-97).

OWORD of God Incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky:
 We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quick-
 sands,
 Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket
 Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.

O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of purest gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old:
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

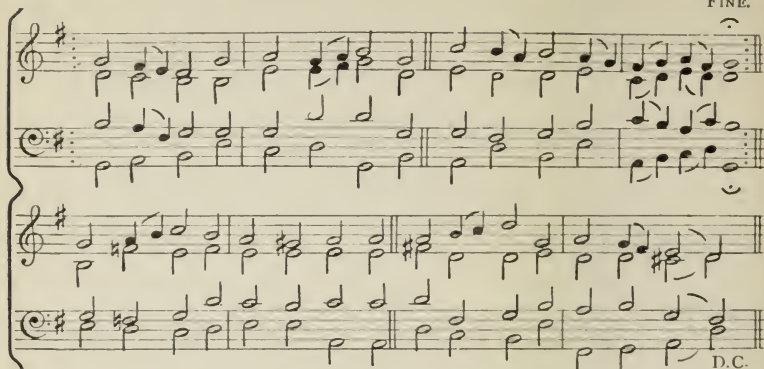
102

IN BABILONE.

S. 7. S. 7. D.

Dutch Traditional Melody.

FINE.



By permission of Professor J. Röntgen.

W. PALMER (1811-79) and
others from the *Latin*.

SPOUSE of Christ, in arms con-
tending
O'er each clime beneath the sun,
Blend with prayers for help ascending
Notes of praise for triumphs won.
As the Church to-day rejoices
All her Saints to join on high,
So from earth let all our voices
Rise in solemn harmony.

First amid the laurelled legions
Prays the Mother to her Son,
Close to Christ in those fair regions,
Where high praise to Him is done.
Angels next, in due gradation
Of the Spirit's ministry
Hymn the Father of creation,
Maker of the stars on high.

John, the herald-voice sonorous,
Head of the prophetic throng,
Patriarchs and Seers in chorus,
Join to swell the Angels' song.
Near to Christ the Apostles seated,
Trampling on the powers of
hell,
By the promise now completed
Judge the tribes of Israel.

They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,
Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.
Priests and Levites, Gospel preachers,
And Confessors numberless,
Prelates meek and holy teachers,
Bear the palm of righteousness.

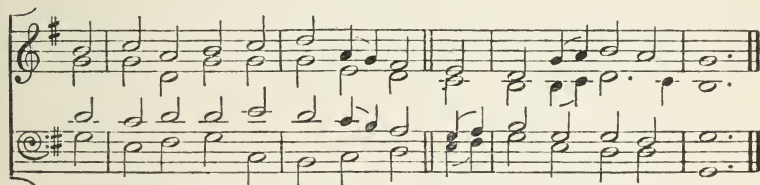
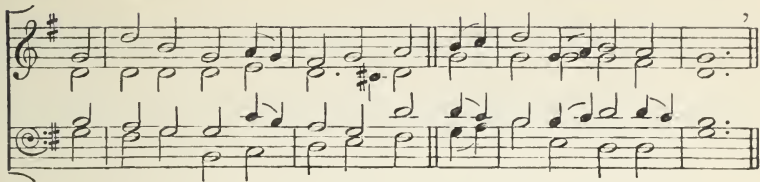
Virgin souls, by high profession
To the Lamb devoted here,
Strewing flowers in gay procession
At the marriage-feast appear.
All are blest together, praising
God's eternal Majesty,
Thrice-repeated anthems raising
To the all-holy Trinity.

103

ST. STEPHEN.

C. M.

W. JONES (1726-1800).



This hymn may also be sung to *University*, No. 129.

L. B. C. L. MUIRHEAD.

THE Church of God a kingdom is,
Where Christ in power doth reign;
Where spirits yearn till seen in bliss,
Their Lord shall come again.

Glad companies of Saints possess
This Church below, above:
And God's perpetual calm doth bless
Their paradise of love.

An altar stands within the shrine
Whereon, once sacrificed,
Is set, immaculate, divine,
The Lamb of God, the Christ.

There rich and poor, from countless lands,
Praise God on mystic Rood:
There nations reach forth holy hands
To take God's holy Food.

There pure life-giving streams o'erflow
The sower's garden-ground:
And faith and hope fair blossoms show,
And fruits of love abound.

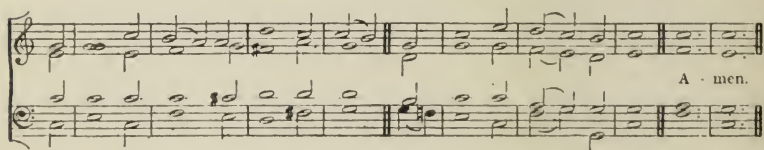
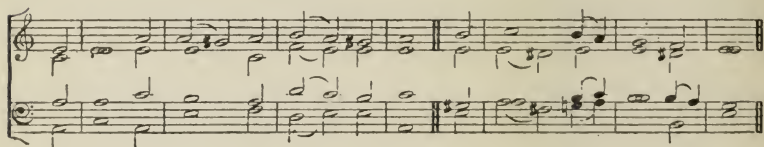
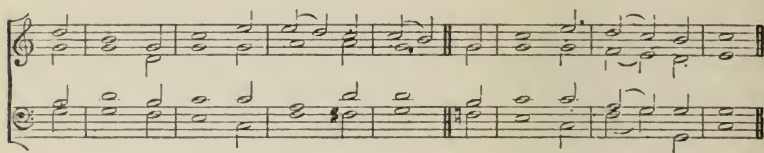
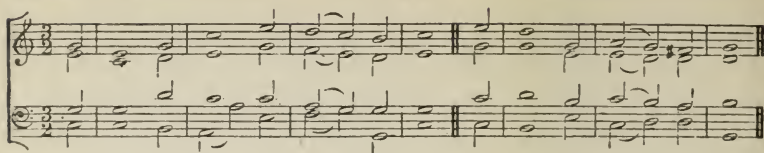
O King, O Christ, this endless grace
To us and all men bring,
To see the vision of Thy face
In joy, O Christ, our King.

104

ST. MATTHEW.

D. C. M.

W. CROFT (1678-1727).



REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826).

THE Son of God goes forth to war,

A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar!

Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,

Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;

Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue

In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;

Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope
they knew;

And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished
steel,

The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to
feel;

Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of
heaven

Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

105 VIENNA. 7.7.7.7. J. H. KNECHT (1752-1817).



J. M. NEALE (1818-66)

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
 Think they of their brethren more?
 They before the throne who bow,
 Feel they for their brethren now?

We, by enemies distress—
 They in Paradise at rest;
 We the captives—they the freed—
 We and they are one indeed.

One in all we seek or shun,
 One—because our Lord is one;
 One in heart and one in love—
 We below, and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
 Many mountains, many tides,
 Have they with each other part,
 Fellowship of heart with heart?

Each to each may be unknown,
 Wide apart their lots be thrown;
 Differing tongues their lips may speak,
 One be strong, and one be weak;

Yet in sacrament and prayer
 Each with other hath a share;
 Hath a share in tear and sigh,
 Watch, and fast and litany.

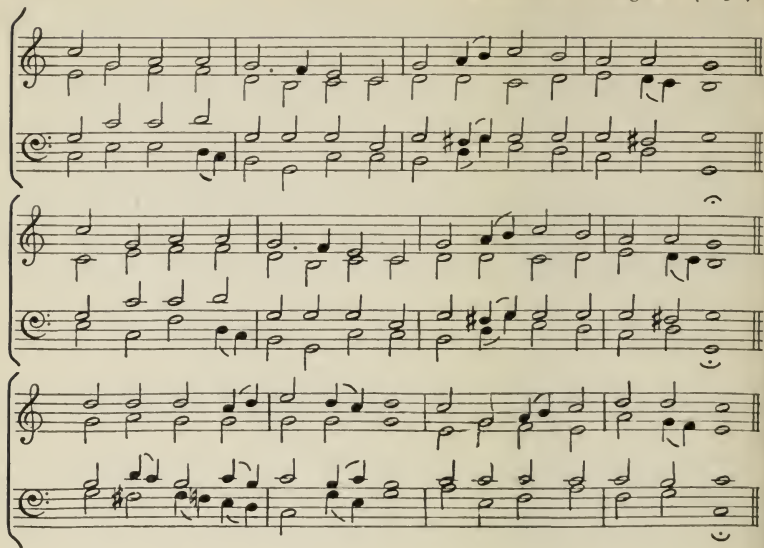
Saints departed even thus
 Hold communion still with us;
 Still with us, beyond the veil
 Praising, pleading without fail.

With them still our hearts we raise,
 Share their work and join their praise,
 Rendering worship, thanks, and love
 To the Trinity above.

106

ALL SAINTS.

S.7.S.7.7.7.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch (1698).

F. E. Cox (1812-97)
from the German.

WHO are these, like stars ap-
 pearing,
 These before God's throne who
 stand ?
 Each a golden crown is wearing;
 Who are all this glorious band ?
 Alleluia, hark ! they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly
 King.

Who are these of dazzling brightness,
 These in God's own truth arrayed,
 Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
 Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
 Ne'er be touched by time's rude
 hand—
 Whence comes all this glorious
 band ?

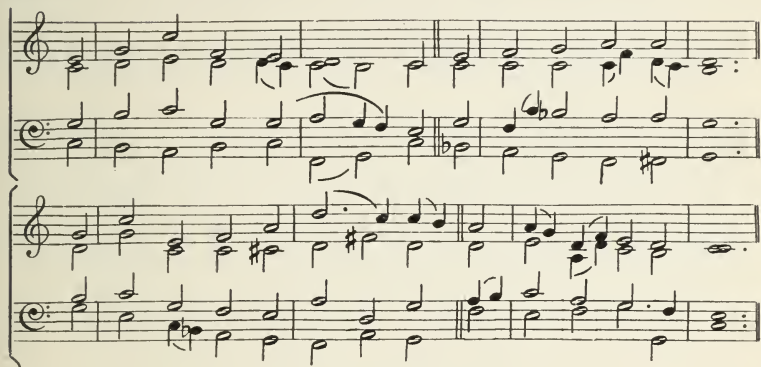
These are they who have contended
 For their Saviour's honour long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng;
 These, who well the fight sus-
 tained,
 Triumph through the Lamb have
 gained.

These are they whose hearts were
 riven,
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the God they glorified;
 Now, their painful conflict
 o'er,
 God has bid them weep no
 more.

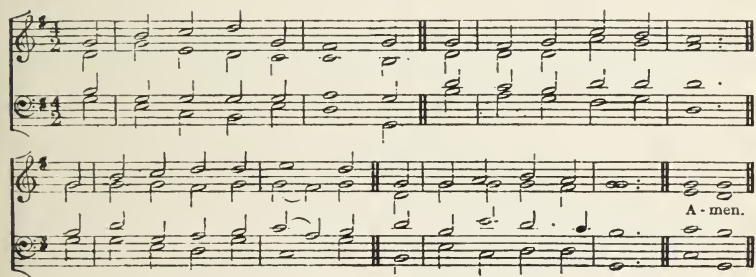
These like priests have watched and waited,
 Offering up to Christ their will,
 Soul and body consecrated,
 Day and night to serve Him still;
 Now in God's most holy place
 Blest they stand before His face.

4.—SACRIFICE AND SERVICE.

107 HIC BREVE VIVITUR. 7.6.7.6. A. PETTET (1785-1845).
(1ST TUNE.)



107 ST. ALPHEGE. (2ND TUNE.) H. J. GAUNTLETT (1805-76). ♯



FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).

IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only,
And evermore to be.

Reign over me, Lord Jesus;
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

O Son of God Who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

O come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal
And true to Thee, my King.

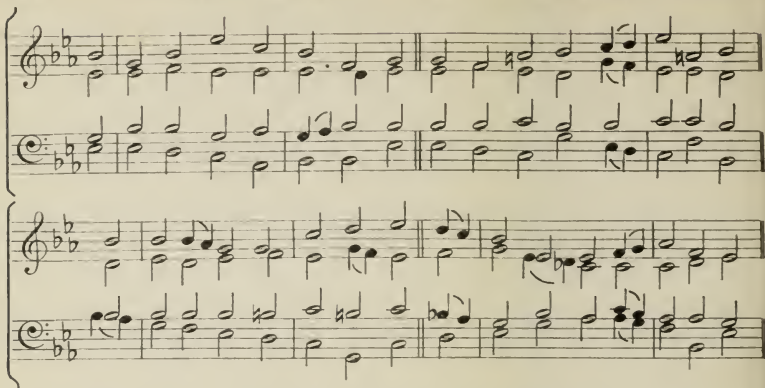
In full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only,
And evermore to be.

108

ST. BERNARD (MONK).

L. M.

W. H. MONK (1823-89).



FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet.
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
 Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
 I may stretch out a loving hand
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.

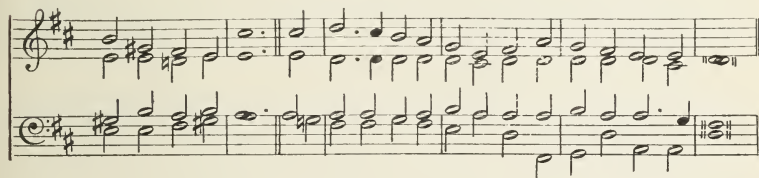
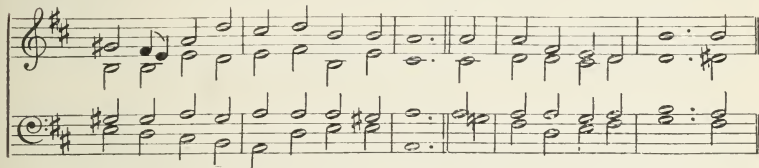
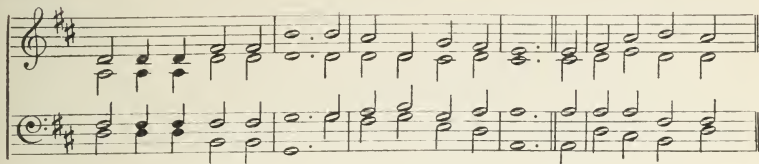
O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
 Until Thy blessed face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

109 DIADEMATA.

D. S. M.

G. J. ELVEY (1816-93).



GEORGE MATHESON (1842-1906).

MAKE me a captive, Lord,
 And then I shall be free;
 Force me to render up my sword,
 And I shall conqueror be.
 I sink in life's alarms
 When by myself I stand;
 Imprison me within Thine arms,
 And strong shall be my hand.

My power is faint and low
 Till I have learned to serve;
 It wants the needed fire to glow,
 It wants the breeze to nerve;
 It cannot drive the world
 Until itself be driven;
 Its flag can only be unfurled
 When Thou shalt breathe from
 heaven.

My heart is weak and poor
 Until it master find;
 It has no spring of action sure,—
 It varies with the wind;
 It cannot freely move
 Till Thou hast wrought its
 chain;
 Enslave it with Thy matchless
 love,
 And deathless it shall reign.

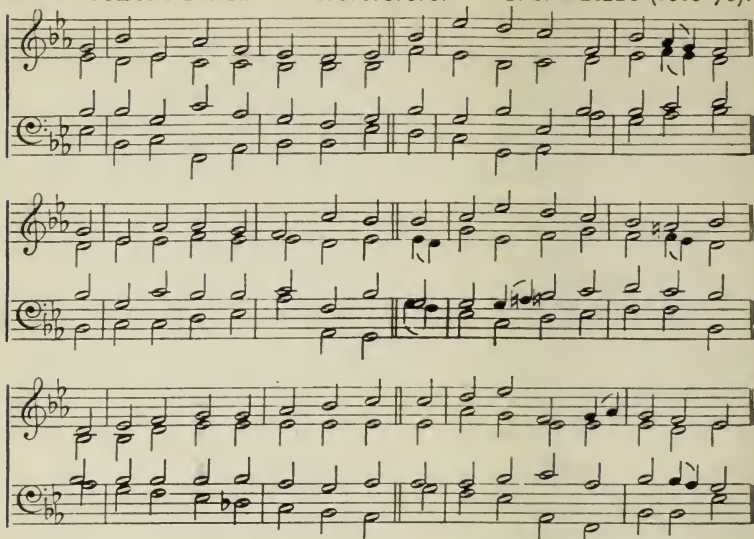
My will is not my own
 Till Thou hast made it Thine;
 If it would reach a monarch's
 throne
 It must its crown resign;
 It only stands unbent
 Amid the clashing strife,
 When on Thy bosom it has leant,
 And found in Thee its life.

110

COLCHESTER.

S. S. S. S. S. S.

S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



S. J. STONE (1839-1900).

O FATHER, in Whose great design

Our hearts are fill'd with love divine,
Teach us to give our love to those
By sin beset and all its woes;
On Thee for them to cast out care,
By fasting and by lowly prayer.

Lord Jesu, grant us eyes to see
In our poor brethren Thine and Thee—
To give ourselves where others need;
Where others sin to intercede;
And thus, by fasting and by prayer,
Our brethren's burden seek to bear.

O Spirit, by Whose grace alone
The many members are made one;
O warm our hearts, inspire our will,
That we Thy purpose may fulfil;
And thus by fasting and by prayer,
Through Thee the glorious Church
prepare.

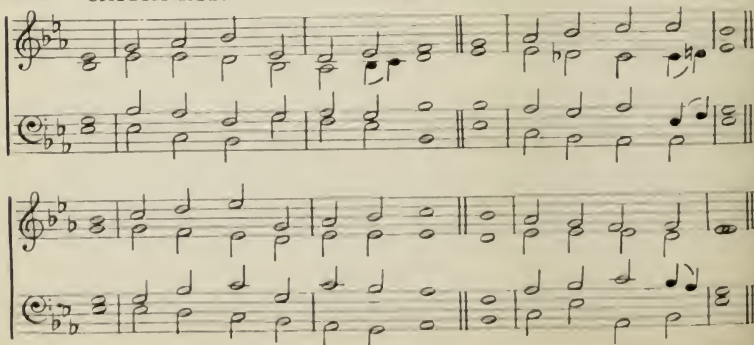
O God, all-loving Three in One,
Whom we shall see beyond the sun;
Where walk in white the blood-
bought throng, [song,
Where soars to Thee the sweet new
Grant that we find the brethren there
We sought by fasting and by prayer.

111

CAITHNESS.

C. M.

Scottish Psalter.



F. W. FABER (1814-63).

O H, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Ah, God is other than we think,
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and
reached
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God ! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

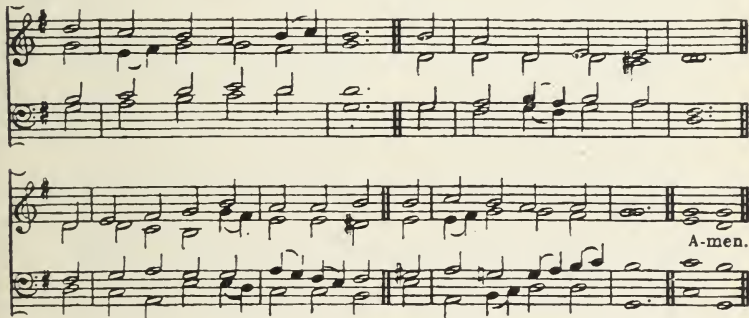
Then learn to scorn the praise of
man,
And learn to lose with God ;
For Jesus won the world through
shame
And beckons thee His road.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

112 ST. ETHELWALD.

S. M.

W. H. MONK (1823-89).



C. WESLEY (1707-88).

S OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on ;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son ;

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

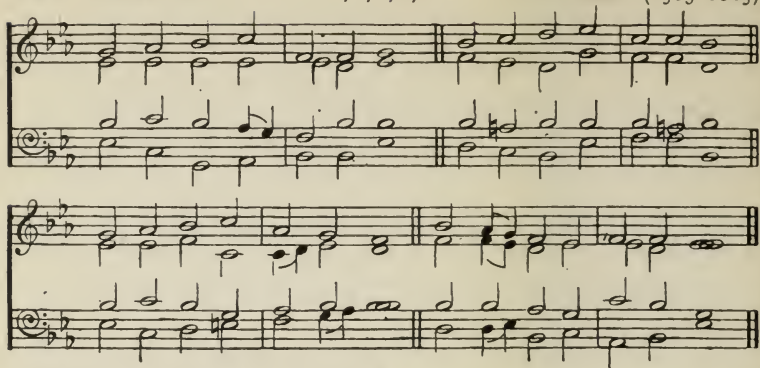
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

113

SONG 13.

7.7.7.7.

O. GIBBONS (1583-1625)



FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

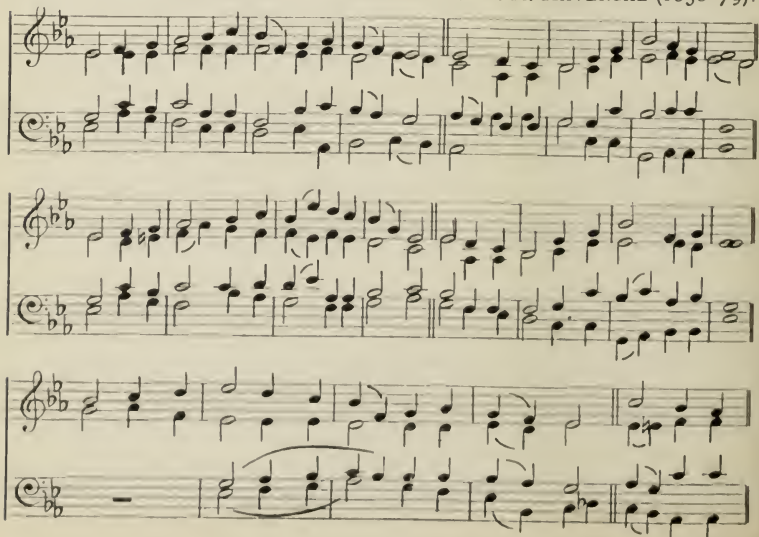
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

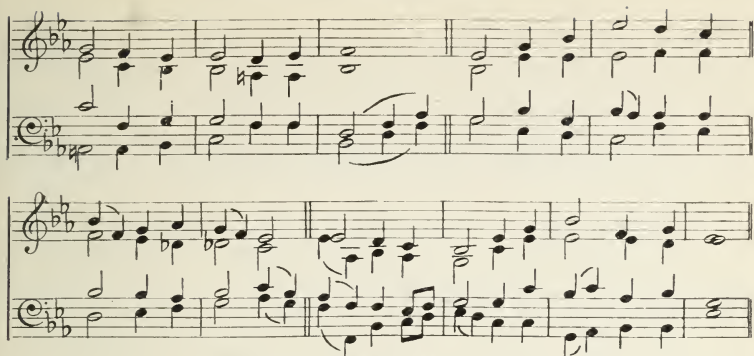
Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

114

TRUE-HEARTED. II. IO. II. IO. D. F. R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).





By permission of Messrs. Nisbet and Co.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be !

Under Thy standard exalted and royal,

Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits rejoicing and free:

"True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be !"

True-hearted, whole-hearted ! fullest allegiance,

Yielding henceforth to our glorious King !

Valiant endeavour and loving obedience

Freely and joyously now would we bring.

Peal out the watchword, etc.

True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our story,

Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,

Sinful and treacherous ! yet, for Thy glory,

Heal them and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

Peal out the watchword, etc.

Whole-hearted ! Saviour beloved and glorious,

Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone,

Over our wills and affections victorious,—

Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

Peal out the watchword, etc.

Half-hearted, false-hearted ! Heed we the warning !

Only the whole can be perfectly true;

Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,

True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

Peal out the watchword, etc.

Half-hearted ! Master, shall any who know Thee

Grudge Thee their lives, Who hast laid down Thine own ?

Nay ! we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,

Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

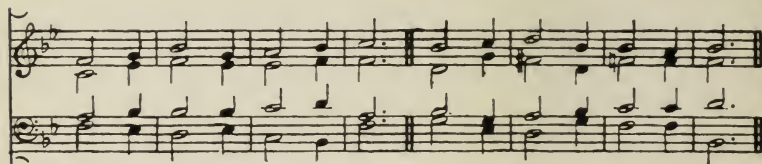
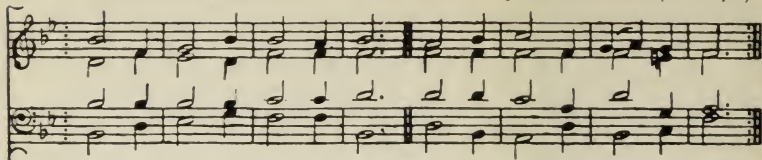
Peal out the watchword, etc.

Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above !

Brethren, dear brethren, in gathering chorus,

Peal out the watchword of courage and love !

Peal out the watchword, etc.

115 VOLLER WUNDER. 7.7.7.7.7.7. J. B. EBELING (1620-76).


G. THRING (1823-1903).

WORK is sweet, for God has blest
Honest work with quiet rest;
Rest below, and rest above,
In the mansions of His love.
When the work of life is done,
When the battle's fought and won.

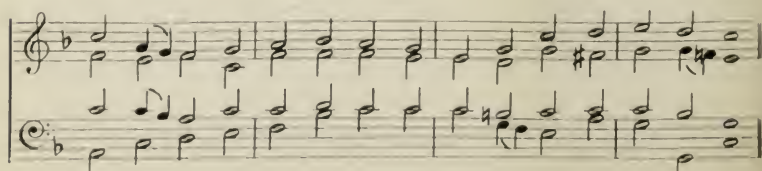
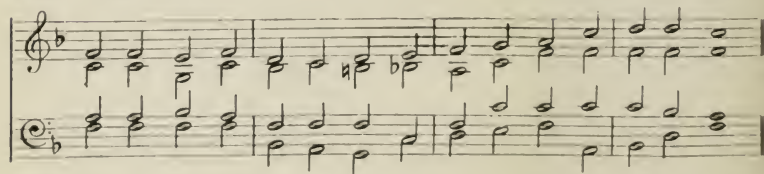
Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work, ye Christians, while ye may;
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food,
Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth are
yours.

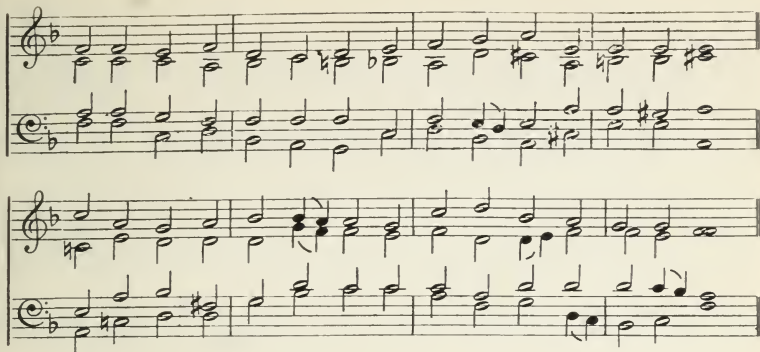
Working not alone for gold,
Not for work that's bought and sold;
Not the work that worketh strife,
But the working of a life:
Careless both of good or ill,
If ye can but do His will.

Working ere the day is gone,
Working till your work is done;
Not as traffickers at marts,
But as fitteth honest hearts;
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the blest.

III.—SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

1. —HOLY COMMUNION.

116 ALLELUIA. 8.7.8.7.D. S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).




This hymn may also be sung to *Austria*, No. 95.

W. C. DIX (1837-98).

ALLELUIA! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions
how:
Though the cloud from sight received
Him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore"?

Alleluia! Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our
Stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

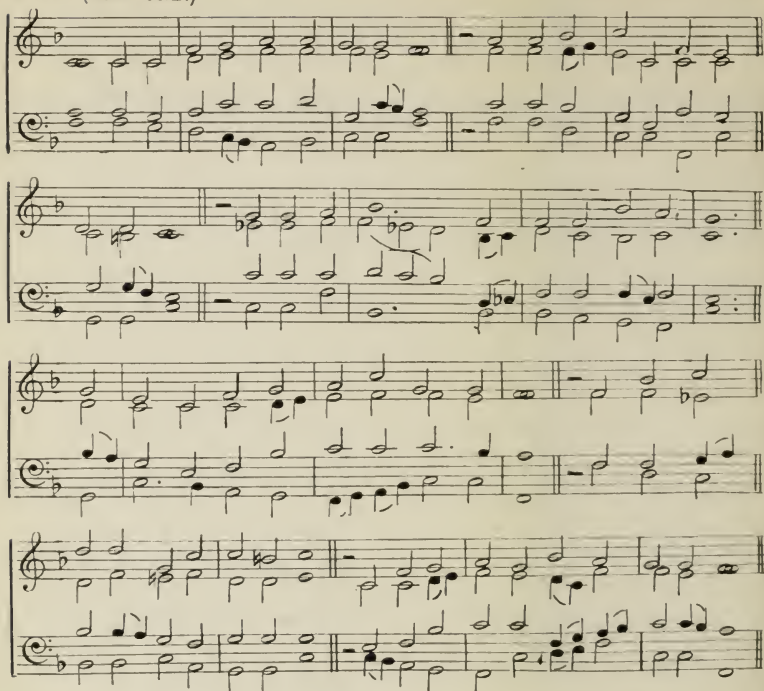
Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy
throne:
Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High
Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and
Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.

Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His Blood.

117 SONG 1.
(1ST TUNE.)

10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

O. GIBBONS (1583-1625).



W. BRIGHT (1824-1901).

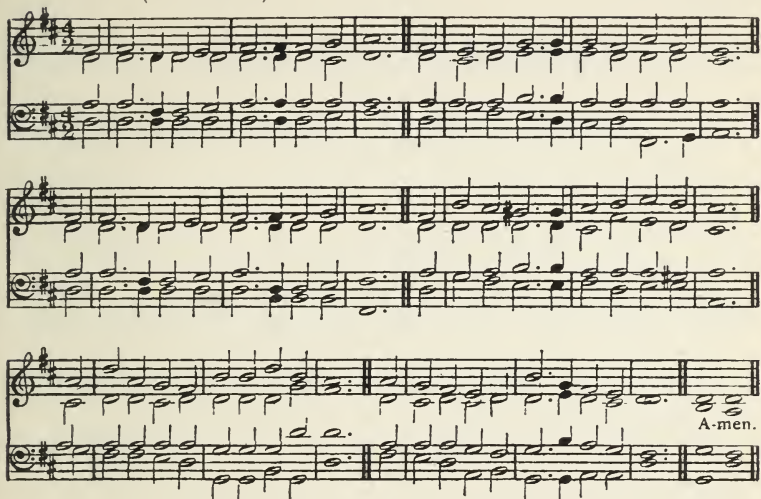
AND now, O Father, mindful of
the love
That bought us, once for all, on
Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads
above,
We here present, we here spread
forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine
eyes, [Sacrifice.
The one true, pure, immortal

And then for those, our dearest and
our best,
By this prevailing Presence we
appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's
breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls'
true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them
white and clear, [to persevere.
And crown Thy gifts with strength

Look, Father, look on His anointed
face,
And only look on us as found in
H m;
Look not on our mis-usings of Thy
grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our
faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their
reward [Lord.
We set the Passion of Thy Son our

And so we come; O draw us to Thy
feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst
love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so
sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of
ill:
In Thine own service make us glad
and free, [with Thee.
And grant us never more to part

117 UNDE ET MEMORES. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. W. H. MONK
(2ND TUNE.) (1823-89).



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

W. BRIGHT (1824-1901).

AND now, O Father, mindful of
the love
That bought us, once for all, on
Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads
above,
We here present, we here spread
forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine
eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal
Sacrifice.

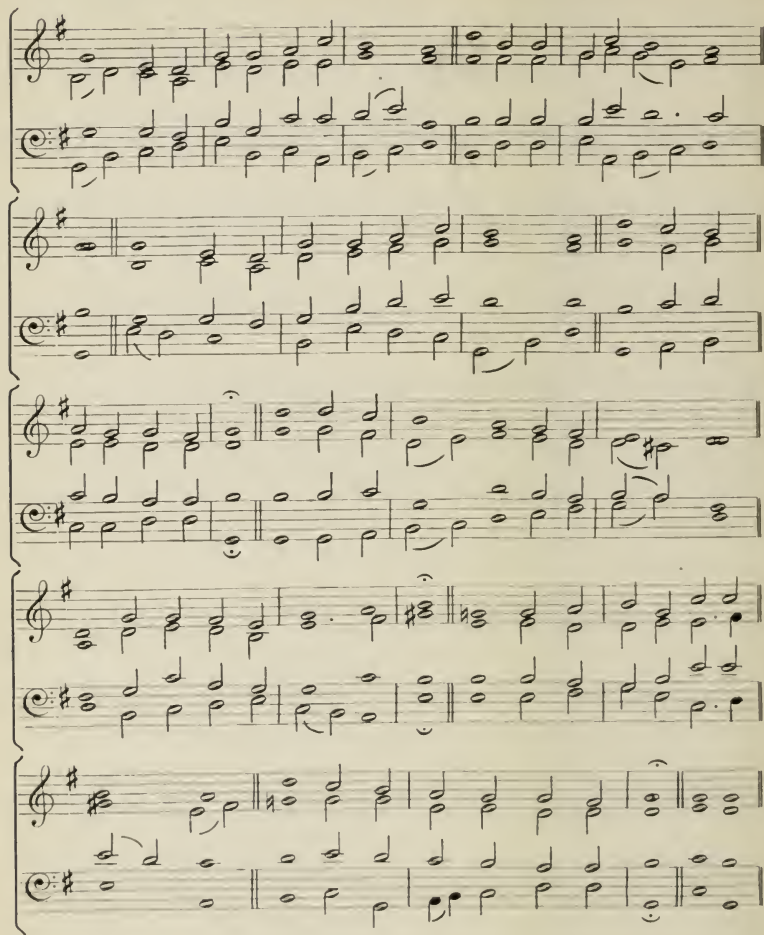
And then for those, our dearest and
our best,
By this prevailing Presence we
appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's
breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls'
true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them
white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength
to persevere.

Look, Father, look on His anointed
face,
And only look on us as found in
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Look not on our mis-usings of Thy
grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our
faith so dim;
For lo! between our sins and their
reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our
Lord.

And so we come; O draw us to Thy
feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst
love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so
sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of
ill:
In Thine own service make us glad
and free.
And grant us never more to part
with Thee.

118

RENDEZ A DIEU. 9. 8. 9. 8. D. L. BOURGEOIS (c. 1500-61).



R. HEBER (1783-1826).

BREAD of the world, in mercy
broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were
spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are
dead;

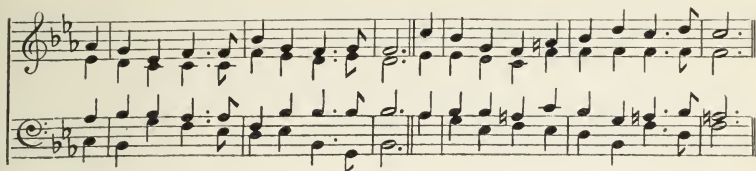
Look on the hearts by sorrow
broken,
Look on the tears by sinners
shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are
fed.

119

KINGSGATE.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

P. C. BUCK.



By permission of Dr. P. C. Buck.

H. BONAR (1808-89).

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
 Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
 Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
 Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven;
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood:
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
 Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

120

BEDFORD SQUARE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.4.4.5.5.

H. GRACE.

By permission of Mr. H. Grace.

JOHN WESLEY (1703-91).

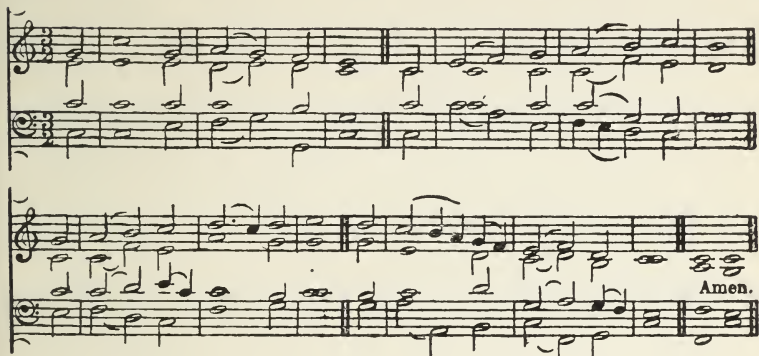
HOLY God, we offer here
 Jesus' death our sins to clear,
 Jesus' life our life to be,
 Jesus' love the world to free.
 Stay the faithful, win the strayed,
 Bless the living and the dead.

Father, lead us,
 Jesu, feed us,
 Spirit, be our store,
 Now and evermore.

Lord, unite us every one
 Each to other, through Thy Son;
 Join us truly heart to heart,
 Let us ne'er be drawn apart:
 All one Bread, one Body we,
 Bound by love to all and Thee.

Blessèd Master,
 Bind us faster;
 In Thy love divine,
 Love we Thee and Thine.

121 KINGSLAND. 6.6.6.6. W. BOYCE (1710-79). 3



J. S. B. MONSELL (1811-75).

I HUNGER and I thirst;
 Jesu, my manna be:
 Ye living waters, burst
 Out of the rock for me.

Thou bruised and broken Bread,
 My life-long wants supply;
 As living souls are fed,
 O feed me, or I die.

Thou true life-giving Vine,
 Let me Thy sweetness prove;
 Renew my life with Thine,
 Refresh my soul with love.

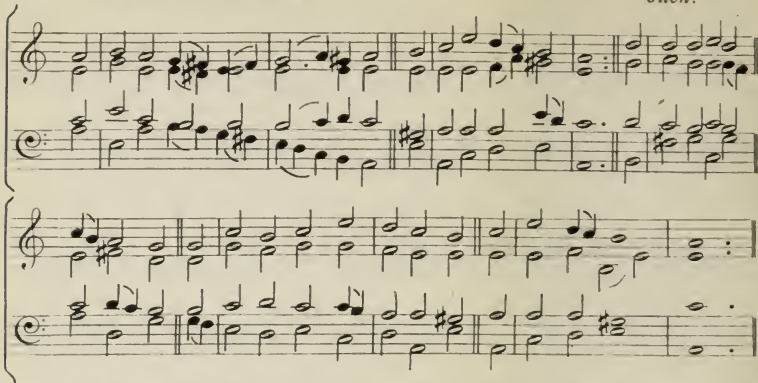
Rough paths my feet have trod,
 Since first their course began;
 Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
 Help me, Thou Son of man.

For still the desert lies
 My fainting soul before;
 O living waters, rise
 Within me evermore.

122

WENN MEINE SÜNDE
MICH KRÄNKEN.

S. 6. S. 8. 4.

HILLER's Choral-
buch.R. M. MOORSOM (1831-1911)
*from the Armenian.*LET all the world bless Jesus
Christ,

Let all His praises sing:

He made the heavens, He made the
earth,And worship, honour, thanks we
bring

To Christ our King.

O Word of God ! Immortal Son !

Thou didst consent to make
Thine earthly home in mortal flesh,
And human nature to partake,
All for our sake.Jesu, our God ! Who on the Cross
Didst bow the dying head,
And by that agony hast slain
The foe we fear, the death we dread:
O mercy shed !Yea, pour the riches of Thy grace,
Thy blessing on us pour;
We take the Body and the Blood,
And in Thy presence we adore
Thee more and more.

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !

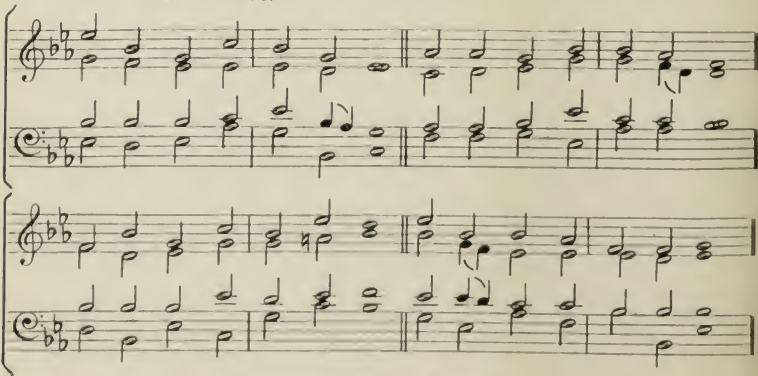
Thy Majesty on high,
Thy Glory on the earth we know:
We wait Thy triumph in the sky,
Thy coming high.

123

QUI DEDIT NOBIS
VICTORIAM.

7. 7. 7. 7.

H. S. IRONS (1834-1905).



J. S. B. MONSELL (1811-75).

LORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits
go;
Thee Whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know ?

Awful is that life of Thine
Which the Spirit's breath inspires;
And the food must be divine
Which each new-born soul desires

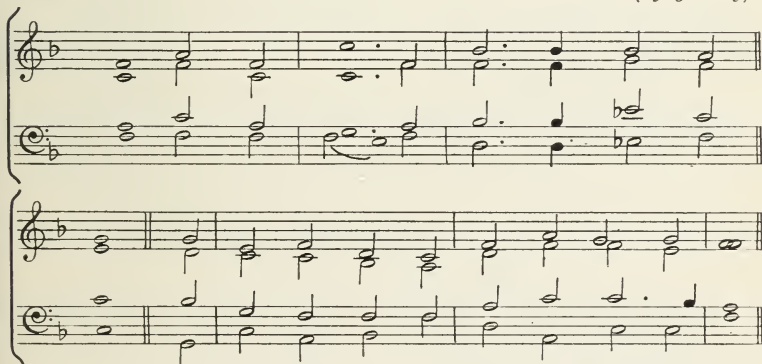
Israel on the heavenly seed
Fed and died in days of yore;
But the souls that on Thee feed
Never thirst nor hunger more.

Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide ?
Who except Thyself can be
Hope and help and strength and
guide ?

Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the
vow ?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessèd Saviour, who but Thou ?

Therefore evermore I'll give
Laud and praise, my God, to Thee;
Evermore in Thee I live,
Evermore live Thou in me.

124 SONG 46. 10. 10. O. GIBBONS (1583-1625).



T. R. BIRKS (1810-83).

O KING of mercy, from Thy
throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our
humble cry.

Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-
bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety
keep.

O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we
live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

Thou art the Bread of heaven, on
Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of
need.

Thou art the mourner's Stay, the
sinner's Friend,
Sweet fount of joy and blessings
without end.

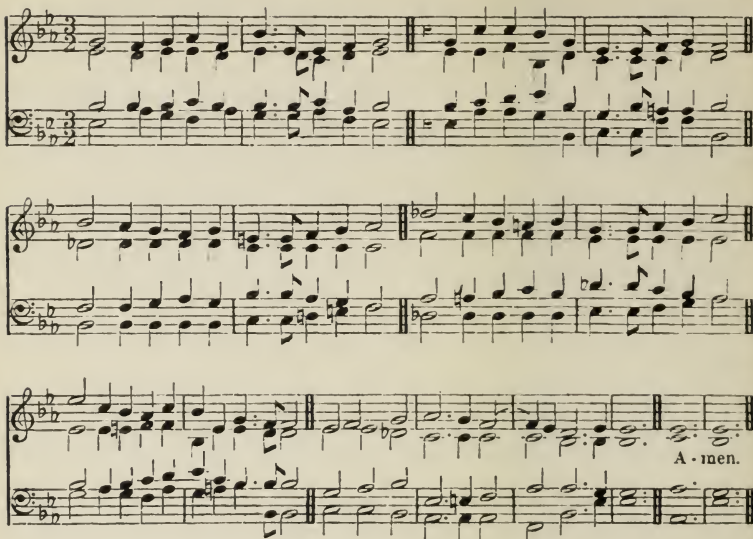
O come and cheer us with Thy
heavenly grace, [face.
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious

In cooling cloud by day, in fire by
night, [darkness light.
Be near our steps, and make our

Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort,
Strength, and Guide.

O lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home
above.

125 SACRAMENTUM UNITATIS. 10.10.10.10.10.10. C. H. LLOYD.



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

This hymn may also be sung to *Song 1*, No. 117 (1st tune).

W. H. TURTON (*b.* 1856).

O THOU, Who at Thy Eucharist
didst pray
That all Thy Church might be for
ever one,
Grant us at every Eucharist to say
With longing heart and soul,
"Thy will be done."
Oh, may we all one Bread, one Body
be,
One through this Sacrament of
unity.

For all Thy Church, O Lord, we
intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon
to cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we
plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince
of Peace:
Thus may we all one Bread, one
Body be,
One through this Sacrament of
unity.

We pray Thee, too, for wanderers
from Thy Fold;
O bring them back, good Shepherd
of the sheep,
Back to the Faith which Saints
believed of old,
Back to the Church which still
that Faith doth keep:
Soon may we all one Bread, one
Body be,
One through this Sacrament of
unity.

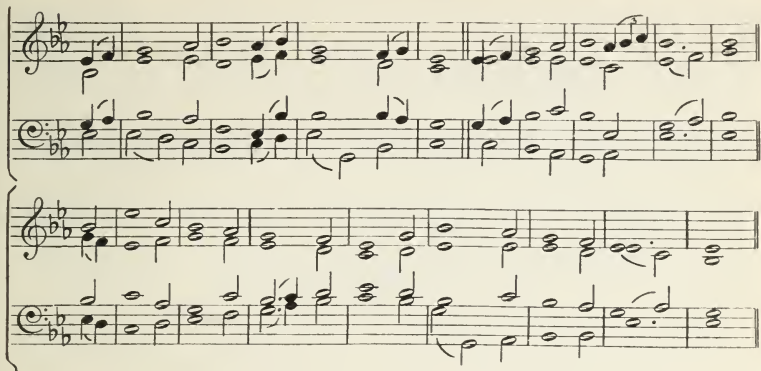
So, Lord, at length when Sacraments
shall cease,
We may be one with all Thy
Church above,
One with Thy Saints in one unbroken
peace,
One with Thy Saints in one un-
bounded love:
More blessed still, in peace and love
to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.

126

ST. COLUMBA.

8. 7. 8. 7.

Ancient Irish Hymn.



By permission of Sir C. V. Stanford.

H. W. BAKER (1821-77).

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight:
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

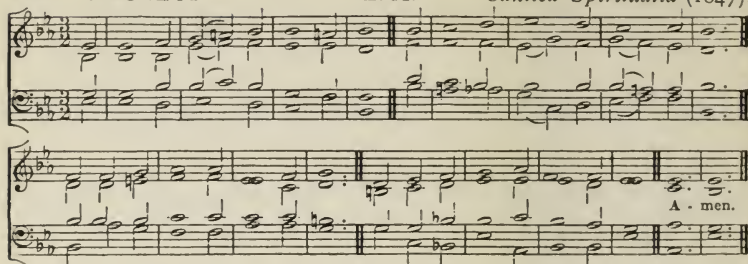
And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

2.—MEDICAL MISSIONS.

127

ANGELUS.

L. M.

Cantica Spiritualia (1847).

H. TWELLS (1823-1900).

AT even when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee
lay;

O, in what divers pains they met !
O, with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is
vain,
Yet from the world they break not
free;

And some have friends who give
them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee
best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
tried; [scan
Thy kind but searching glance can
The very wounds that shame would
hide;

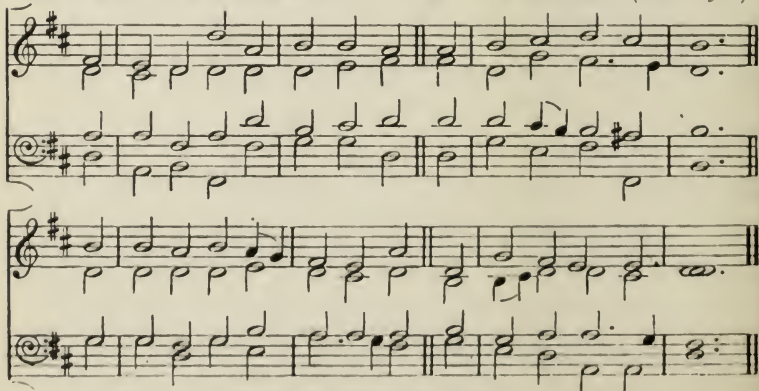
Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

128

METZLER'S REDHEAD.

C. M.

R. REDHEAD (1820-1901).



H. D. RAWNSLEY (1851-1920).

FATHER, Whose will is life and good
For all of mortal breath,
Bind strong the bond of brotherhood
Of those who fight with death.

Where'er they heal the maimed and blind,
Let love of Christ attend;
Proclaim the Good Physician's mind,
And prove the Saviour Friend.

Empower the hands and hearts and wills
Of friends in lands afar,
Who battle with the body's ills,
And wage Thy holy war.

For still His love works wondrous charms,
And, as in days of old,
He takes the wounded to His arms
And bears them to the fold.

O Father, look from heaven and bless,
Where'er Thy servants be,
Their works of pure unselfishness,
Made consecrate to Thee !

129

UNIVERSITY.

C. M.

J RANDALL (1715-99).



CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-75).

FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope—
O pour them from above;

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

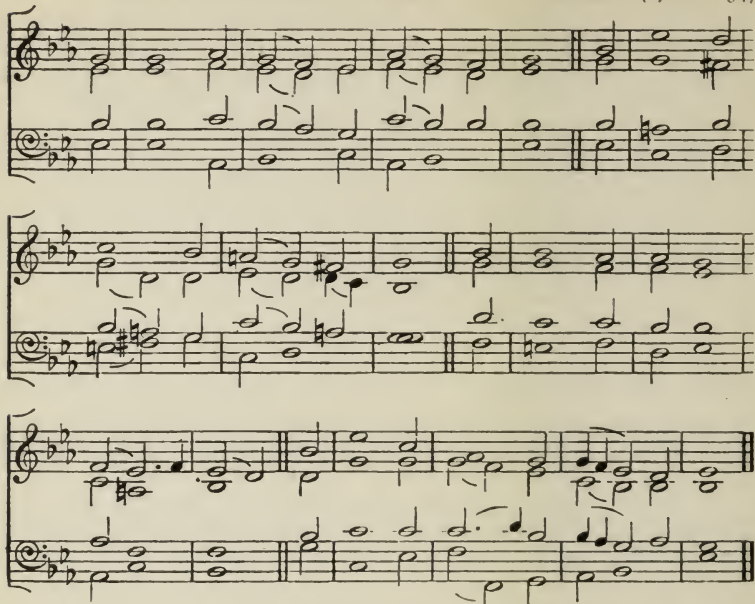
And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health and light and peace;

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

130

WESLEY'S BRISTOL. L. M.

S. WESLEY (1766-1834).



W. WALSHAM HOW (1823-97).

O THOU through suffering perfect made,
 On Whom the bitter Cross was laid,
 In hours of sickness, grief and pain
 No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

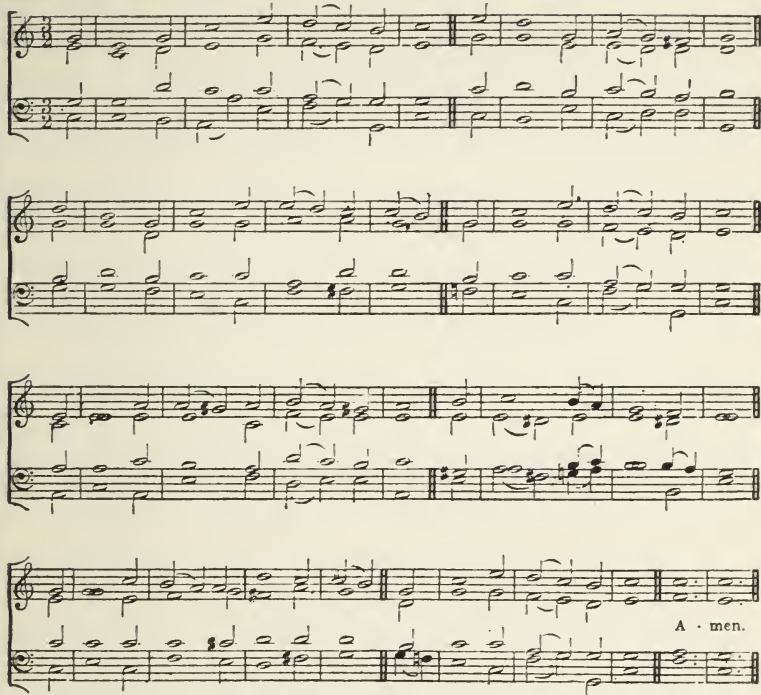
The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
 Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
 Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
 And minister through them to Thee.

O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
 The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
 For all who need, Physician great,
 Thy healing balm we supplicate.

But, O, far more, let each keen pain
 And hour of woe be heavenly gain.
 Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
 Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

O heal the bruised heart within;
 O save our souls all sick with sin;
 Give life and health in bounteous store,
 That we may praise Thee evermore.

131 ST. MATTHEW. D. C. M. W. CROFT (1678-1727).



E. H. PLUMPTRE (1821-91).

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of
old,

Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;

To Thee they went, the blind, the
dumb,

The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,

The sick with fevered frame.

And lo! Thy touch brought life and
health,

Gave speech, and strength, and
sight;

And youth renewed and frenzy
calmed

Ow'd Thee, the Lord of light;

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,

Almighty as of yore,

In crowded street, by restless couch,

As by Gennesareth's shore.

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,

Thou Lord of life and death;

Restore and quicken, soothe and bless

With Thine almighty breath;

To hands that work, and eyes that see,

Give wisdom's heavenly lore,

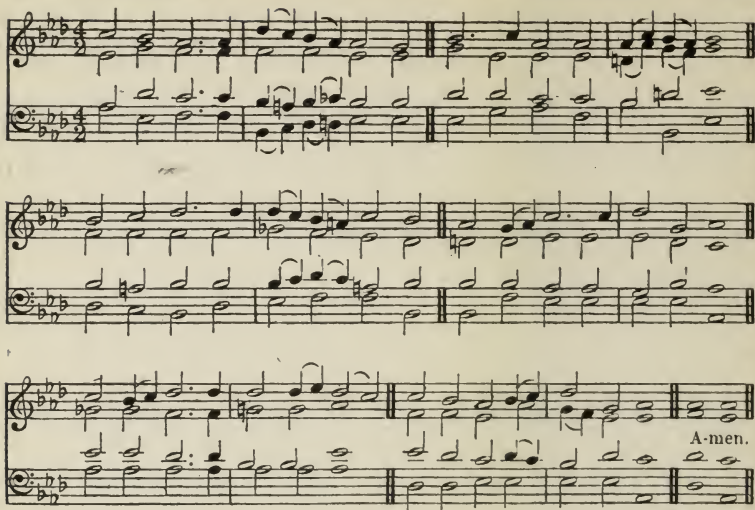
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,

May praise Thee evermore.

132 REQUIEM.

S. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

W. SCHULTHES (1816-79).



G. THRING (1823-1903)

THOU to Whom the sick and dying
 Ever came, nor came in vain,
 Still with healing word replying
 To the wearied cry of pain.
 Hear us, Jesu, as we meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick, and dying
 Need a brother's, sister's care;
 On Thy higher help relying
 May we now their burden share,
 Bringing all our offerings meet,
 Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

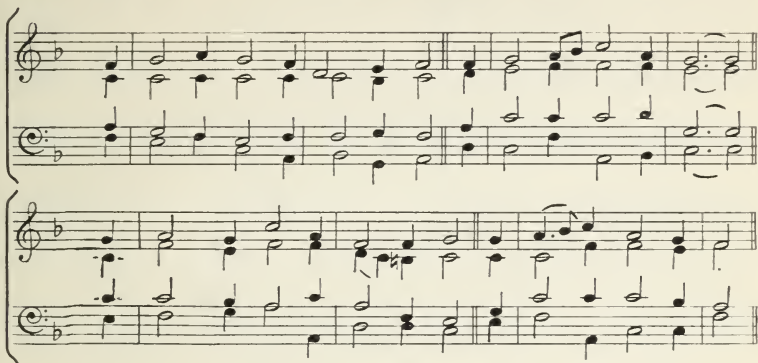
May each child of Thine be willing.
 Willing both in hand and heart,
 All the law of love fulfilling,
 Ever comfort to impart;
 Ever bringing offerings meet,
 Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness
 To Thy healing virtue yield,
 Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
 Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
 One in Thee together meet,
 Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

133

EPSOM.

C. M.

ARNOLD'S *Complete Psalter* (1756).

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827).

TO Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
 All pray in their distress,
 And to these virtues of delight
 Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
 Is God our Father dear;
 And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
 Is Man, His child and care.

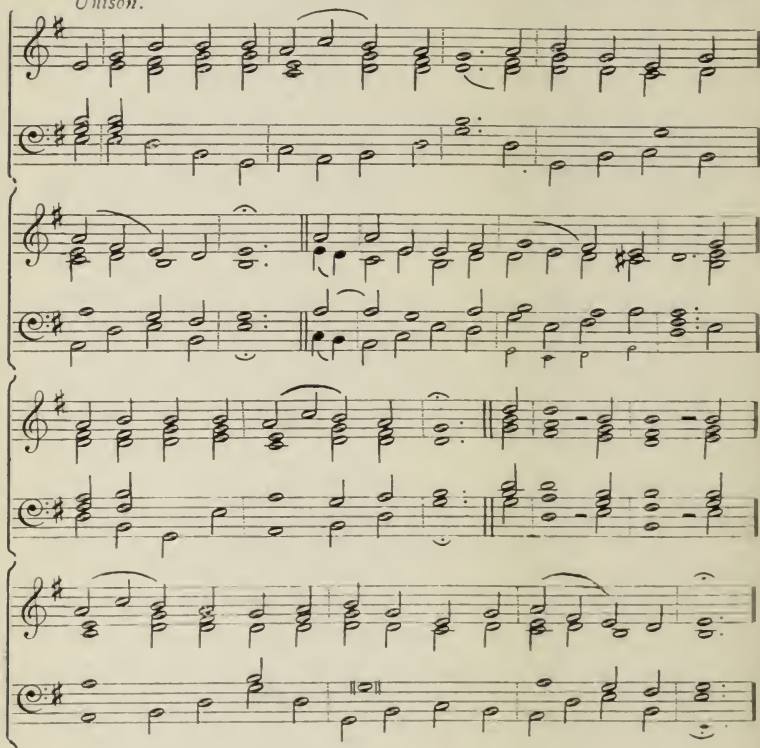
For Mercy has a human heart,
 Pity, a human face;
 And Love, the human form divine,
 And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
 That prays in his distress,
 Prays to the human form divine:
 Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
 In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
 Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
 There God is dwelling too.

3.—MISSIONS TO JEWS.

134 VENI EMMANUEL. S. S. S. S. S. S. S. Hymnal Noted (1854).

Unison.J. M. NEALE (1818-66) *from the Latin.*

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
 And ransom captive Israel,
 That mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
 And open wide our heavenly home;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
 Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
 In ancient times didst give the law
 In cloud and majesty and awe.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

135 CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN 7.6.7.6. M. VULPIUS
 LEBEN. (1560-1616).

H. F. LYTE (1793-1847).

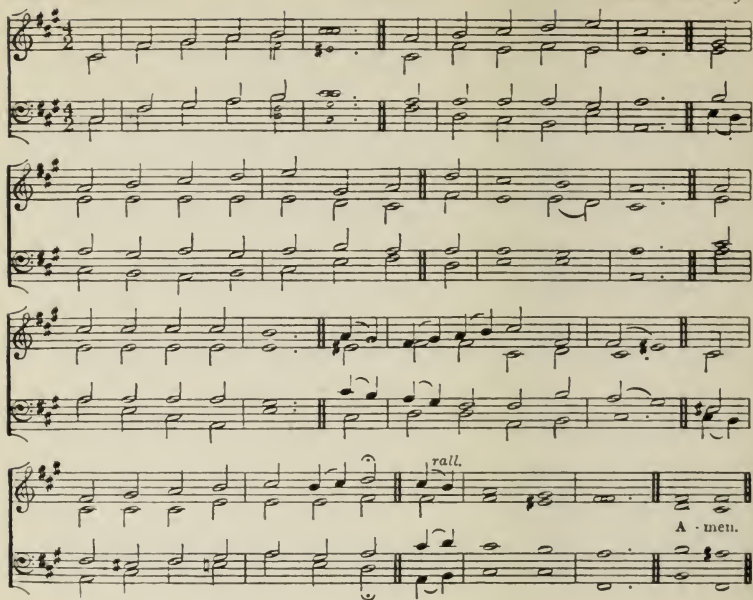
O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead His outcasts home !

Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart.

Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

136 LEONI.

6. 6. 8. 4. D.

Hebrew Melody.

T. OLIVERS (1725-99)
from the Hebrew.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love:
Jehovah, Great I Am,
By earth and Heaven confest;
We bow and bless the sacred Name
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power:
And Him our only Portion make,
Our Shield and Tower.

He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side,
Arrays in garment white and pure
His spotless Bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
Beneath serener skies,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace
For ever new;
He shows His prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds
above
The slaughtered Lamb.

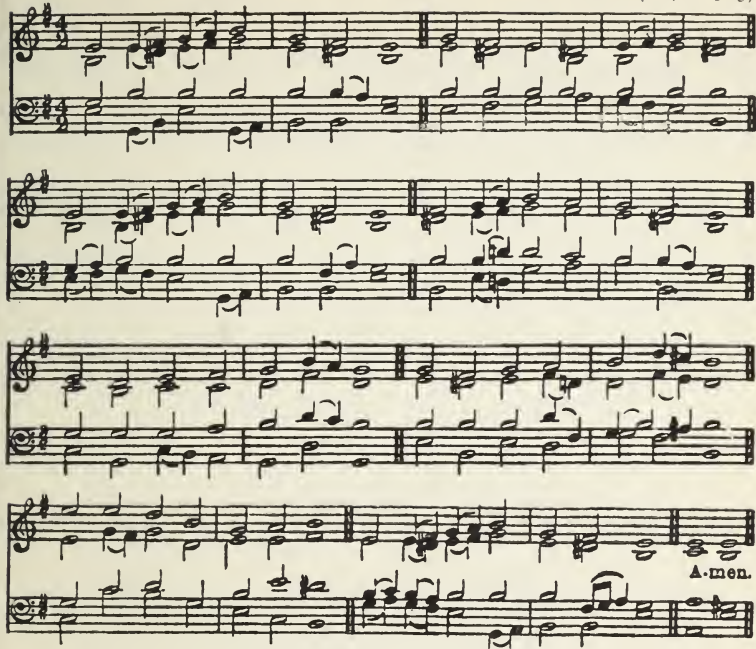
The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
"Hail! Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays),
All might and majesty are Thine,
' And endless praise.

137

ABERYSTWYTH.

7.7.7.7. D.

J. PARRY (1841-1903).



By permission of Messrs. Hughes and Sons.

W. BRIGHT (1824-1901).

THOU, the Christ for ever one,
 Mary's Child and Israel's God,
 Daniel's Prince and David's Son,
 Jacob's Star and Jesse's Rod,
 Thou of Whom the prophets spake,
 Thou in Whom their words came
 true,

Hear the pleading prayer we make,
 Hear the Gentile for the Jew !

Knowing what the Spirit saith,
 Sure of Thee, our Christ divine,
 Lo, we stand, by right of faith,
 Heirs of Abraham's chartered line.
 Can we then his sons forget,
 Branches severed from their tree,
 Exiles from their homes, and yet
 Kinsmen, Lord, in flesh to Thee ?

Though the Blood betrayed and spilt
 On the race entailed a doom,
 Let its virtue cleanse the guilt,
 Melt the hardness, chase the
 gloom ;

Lift the veil from off their heart,
 Make them Israelites indeed,
 Meet once more for lot and part
 With Thy household's genuine
 seed.

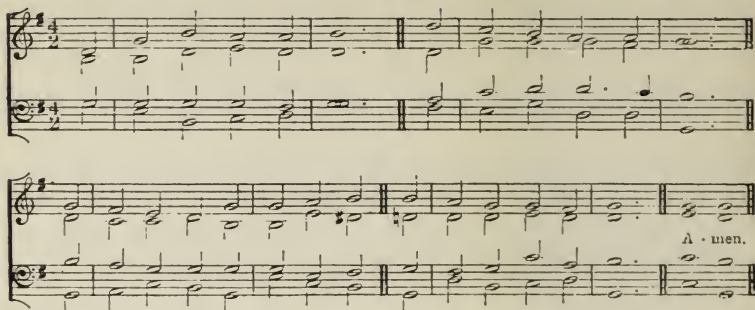
Thou that didst Thy dew's outpour,
 Crowning alien grafts with fruit,
 Soon the native growths restore,
 Making glad the parent root :
 Ah ! but let not pride ensnare
 Souls that need to mourn their
 sin ;

Still the boughs adopted spare,
 And the outcasts—graft them in !

Speed the day of union sweet
 When, with us in faith allied,
 Israel's heart shall turn to greet
 Thee, Whom Israel crucified ;
 Thee, in all Thy truth and grace,
 Owned at last as Salem's King,
 While her children find their place,
 Gathered safe beneath Thy wing.

138 ST. MICHAEL.

S. M.

ESTE'S *Psalter* (1592).N. TATE and N. BRADY (*New Version*, 1606).

TO bless Thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline,
 And cause the brightness of Thy face
 On all Thy saints to shine.

That so Thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join,
 Their Saviour to proclaim;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise Thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth;
 For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

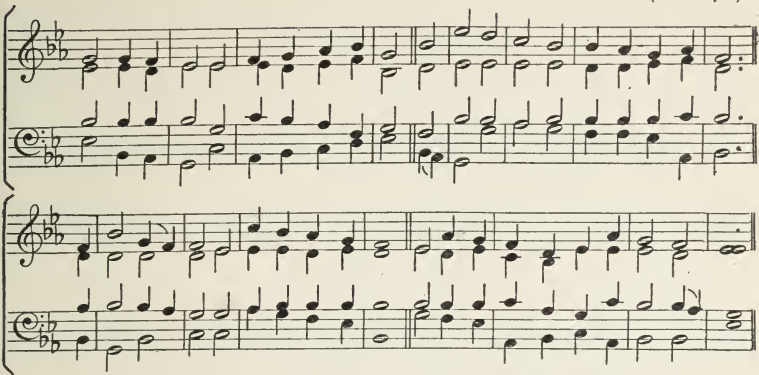
Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings shower;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of His resistless power.

139

ELLINGHAM.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

S. J. STONE (1839-1900).

UNCHANGING GOD, hear from eternal heaven:
 We plead Thy gifts of grace, for ever given,
 They call, without repentance, calling still,
 The sure election of Thy sovereign will.

Out of our faith in Thee Who canst not lie,
 Out of our heart's desire, goes up our cry,
 From hope's sweet vision of the thing to be,
 From love to those who still are loved by Thee.

Bring Thy beloved back, Thine Israel,
 Thine own elect who from Thy favour fell,
 But not from Thine election!—O forgive,
 Speak but the word, and, lo! the dead shall live.

Father of mercies! these the long-astay,
 These in soul-blindness now the far-away,
 These are not aliens, but Thy sons of yore,
 Oh, by Thy Fatherhood, restore, restore!

Breathe on Thy Church, that it may greet the day,
 Stir up her will to toil and teach and pray,
 Till Zionward again salvation come,
 And all her outcast children are at home.

Triune Jehovah, Thine the grace and power.
 Thine all the work, its past, its future hour,
 O Thou, Who failest not, Thy gifts fulfil,
 And crown the calling of Thy changeless will.

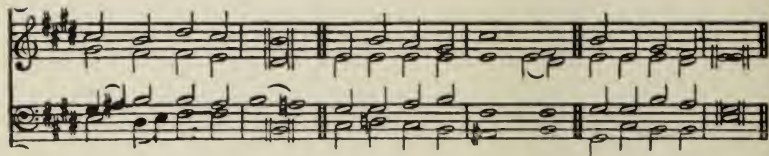
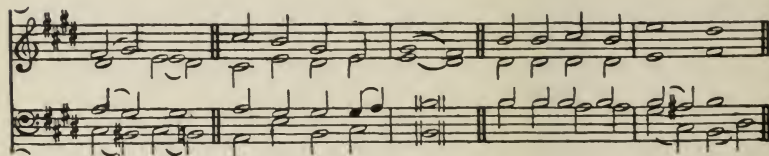
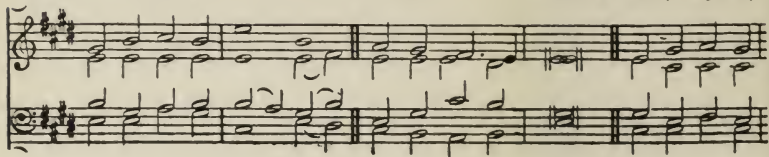
4.—PROCESSIONAL.

140

EVELYNS.

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

W. H. MONK (1823-89).



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

CAROLINE M. NOEL (1817-77).

AT the Name of Jesus
 Every knee shall bow,
 Every tongue confess Him
 King of glory now;
 'Tis the Father's pleasure
 We should call Him Lord,
 Who from the beginning
 Was the mighty Word.

At His voice creation
 Sprang at once to sight,
 All the angel faces,
 All the hosts of light,
 Thrones and Dominations,
 Stars upon their way,
 All the heavenly Orders,
 In their great array.

Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came;
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed:

Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

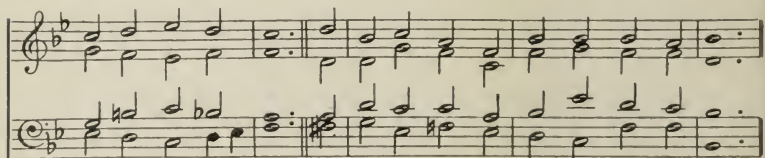
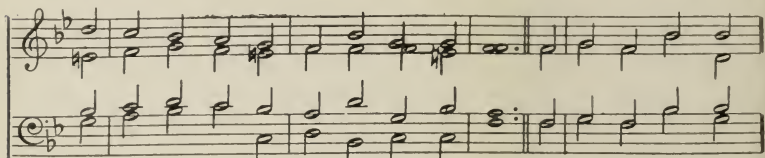
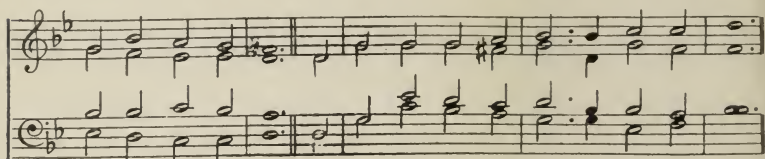
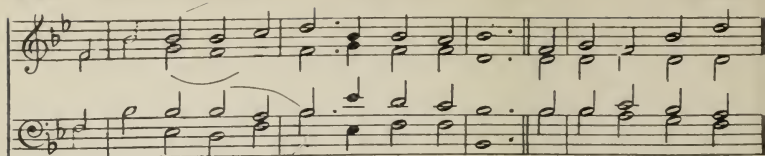
In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

141 BURGESS HILL.

8. 10. 8. 10. 10. 10.

C. POWELL.



By permission of the Rev. C. Powell.

C. H. BOGATZKY (1727).

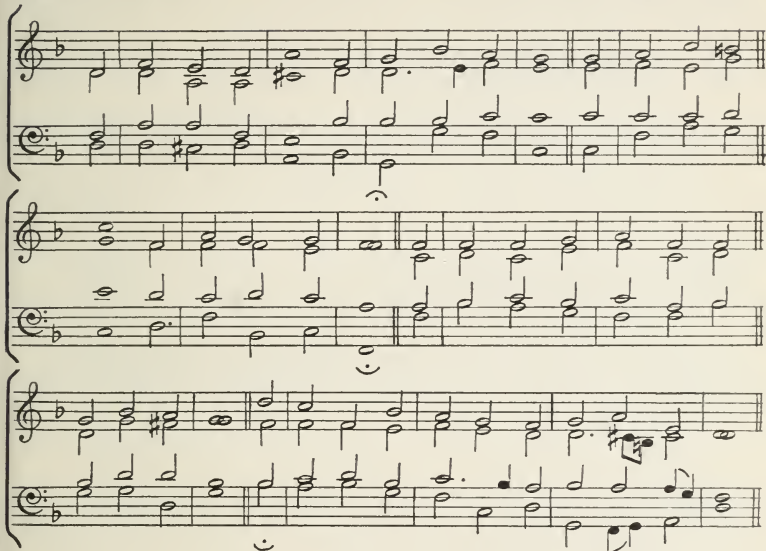
AWAKE! Thou Spirit, Who of old
 Didst fire the watchmen of the
 Church's youth,
 Who faced the foe, unshrinking, beld,
 Who witnessed day and night the
 eternal truth,
 Whose voices through the world are
 ringing still,
 And bringing hosts to know and do
 Thy will!

Oh! that Thy fire were kindled soon,
 That swift from land to land its
 flame might leap!
 Lord, give us but this priceless
 boon
 Of faithful servants, fit for Thee
 to reap
 The harvest of the soul; look down
 and view
 How great the harvest, yet the
 labourers few.

Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
 The prayer Thy Son Himself hath
 bid us pray;
 For lo! Thy children's hearts are
 stirred
 In every land in this our darken-
 ing day,
 To cry for help with fervent soul
 to Thee;
 O hear us, Lord, and speak; then
 let it be!

O haste to help ere we are lost!
 Send forth evangelists, in spirit
 strong,
 Armed with Thy word, and daunt-
 less host,
 Bold to attack the rule of ancient
 wrong.
 And let them all the earth for Thee
 reclaim,
 To be Thy kingdom, and to know
 Thy Name.

142 OLD 104TH. IO. IO. II. II. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter* (1621).



I. WILLIAMS (1802-65)
from the Latin.

DISPOSER supreme
And Judge of the earth,
Who chooseth for Thine
The weak and the poor;
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth
Entrusting Thy riches
Which aye shall endure;

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree
Are broken and gone;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go;
The Word with His wisdom
Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters are riven.

Their sound goeth forth,
"Christ Jesus the Lord;"
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall:
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanite's wall.

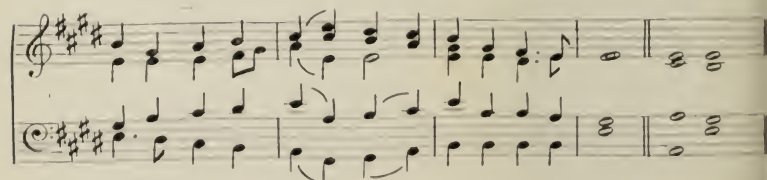
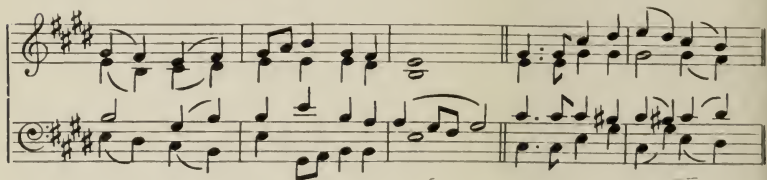
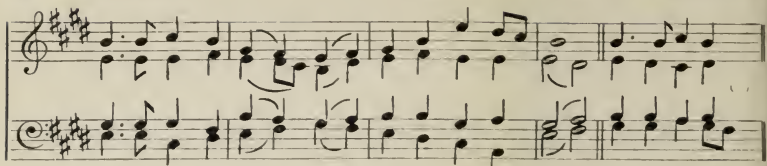
O loud be their trump
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From slumber of sin;
The lights Thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
O may they illumine
Our spirits within.

All honour and praise,
Dominion and might,
To God, Three in One,
Eternally be,
Who round us hath shed
His own marvellous light,
And called us from darkness
His glory to see.

143 UPWICK.

6. 5. 6. 5. *Ter.*

W. G. WHINFIELD.



H. ALFORD (1810-71).

FORWARD! be our watchword
 Steps and voices joined:
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight;
 Jordan flows before us,
 Sion beams with light.

Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind;
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace;
 Faint not, till around us
 Gleams the Father's face.
 Forward, all the lifetime,
 Climb from height to height;
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth;
 Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day;
 Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light.

Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared;
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard;
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word;
 Forward, marching eastward,
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

*Far o'er yon horizon
 Rise the city towers,
 Where our God abideth;
 That fair home is ours:
 Flash the streets with jasper,
 Shine the gates with gold;
 Flows the gladdening river,
 Shedding joys untold.
 Thither, onward thither,
 In the Spirit's might:
 Pilgrims to your country,
 Forward into light.

*Into God's high temple
 Onward as we press,
 Beauty spreads around us,
 Born of holiness;
 Arch and vault and carving,
 Lights of varied tone,
 Softened words and holy,
 Prayer and praise alone:
 Every thought upraising
 To our city bright,
 Where the tribes assemble
 Round the throne of light.

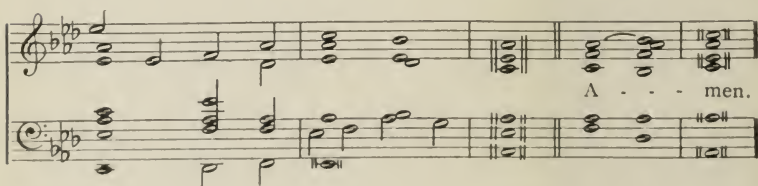
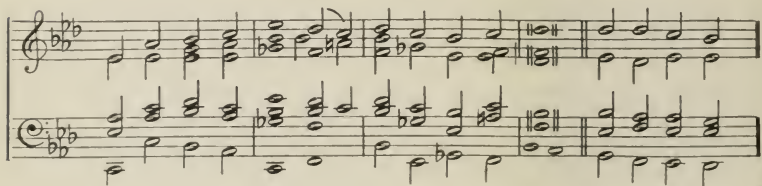
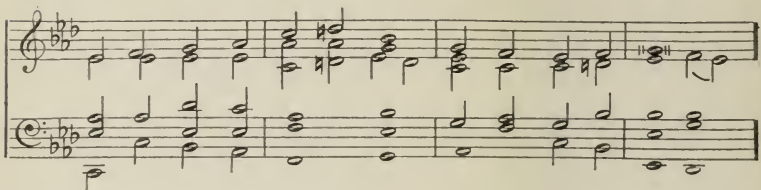
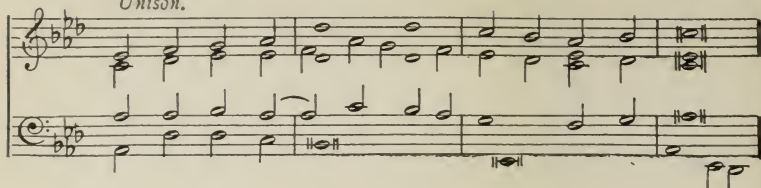
*Nought that city needeth
 Of these aisles of stone;
 Where the Godhead dwelleth
 Temple there is none;
 All the saints that ever
 In these courts have stood
 Are but babes, and feeding
 On the children's food.
 On through sign and token,
 Stars amidst the night,
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light.

To the Father's glory
 Loudest anthems raise;
 To the Son and Spirit
 Echo songs of praise;
 To the Lord Almighty,
 Blessèd Three in One,
 Be by men and Angels
 Endless honour done.
 Weak are earthly praises,
 Dull the songs of night;
 Forward into triumph,
 Forward into light!

144 CUDDESDON.

6. 5. 6. 5. D.

ANON.

Unison.

G. THRING (1823-1903).

FROM the eastern mountains
 Pressing on they come,
 Wise men in their wisdom,
 To His humble home;
 Stirred by deep devotion,
 Hasting from afar,
 Ever journeying onward,
 Guided by a star.

There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.

Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

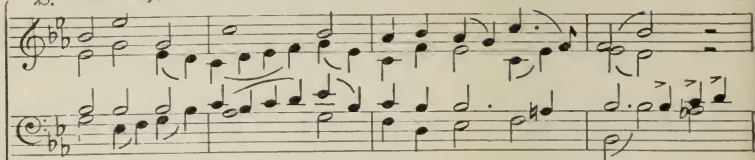
Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star;

Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee,
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

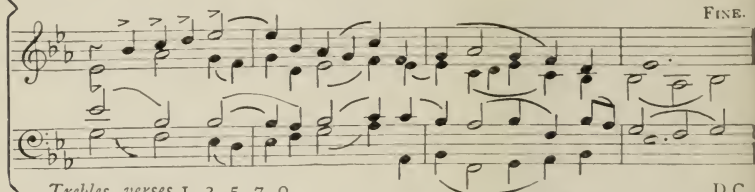
145 TOCKINGTON.

10. 10. 10. 10.

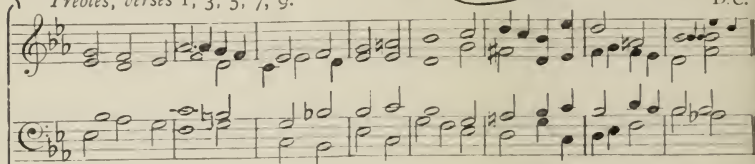
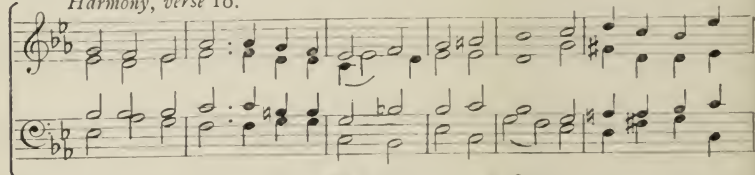
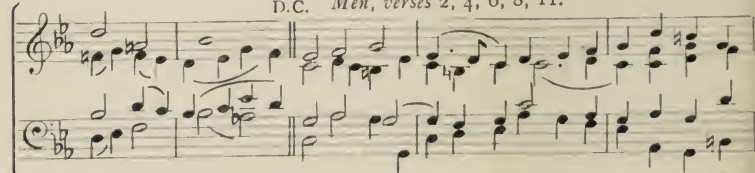
B. HARWOOD.

S. Harmony.

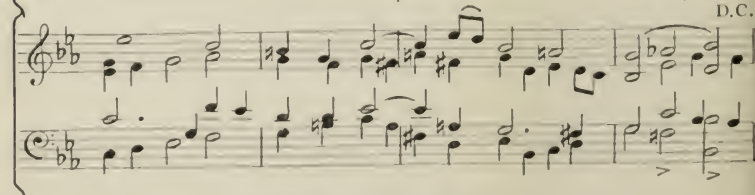
FINE.

*Trebles, verses 1, 3, 5, 7, 9.*

D.C.

*Harmony, verse 10.*D.C. *Men, verses 2, 4, 6, 8, 11.*

D.C.



By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

G. W. KITCHIN and M. R. NEWBOLT.

Harmony. LIFT high the Cross, the love of Christ proclaim
Till all the world adore His sacred Name.
Trebles. Come, brethren, follow where our Captain trod,
Our King victorious, Christ the Son of God.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Men. Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
The hosts of God in conquering ranks combine.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Trebles. Each new-born soldier of the Crucified
Bears on his brow the seal of Him Who died.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Men. This is the sign which Satan's legions fear,
The mystery which Angel hosts revere.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Trebles. Saved by this Cross whereon their Lord was slain,
The sons of Adam their lost home regain.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Men. From north and south, from east and west they raise
In growing unison their song of praise.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Trebles. O Lord, once lifted on the glorious Tree,
As Thou hast promised, draw men unto Thee.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Men. Let every race and every language tell
Of Him Who saves our souls from death and hell.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Trebles. From farthest regions let them homage bring,
And on His Cross adore their Saviour King.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

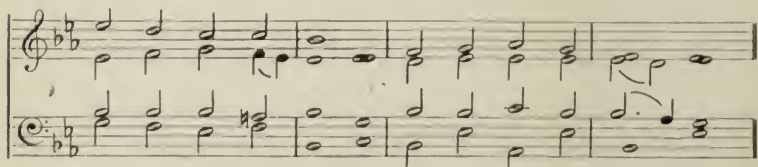
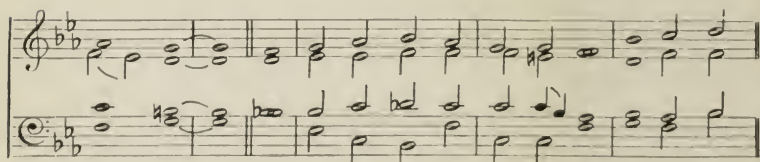
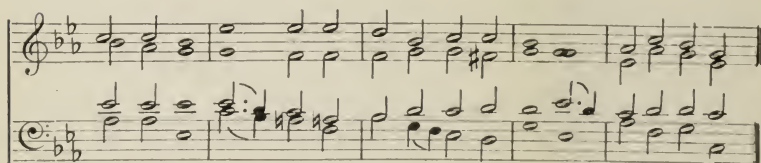
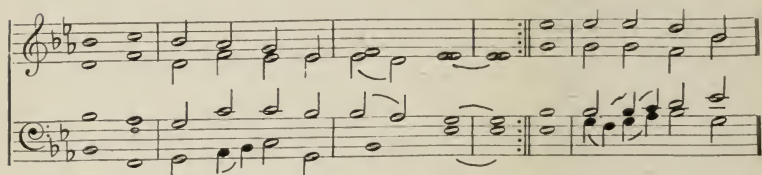
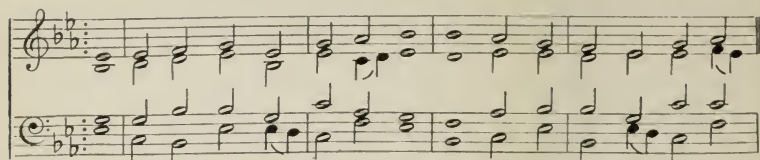
Harmony. Set up Thy Throne, that earth's despair may cease
Beneath the shadow of its healing peace.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Men. So shall our song of triumph ever be
Praise to the Crucified for victory.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

146 PSALM 68.

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. D.

M. GREITER (1525).



T. A. LACEY (*b.* 1853).

O FAITH of England, taught of old
 By faithful shepherds of the fold,
 The hallowing of our nation;
 Thou wast through many a wealthy year,
 Through many a darkened day of fear,
 The rock of our salvation.
 Arise, arise, good Christian men,
 Your glorious standard raise again,
 The Cross of Christ Who calls you,
 Who bids you live and bids you die
 For His great cause, and stands on high
 To witness what befalls you.

Our fathers heard the trumpet call
 Through lowly cot and kingly hall
 From oversea resounding;
 They bowed their stubborn wills to learn
 The truths that live, the thoughts that burn,
 With new resolve abounding.
 Arise, arise, good Christian men,
 Your glorious standard raise again,
 The Cross of Christ Who guides you;
 Whose arm is bared to join the fray,
 Who marshals you in stern array,
 Fearless, whate'er betides you.

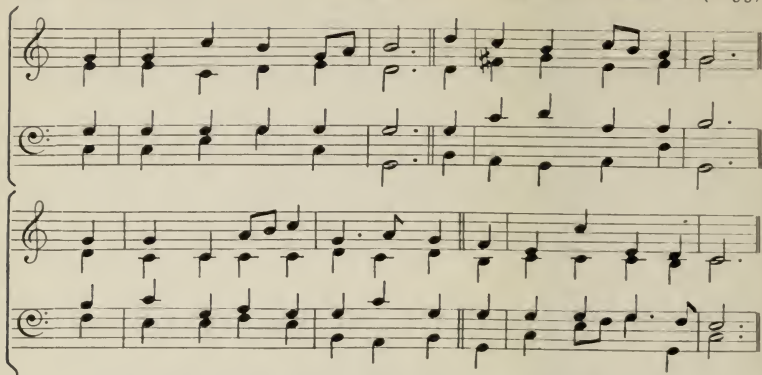
Our fathers held the faith received,
 By Saints declared, by Saints believed,
 By Saints in death defended;
 Through pain of doubt and bitterness,
 Through pain of treason and distress,
 They for the right contended.
 Arise, arise, good Christian men,
 Your glorious standard raise again,
 The Cross of Christ Who bought you;
 Who leads you forth in this new age
 With long-enduring hearts to wage
 The warfare He has taught you.

Though frequent be the loud alarms,
 Though still we march by ambushed arms
 Of death and hell surrounded,
 With Christ for Chief we fear no foe,
 Nor force nor craft can overthrow
 The Church that He has founded.
 Arise, arise, good Christian men,
 Your glorious standard raise again,
 The Cross wherewith He signed you;
 The King Himself shall lead you on,
 Shall watch you till the strife be done,
 Then near His throne shall find you.

147 SANDYS.

S. M.

SANDYS' Collection (1833).



This hymn may also be sung to *St. Thomas*, No. 184.

E. H. PLUMPTRE (1821-91).

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and
sing;

Your orient banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Bright youth and snow-crowned
age,

Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

With all the Angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Live wreaths of incense cloud.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers
loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and
day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness
toil
Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's
home
Jerusalem the blest.

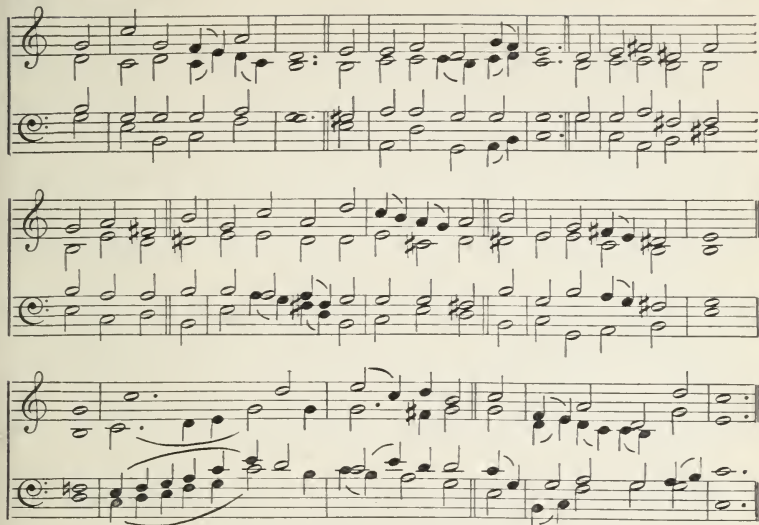
Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your orient banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Praise Him Who reigns on high,
The Lord Whom we adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

148 PORTISHEAD.

6. 6. 8. 8. 6. 6. 6.

B. HARWOOD.



By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

R. M. MOORSOM (1831-1911)
from the Greek.

THE Lord is on our side,
 Let all the earth give ear !
 Whatever may the Church betide,
 The Lord doth still with her abide ;
 And every foe shall fear.
 The Lord, whate'er betide,
 The Lord is on our side.

Those who are strong and hate,
 Those who design her fall,
 We fear them not: their proud estate,
 Their rancorous malice shall abate;
 Our God doth govern all.
 The Lord is with us here,
 The Lord our God is near.

The Church doth know no dread;
 The Church doth own His Name;
 And hallow Him Who is her Head;
 In Him she trusts, by Him is led,
 To Whom, a Bride, she came;
 Whatever may betide,
 Her Lord is on her side.

Lo ! children by her stand,
 From East and West they meet,
 From South and North at her right
 hand,

Daughters and sons from every land
 Their ancient mother greet.
 The Lord is with us here,
 The Lord our God is near.

They who in darkness lay,
 Mid terror, death and pain,
 Have seen the heavenly light of day,
 Have watched the shadows flee away,
 For Christ our God doth reign.
 The Lord, whate'er betide,
 The Lord is on our side.

His banner is unfurled,
 He bringeth perfect peace;
 In wisdom doth He rule the world,
 Beneath His feet is Satan hurled,
 And sin and error cease.
 The Lord is with us here,
 The Lord our God is near.

He hath the victory won,
 Our King for evermore !
 O God the Father ! God the Son !
 O God the Spirit ! Three in One !
 We worship and adore:
 No foe can here abide,
 For Thou art on our side.

149 THORNBURY.

7.6.7.6.D.

B. HARWOOD.

Verses 1, 2, 4, and 6 unison.

f

ff

A - men.

Verses 3 and 5 harmony.

mf

Voices,

one Faith, one Lord.

Organ,

By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

E. H. PLUMPTRE (1821-91).

THY hand, O God, has guided
Thy flock from age to age;
The wondrous tale is written,
Full clear, on every page;
Our fathers owned Thy goodness,
And we their deeds record;
And both of this bear witness,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Thy heralds brought glad tidings
To greatest, as to least;
They bade men rise and hasten
To share the great King's feast;
And this was all their teaching,
In every deed and word,
To all alike proclaiming
One Church, one Faith, One Lord.

When shadows thick were falling,
And all seemed sunk in night,
Thou, Lord, didst send Thy servants,
Thy chosen sons of light.
On them and on Thy people
Thy plenteous grace was poured,
And this was still their message,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Through many a day of darkness.
Through many a scene of strife,
The faithful few fought bravely,
To guard the nation's life.
Their Gospel of redemption,
Sin pardoned, man restored,
Was all in this enfolded.
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

And we, shall we be faithless?
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down?
Shall we evade the conflict,
And cast away our crown?
Not so: in God's deep counsels
Some better thing is stored;
We will maintain, unflinching,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

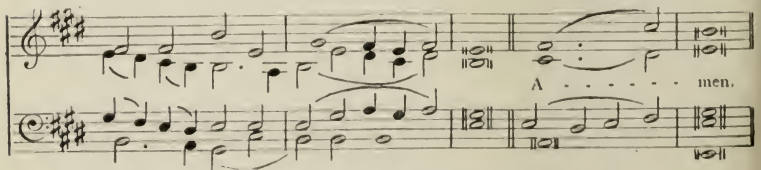
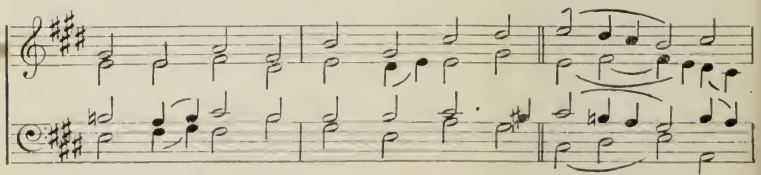
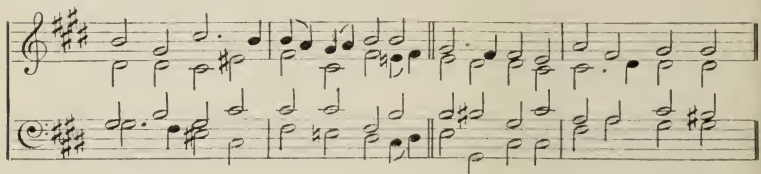
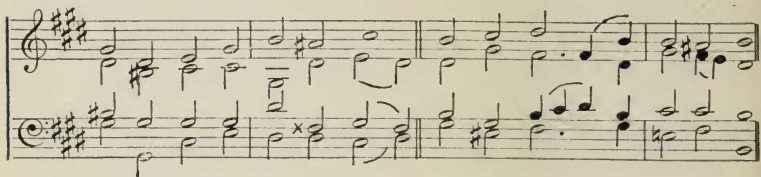
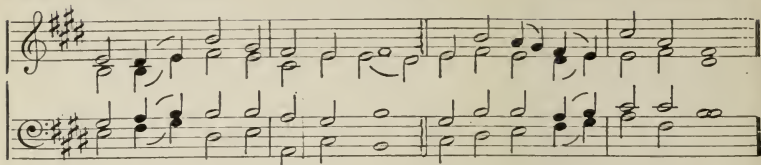
Thy mercy will not fail us,
Nor leave Thy work undone;
With Thy right hand to help us,
The victory shall be won;
And then, by men and Angels,
Thy Name shall be adored,
And this shall be their anthem,
"One Church, one Faith, one Lord."

5.—ALMSGIVING.

150 BURY HILL.

7.7.7.7.8.8.8.8.

BASIL HARWOOD.



J. S. B. MONSELL (1811-75).

PART I.

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,
 Tokens of our praise and
 prayer,
 Purer life and purpose high,
 Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
 Lowly acts of adoration
 To the God of our salvation—
 On His altar laid we leave them:
 Christ, present them! God, receive
 them!

PART II.

Promises in sorrow made,
 Left, alas! too long unpaid;
 Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
 Never into action wrought—
 Long withheld, we now restore them.
 On Thy holy altar pour them,
 There in trembling faith to leave
 them:
 Christ, present them! God, receive
 them!

Vows and longings, hopes and
 fears,
 Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
 Dreams of what we yet might be
 Could we cling more close to Thee;
 Which, despite of faults and failings,
 Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
 On Thine altar laid we leave them:
 Christ, present them! God, receive
 them!

Pleasant food and garb of pride,
 Put for conscience' sake aside;
 Lawful luxury foregone
 To relieve some little one
 Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,
 And for His dear love attended—
 On Thine altar laid we leave them:
 Christ, present them! God, receive
 them!

PART III.

Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
 Love of self and human praise,
 Pride of life and lust of eye,
 Worldly pomp and vanity—
 Faults that let and will not leave us,
 Though their staying sorely grieve
 us;
 Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
 Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

Loveless life and joyless mood,
 Chill of cold ingratitude,
 When the world doth Christ be-
 tray,
 Following too far away,
 Sins which in the daily trial
 Lead too often to denial;
 Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
 Christ, atone for! God, forgive
 them!

PART IV.

Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
 Fonder faith, more faithful tears,
 Lowlier penitence for sin,
 More of Christ our souls within:
 Love which, when its life was
 newer,
 Burnt within us deeper, truer—
 Lost too long, while we deplore
 them!
 Jesus, plead for! God, restore
 them!

Beamings of the gentle face,
 Overflowing gifts of grace,
 More of that deep consciousness
 Of a changeless will to bless,
 Which bestows the best assurance
 Of eternal Love's endurance—
 Lost too often, we deplore them:
 Jesus, plead for! God, restore
 them!

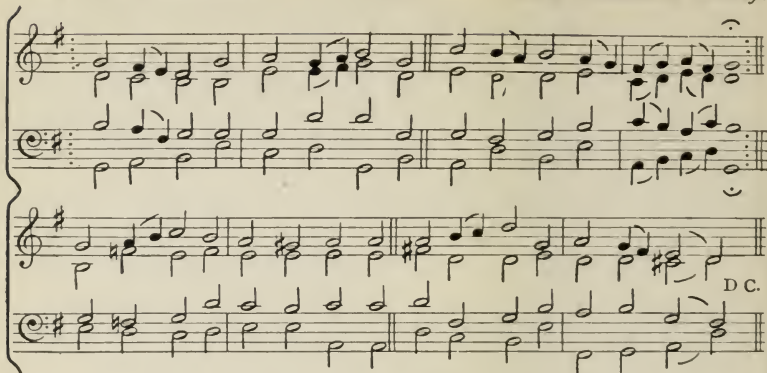
PART V.

Homage of each humble heart
 Ere we from Thy house depart:
 Worship fervent, deep and high,
 Adoration, ecstasy;
 All that childlike love can render
 Of devotion true and tender—
 On Thine altar laid we leave them:
 Christ, present them! God, receive
 them!

To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One,
 Though our mortal weakness raise
 Offerings of imperfect praise,
 Yet with hearts bowed down most
 lowly,
 Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
 On Thine altar laid we leave them:
 Christ, present them! God, receive
 them!

151 IN BABILONE.

8.7.8.7.D.

Dutch Traditional Melody.

By permission of Professor Röntgen.

This hymn may also be sung to *Epworth*, No. 79.

ELIZA S. ALDERSON (1818-88).

LORD of Glory, Who hast bought us,
 With Thy life-blood as the price,
 Never grudging for the lost ones
 That tremendous Sacrifice,
 And with that hast freely given
 Blessings, countless as the sand,
 To the unthankful and the evil
 With Thine own unsparring hand;

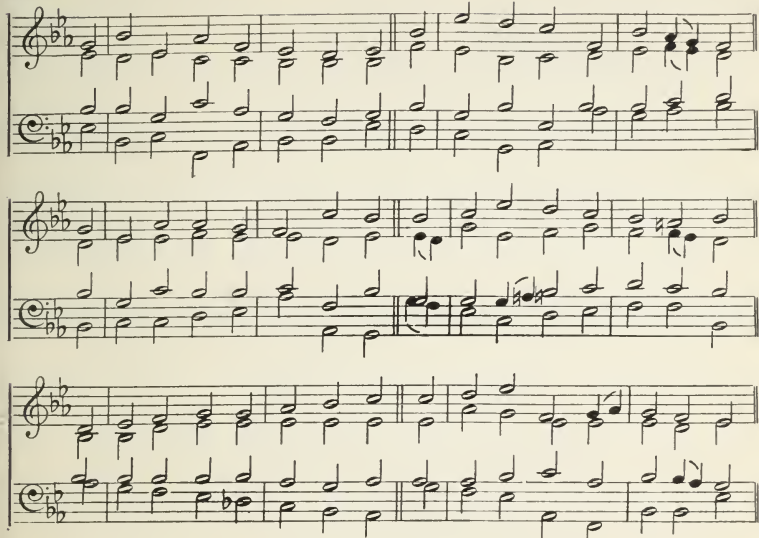
Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield
 Thee
 Gladly, freely of Thine own;
 With the sunshine of Thy goodness
 Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
 Till our cold and selfish natures,
 Warmed by Thee, at length believe,
 That more happy and more blessed
 'Tis to give than to receive.

Wondrous honour hast Thou given
 To our humblest charity
 In Thine own mysterious sentence,
 "Ye have done it unto Me."
 Can it be, O gracious Master,
 Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
 Saying by Thy poor and needy,
 "Give as I have given to you"?

Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
 Which on every hand we see,
 Channels are for tithes and offerings
 Due by solemn right to Thee;
 Right of which we may not rob
 Thee.
 Debt we may not choose but
 pay,
 Lest that Face of love and pity
 Turn from us another day.

Lord of Glory, Who hast bought us
 With Thy life-blood as the price,
 Never grudging for the lost ones
 That tremendous Sacrifice,
 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
 Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
 But, O! best of all Thy graces,
 Give us Thine own charity.

152 COLCHESTER. 8.8.8.8.8.8. S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

JOHN QUARLES (1624-65) and THOMAS DARLING (1857).

O KING of kings, before Whose throne
 The Angels bow, no gift can we
 Present that is indeed our own,
 Since heaven and earth belong to Thee;
 Yet this our souls through grace impart,
 The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
 With Thine eternal Father plead
 For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
 Who still on earth Thy succour need;
 For them in weakness strength provide,
 And through the world their footsteps guide.

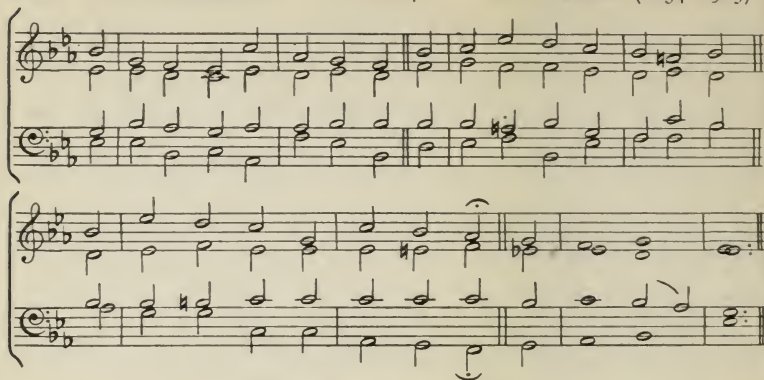
O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
 Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
 Vouchsafe the life that knows not death,
 Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
 And grant that we, through all our days,
 May share Thy gifts and sing Thy praise.

153

ST. LEONARD.

8. 8. 8. 4.

H. S. IRONS (1834-1905).



By permission of Mr. J. T. Masser.

C. WORDSWORTH (1807-85).

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
 To Thee all praise and glory be;
 How shall we show our love to Thee,
 Who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
 When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
 Who givest all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
 For all the blessings earth displays,
 We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
 Who givest all.

Thou didst not spare Thine Only Son,
 But gavest Him for a world undone,
 And freely with that Blessèd One
 Thou givest all.

Thou givest the Holy Spirit's dower,
 Spirit of life, and love, and power,
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given,
 Who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
 We have as treasure without end
 Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
 Who givest all;

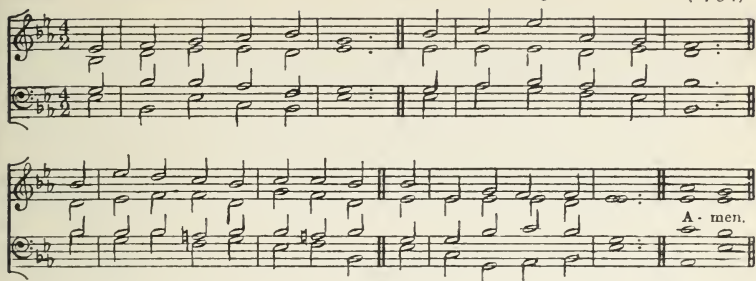
To Thee, from Whom we all derive
 Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
 O may we ever with Thee live,
 Who givest all.

154

FRANCONIA.

S. M.

J. B. KÖNIG (1734).



W. WALSHAM HOW (1823-97).

WE give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be:
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.

O, hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold,
 And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
 Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is Angels' work below.

The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be;
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

All might, all praise be Thine,
 Father, Co-equal Son,
 And Spirit, Bond of Love divine,
 While endless ages run.

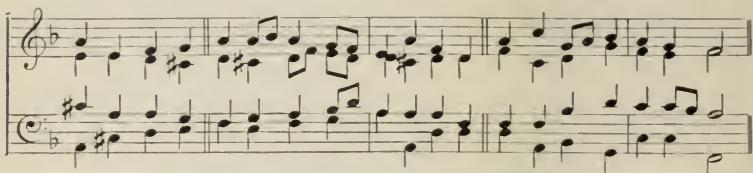
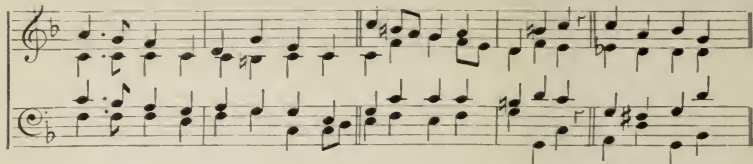
6.—FAREWELL AND TRAVEL.

155

PILGRIM BAND.

S. 7. 8. 8. 7.

J. STAINER (1840-1901).



By permission of Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.

C. BURKE (b. 1859).

BRETHREN, go! The Lord be
with you;

He Who sends will surely guide;
Resting in His care while sleeping,
Resting in His love while weeping,
Keep ye ever by His side.

Brethren, go! The Master calls you
Forth, to reap His precious grain;
Fear not, though wild storms awake
you, [shake you,
Fear not, though the rough winds
Glory cometh after pain.

Brethren, go! The world is waiting
For the coming of our King;
Be it yours to spread the story
Of His shame, and then His glory,
Till the whole creation sing.

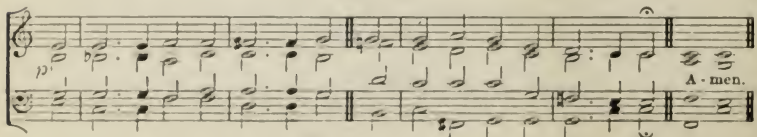
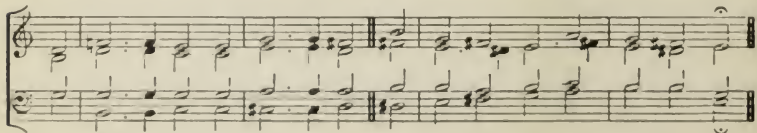
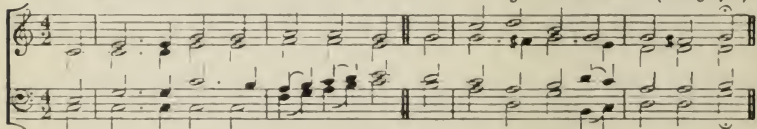
Brethren, go! The day - dawn
breaketh,
Of its glory go and tell.
In the Father's Name we send
you,
To His tender love commend
you:
God be with you; fare you well!

156

MELITA.

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

J. B. DYKES (1823-76).



W. WHITING (1825-78).

ETERNAL FATHER, strong to
save, [wave,
Whose arm hath bound the restless
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

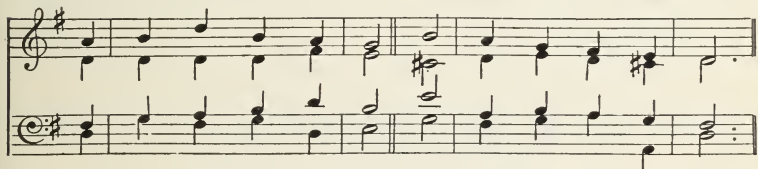
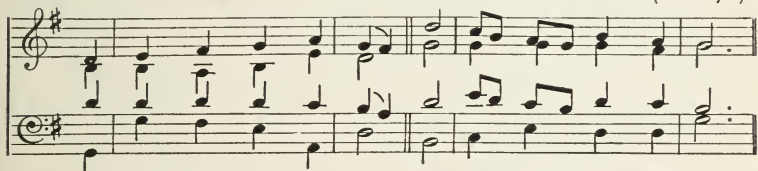
O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land
and sea.

157 HAREWOOD. 6.6.6.6.8.8. S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



E. J. (1883).

FATHER, Who art alone
Our helper and our stay,
O hear us, as we plead
For loved ones far away,
And shield with Thine almighty hand
Our wanderers by sea and land.

For Thou, our Father God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.

O compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread;
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,

That, one in all things with Thy
will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls
may fill.

Guard them from every harm
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail;
We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

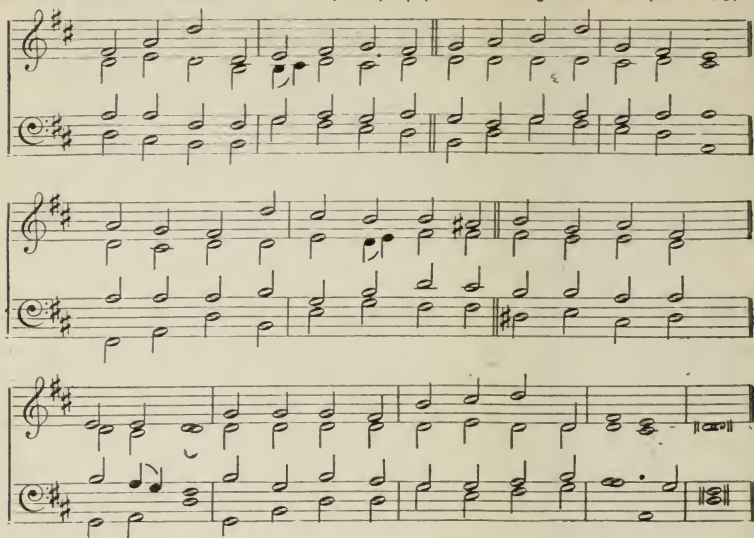
We all are travellers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
Till we shall mount to God;
At home at last, with those we love,
Within the fatherland above

158

PILGRIMAGE.

8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

G. J. ELVEY (1816-93).



A. R. GREENAWAY.

FOR the dear ones parted from us
 We would raise our hymns of prayer;
 By the tender love which watcheth
 Round Thy children everywhere,
 Holy Father,
 Keep them ever in Thy care.

Through each trial and temptation,
 Dangers faced by night and day,
 By the infinite compassion
 Pleading for the souls that stray,
 Loving Saviour,
 Keep them in the narrow way.

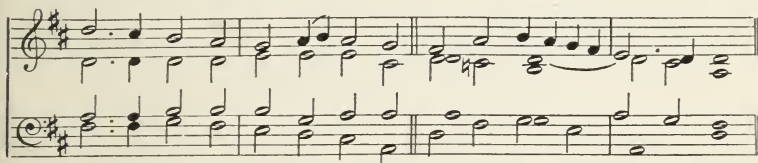
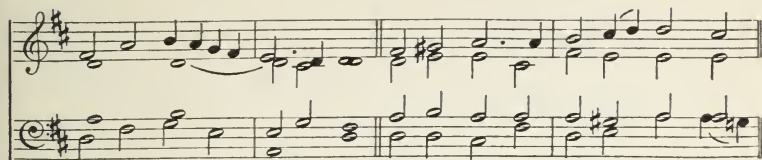
In their hours of doubt and sorrow,
 When their faith is sorely tried,
 By the grace divine which strengthens
 Souls for whom the Saviour died,
 Gracious Spirit,
 Be Thou evermore their guide.

In their joys, by friends surrounded,
 In their strife, by foes oppressed,
 May Thy blessing still be with them,
 May Thy presence give them rest,
 God Almighty,
 Father, Son, and Spirit blest.

159 RANDOLPH.

9. 8. 8. 9.

ANON.



By permission of the Committee of the "English Hymnal."

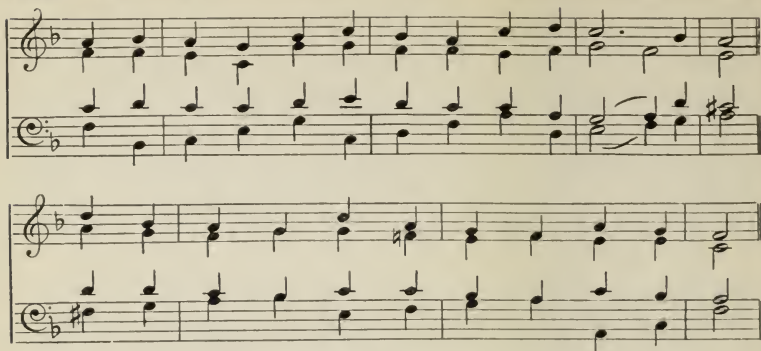
J. E. RANKIN (1828-1904).

GOD be with you till we meet again;
 By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 With His sheep securely fold you:
 God be with you till we meet again.

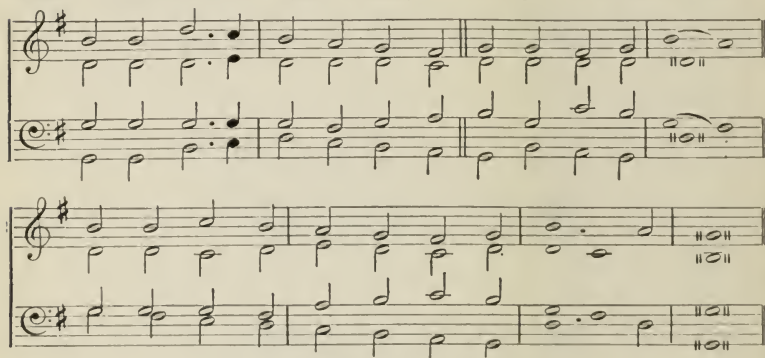
God be with you till we meet again;
 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 Daily manna still provide you:
 God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His arm unfailing round you:
 God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threatening wave before you:
 God be with you till we meet again.

160 WARTON. (1ST TUNE.) 8.5.8.3. J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.


By permission of Mr J. A. Fuller Maitland.

160 CAIRNBROOK. (2ND TUNE.) 8.5.8.3. E. PROUT (1835).


By permission of the Congregational Union.

ISABELLA S. STEVENSON (1843-90).

HOLY FATHER, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath Thy care.

Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O, keep them, in their weak-
ness,

At Thy side.

When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise
• Thee

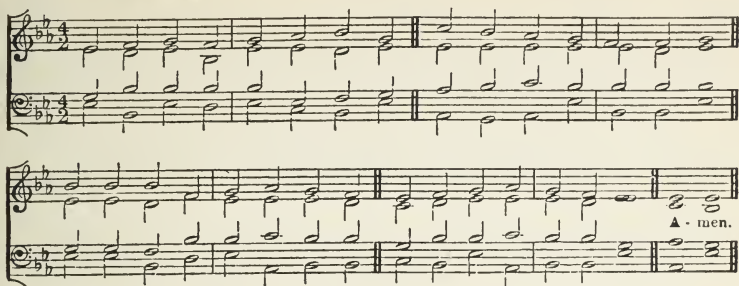
Day by day.

Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life:
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them,
keep them
Near to Thee

161 BATTY.

8. 7. 8. 7.

Ringe recht (1745).

JOHN NEWTON (1725-1807).

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above !

Thus may we abide in union
 With each other in the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

162 PALMS OF GLORY. 7.7.7.7. W. D. MACLAGAN (1826-1910).



By permission of Mr. Eric MacLagan.

SARAH F. ADAMS (1805-48).

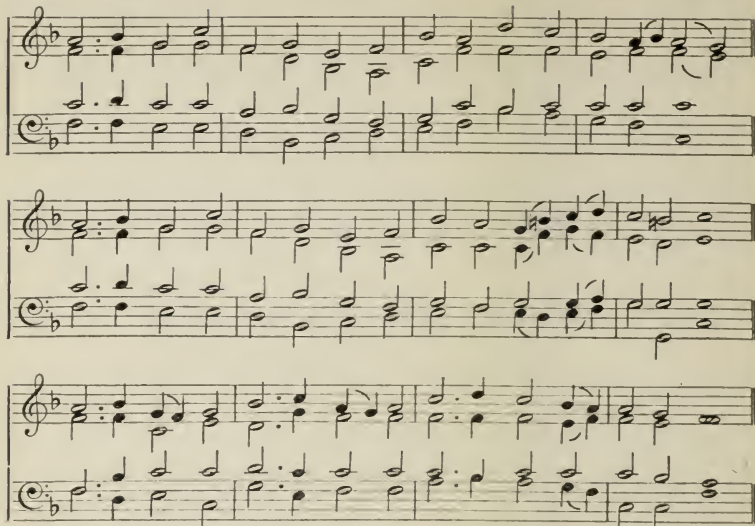
PART in peace: Christ's life was peace,
 Let us live our life in Him;
 Part in peace: Christ's death was peace,
 Let us die our death in Him.

Part in peace: Christ promise gave
 Of a life beyond the grave,
 Where all mortal partings cease;
 Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

163 LEWES.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

J. RANDALL (1715-99).



T. KELLY (1769-1854).

SPEED Thy servants, Saviour,
 speed them;
 Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
 They were bound, but Thou hast
 freed them,
 Now they go to free the slaves;
 Be Thou with them;
 'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.

Friends and home and all forsaking,
 Lord, they go at Thy command,
 As their stay Thy promise taking,
 While they traverse sea and land;
 O be with them;
 Lead them safely by the hand.

When they reach the land of
 strangers
 And the prospect dark appears,
 Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
 Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
 Be Thou with them;
 Hear their sighs and count their
 tears.

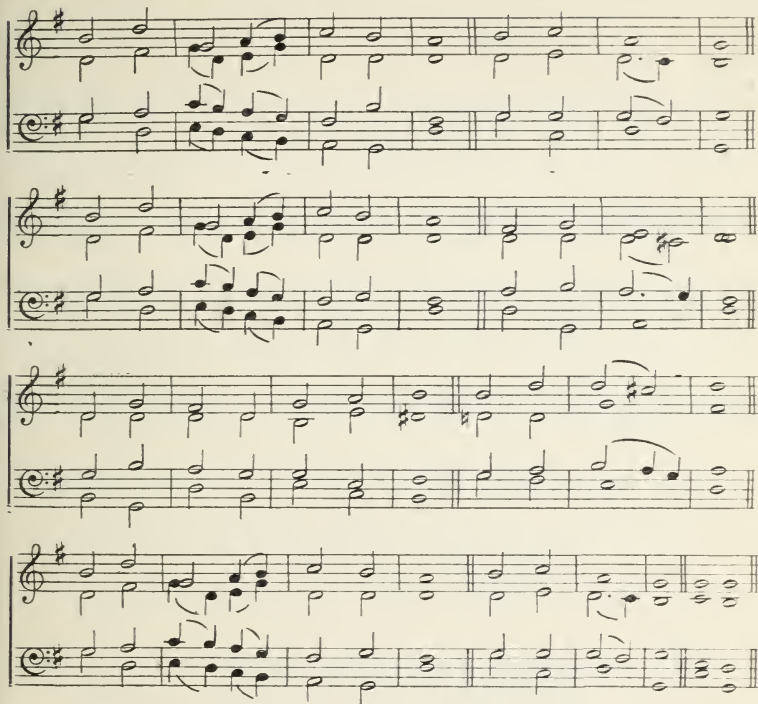
Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
 And they seem to toil in vain,
 Then in mercy, Lord, draw near
 them,
 Then their sinking hopes sustain;
 Thus supported,
 Let their zeal revive again.

In the midst of opposition,
 Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
 When success attends their mission,
 Let Thy servants humbler be;
 Never leave them,
 Till Thy face in heaven they see.

164 GWALCHMAI.

7.4.7.4.D.

J. D. JONES.



W. CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878).

STANDING forth on life's rough
 way,
 Father, guide them;
 O we know not what of harm
 May betide them;
 'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
 Father, hide them;
 Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
 Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
 Thou wilt hear them;
 From the stains of sin and shame
 Thou wilt clear them;
 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
 Thou wilt steer them;
 In temptation, trial, grief,
 Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up;
 Lord, receive them:
 In the world we know must be
 Much to grieve them,
 Many striving oft and strong
 To deceive them;
 Trustful, in Thy hands of love
 We must leave them.

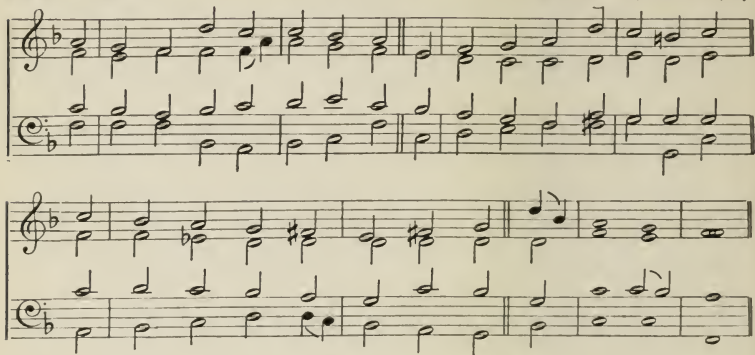
7.—FOR CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE.

165

TIME.

8.8.8.4.

S. S. WESLEY (1810-1876).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

ANNIE MATHESON (1853-).

DEAR Master, what can children do?
 The angels came from heaven above
 To comfort Thee; may children too
 Give Thee their love?

No more, as on that night of shame,
 Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,
 Where worshipping, an angel came
 To strengthen Thee.

But Thou hast taught us that Thou art
 Still present in the crowded street,
 In every lonely, suffering heart
 That there we meet.

And not one simple, loving deed,
 That lessens gloom, or lightens pain
 Or answers some unspoken need,
 Is done in vain,—

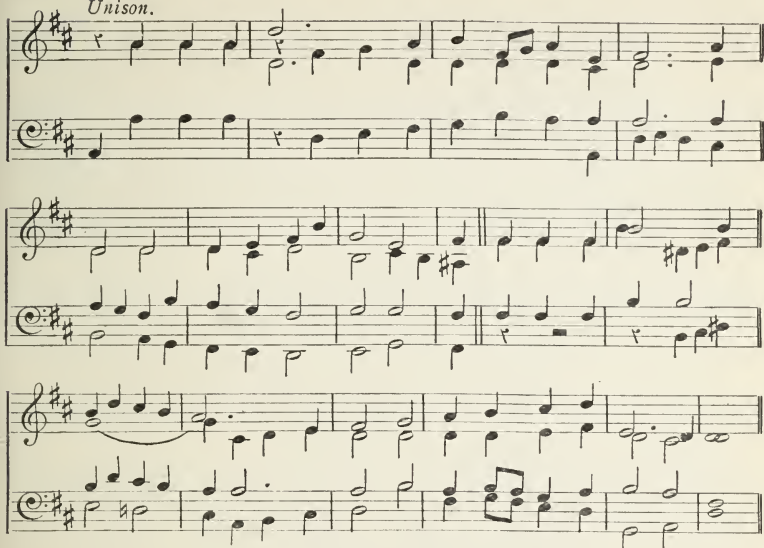
Since every passing joy we make
 For men and women that we see,
 If it is offered for Thy sake,
 Is given to Thee.

O God, our Master, help us then
 To bless the weary and the sad,
 And, comforting our fellow-men,
 To make Thee glad.

166 WOODLANDS.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

W. GREATOREX.

Unison.

By permission of W. Greatorex.

This hymn may also be sung to *Farley Castle*, No. 20.

BASIL MATHEWS.

FAR round the world Thy
children sing their song,
From East and West their voices
sweetly blend;
Praising the Lord in Whom young
lives are strong,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and
our Friend.

Guide of the pilgrim clambering to
the height,
Hero on Whom our fearful hearts
depend,
Friend of the wanderer yearning for
the light,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our
Friend.

Where Thy wide ocean, wave on
rolling wave,
Beats through the ages, on each
island shore,
They praise their Lord Whose hand
alone can save—
Whose sea of love surrounds them
evermore.

Thy sun-kissed children on earth's
spreading plain,
Where Asia's rivers water all the
land,
Sing, as they watch Thy fields of
glowing grain,
Praise to the Lord who feeds them
with His hand.

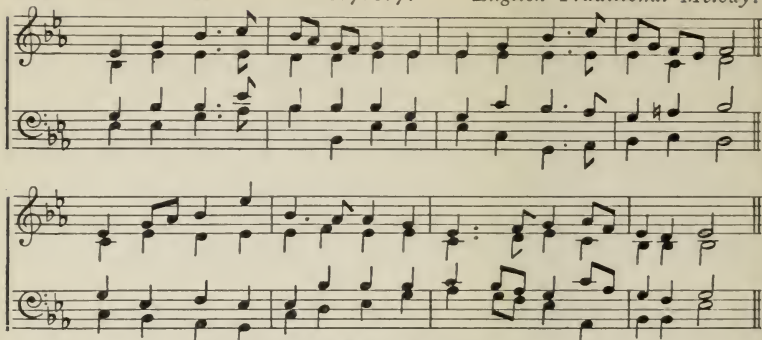
Still there are lands where none have
seen Thy face,
Children whose hearts have never
shared Thy joy,
Yet Thou wouldest pour on these
Thy radiant grace;
Give Thy glad strength to every
girl and boy.

All round the world let children sing
Thy song,
From East and West their voices
sweetly blend;
Praising the Lord in Whom young
lives are strong,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and
our Friend.

167

SHIPSTON.

S. 7. S. 7.

English Traditional Melody.

By permission of Miss L. E. Broadwood.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL (1836-79).

GOD of heaven, hear our singing;
 Only little ones are we,
 Yet, a great petition bringing.
 Father, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
 Let the world in Thee find rest;
 Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
 Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

Let the sweet and joyful story
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love
 Wake on earth a song of glory,
 Like the angels' song above.

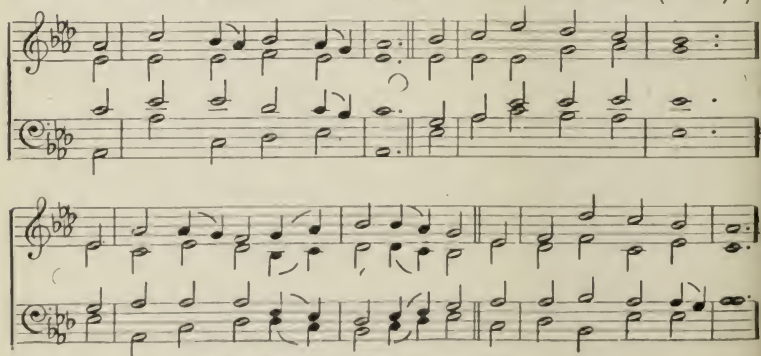
Father, send the glorious hour,
 Every heart be Thine alone.
 For the kingdom, and the power,
 And the glory are Thine own.

168

CAMBERWELL.

S. M.

S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

ANON.

HOW blest are they who strive
 Their Lord's command to
 keep,
 Who send abroad the word of life
 To feed His wandering sheep !

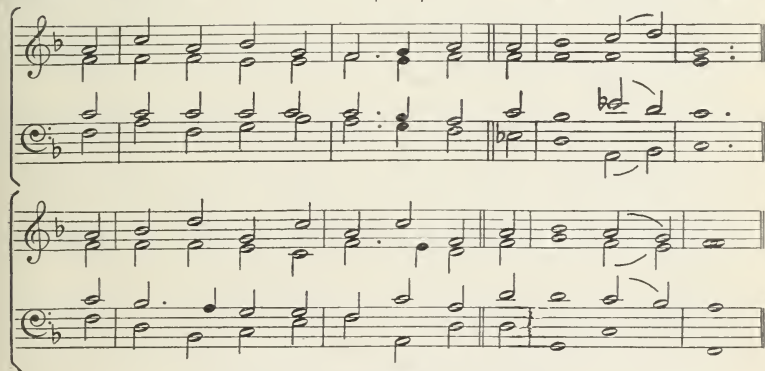
How blest the messengers,
 That word of life who bear,
 And far away in heathen lands
 The Saviour's love declare.

O Lord, we would unite
 Thy glorious work to aid
 From love to Thee, Whose love to us
 Is day by day displayed.

It needs not age or wealth,
 Thy favour to possess;
 The prayers of children Thou wilt
 hear,
 The work of children bless.

A life of active love
 O teach us, Lord, to live,
 That we, who freely have received,
 May also freely give.

169 PATTISON. 8.4.8.4. M. SAUMAREZ SMITH.



By permission of Miss M. Saumarez Smith.

ELEANOR F. FOX.

I KNOW that Jesus died for me
 Long years ago;
 He trod this earth that I might see
 His steps below.

But not alone for me He died
 A death of shame;
 But that the whole great world beside
 Might learn His Name.

But millions know not of His love
 Nor do His will;
 And yet He looks down from above,
 And loves them still.

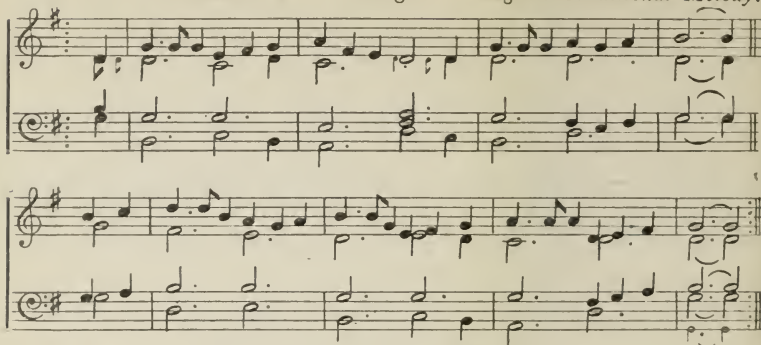
God does not send this joyful news
 By angel bands;
 But, if I ask Him, He may use
 My little hands.

And I would pray for those who go,
 For Jesus' sake,
 To sultry lands, or fields of snow,
 His love to take.

170

EAST HORNDON.

Irreg.

English Traditional Melody.

By permission of Dr. Vaughan Williams.

MRS. J. LUKE (1813-1906).

I THINK when I read that sweet
story of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as
lambs to His fold,

I should like to have been with
Him then.

I wish that His hands had been
placed on my head,

That His arm had been thrown
around me;

And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said,

"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I
may go,

And ask for a share in His love;

And if I thus earnestly seek Him
below, [above:

I shall see Him and hear Him

In that beautiful place He is gone to
prepare

For all that are washed and for-
given,

And many dear children are gather-
ing there, [heaven."

"For of such is the kingdom of

But thousands and thousands who
wander and fall

Never heard of that heavenly
home;

I should like them to know there is
room for them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to
come.

I long for the joy of that glorious
time,

The sweetest and brightest and best.

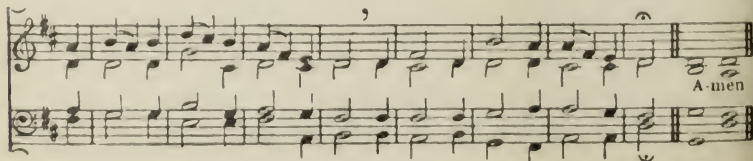
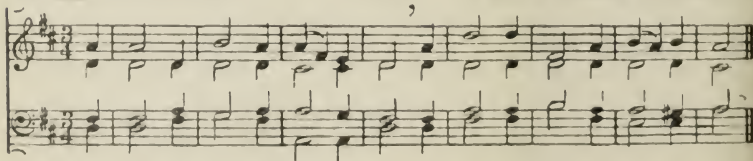
When the dear little children of
every clime [blest.

Shall crowd to His arms and be

171

HERONGATE.

L. M.

English Traditional Melody.

A-men

By permission of Dr. Vaughan Williams.

W. WALSHAM HOW (1823-97).

IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come
from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept and toiled and mourned
and died,
For love of those who loved Him
not.

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

But even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

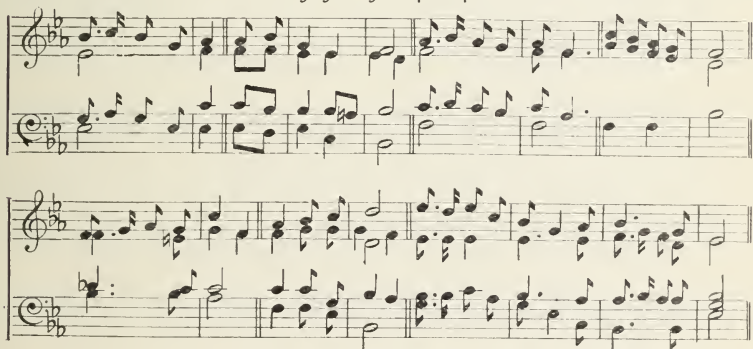
And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

172

CALDECOTT.

5. 5. 6. 5. 6. 4. 6. 4.

M. SAUMAREZ SMITH.



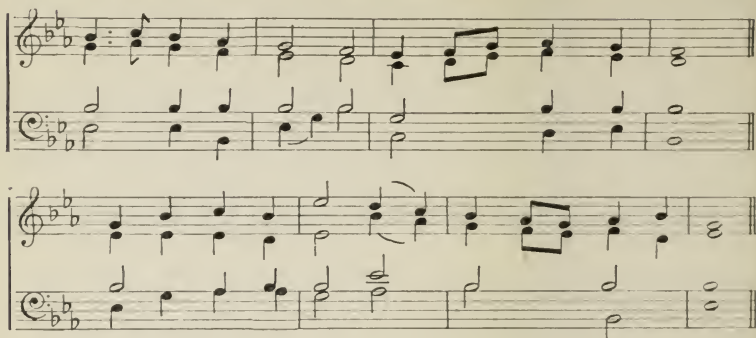
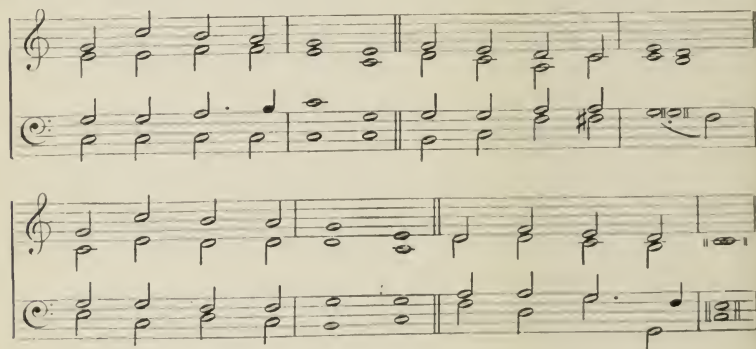
By permission of Miss M. Saumarez Smith.

ANON.

JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night;
In this world of darkness
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound,—
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine,—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

173 GOTT EIN VATER. (1ST TUNE.) 6. 5. 6. 5. F. SILCHER.

173 NEWLAND. (2ND TUNE.) 6. 5. 6. 5. T. ARMSTRONG.


By permission of Canon T. Armstrong.

MRS. J. A. CARNEY (b. 1823-).

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue
Into sin to stray.

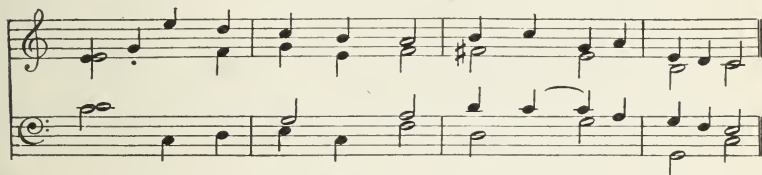
Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

Glory then for ever
Be to Father, Son,
With the Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Three in One.

174 SWISS COTTAGE.

7. 7. 7. 7.

M. SHAW.



By permission of Messrs. Curwen and Sons, Ltd.

R. K. TUCK.

LOVING Saviour, Thou didst come
 To a lowly Jewish home,
 And didst make for ever Thine
 That fair land of Palestine.

Thou didst teach us when we pray
 Thine own Hebrew prayer to say,
 And the same sweet psalms we sing
 Made the temple pillars ring.

Jewish martyrs gladly died
 Lest the faith should be denied,
 Counting all the world but loss
 For the glory of the Cross.

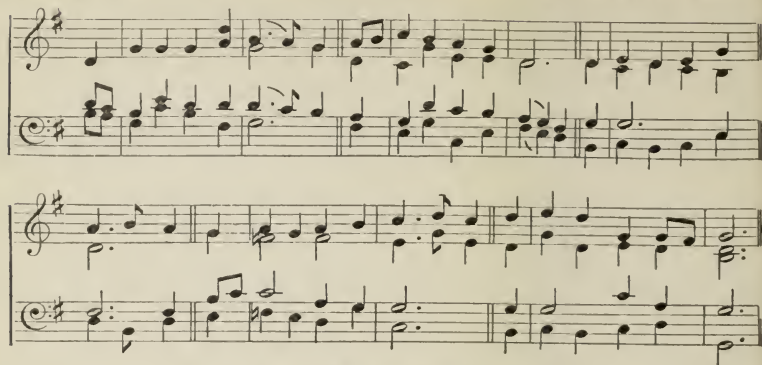
Hebrew, poet, priest and seer,
 Gave to us the book most dear,
 Guarding, in a world of strife,
 Words of truth and peace and life.

Jewish people wandering far
 Still Thine own dear children are;
 Bring them home, dear Lord, to Thee,
 Safe from sin and sorrow free.

175 WINTERTON.

7.6.8.8.6.

M. SAUMAREZ SMITH.



By permission of Miss M. Saumarez Smith.

ANON.

O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may
try,
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given!

O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given!

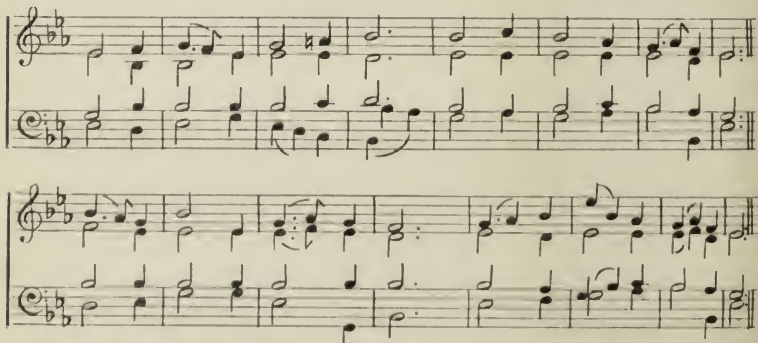
O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given!

O what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Young hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love their Maker, Saviour,
Friend:
Such grace to mine be given!

176 LYNE.

7.7.7.7.

Magdalen Hymns.



M. J. WILLCOX

ONCE again, dear Lord, we pray
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard
Jesus' Name—our sweetest word.

Little hands, whose wondrous skill
Thou hast given to do Thy will,
Offerings bring, and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see or hear.

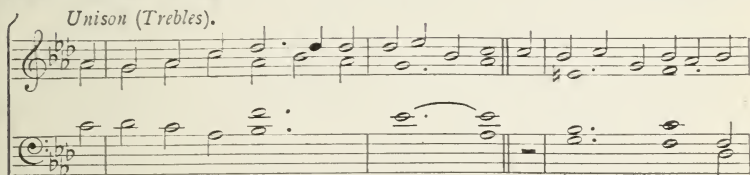
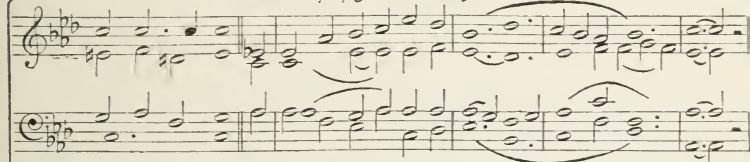
Little lips that Thou hast made,
'Neath the far-off temple's shade
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all Thine own.

Teach them, O Thou heavenly King,
All their gifts and praise to bring
To Thy Son, Who died to prove
Thy forgiving, saving love.

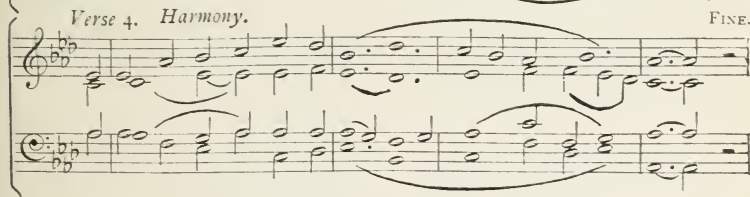
177 KENN MOOR.

5. 6. 6. 5. 9.

B. HARWOOD.

Unison (Trebles).*Verses 1, 2, 3. Harmony.**Verse 4. Harmony.*

FINE.



By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

ANON.

THE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the gifts we can bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His
harvest.

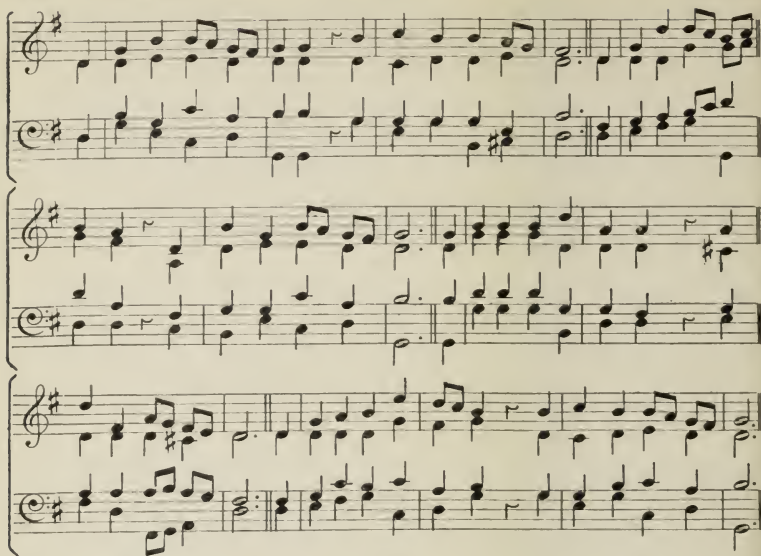
Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

Until, by-and-by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

178 HODNET.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

ANON.



VIOLET HINE.

WE bring our hearts to Jesus,
 To have them freed from sin,
 His precious Blood will cleanse them,
 His Spirit dwell within:
 Then, ready for His service,
 We can go forth with prayer,
 To do the work He gives us,
 And serve Him anywhere.

We bring our hands to Jesus,
 That He may make them strong
 To fight the daily battle
 With sin and every wrong;
 We're soldiers in His army,
 And pledged to serve our King,
 Then let us lift His banner
 With faith unwavering.

We bring our seed to Jesus,
 The seed we want to sow,
 That He may give His blessing,
 And cause each grain to grow;
 We're sowing for the harvest,
 And pray for precious corn
 To fill the Master's garner
 Upon the happy morn.

We want to glean for Jesus
 In fields both far and near,
 To gather in the lost ones
 The Gospel news to hear;
 Although He may not send us
 To work in distant lands,
 We know he also serveth,
 Who by his Master stands.

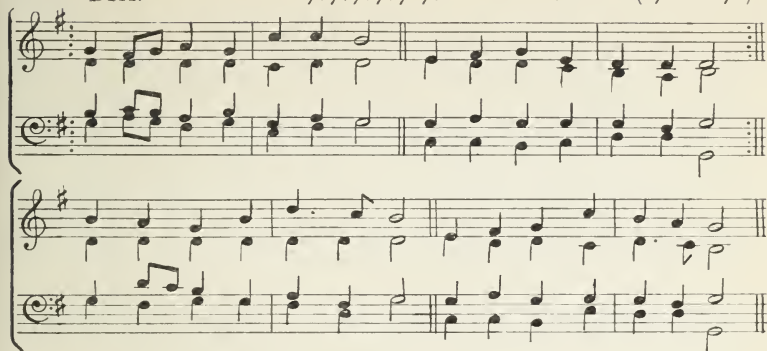
But if the voice of Jesus
 Should say—"Go, work to-day,"
 We want to follow gladly
 To dark lands far away.
 Oh! Saviour, take us, use us,
 And make us all Thine own,
 Thy weak and faltering children,
 But Thine, Lord,—Thine alone.

179

DIX.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

C. KOCHER (1782-1872).



M. F. MAUDE (1819-1913).

WHEN of old, in lowly state,
 Jesus rode through Zion's gate,
 Children did their voices raise
 In hosannas to His praise;
 And the Lord, Who came to die,
 Turned on them a loving eye.

Christian children, on whose brow
 His dear Cross is signèd now,
 Joyful rise and gladly bring
 Alleluias to your King,
 Who in glorious form will come,
 Calling all His children home.

Take your part, your happy part,
 In the work so near His heart;
 Send the news that makes you glad
 To the sinful and the sad,—
 Tidings of the love that gave
 God's dear Son, a world to save.

Free the little slave forlorn,
 From his home and country torn;
 Tell the orphan in the wild
 He may be " Our Father's " child;
 Think how freely ye receive,—
 Freely work, and freely give.

Christian children, as ye sing,
 Give yourselves unto your King;
 Early make the blessed choice,
 Early heed His loving voice,—
 Christ, our Master, from above
 Claims your heart, your life, your love.

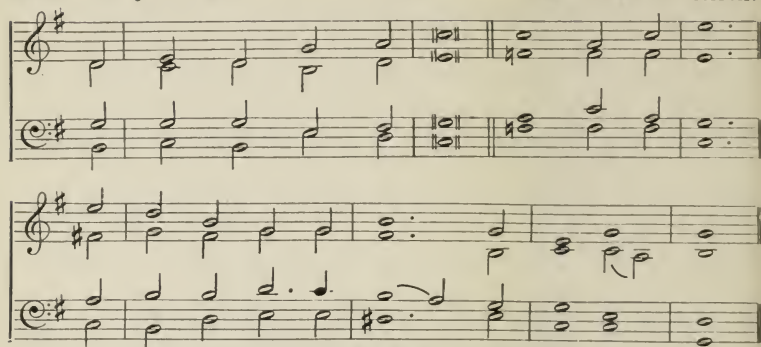
Jesus, Saviour, throned on high,
 Listen to Thy children's cry;
 Perfect from our lips Thy praise,
 Sanctify us all our days,—
 Till we bless Thee, and adore
 In Thy temple evermore.

IV.—GENERAL HYMNS.

180 ST. JULIAN.

10. 10.

M. SAUMAREZ SMITH.



By permission of Miss M. Saumarez Smith.

H. BONAR (1808-89).

BELOVED, let us love: love is of
God;
In God alone hath love its true
abode.

Belovèd, let us love: for they who
love,
They only, are His sons, born from
above.

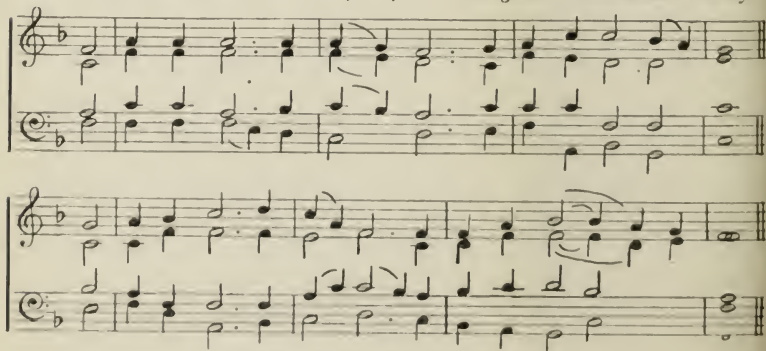
Belovèd, let us love: for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides un-
blest.

Belovèd, let us love: for love is light,
And he who loveth not dwelleth in
night.

Belovèd, let us love: for only thus
Shall we behold that God who loveth
us.

181 DEVONSHIRE.

7.6.7.6.

English Traditional Melody.

By permission of Miss L. E. Broadwood.

This hymn may also be sung to *Hic breve vivitur*, No. 107 (1st tune).

J. M. NEALE (1818-66)
from the Latin.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground,
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.

There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

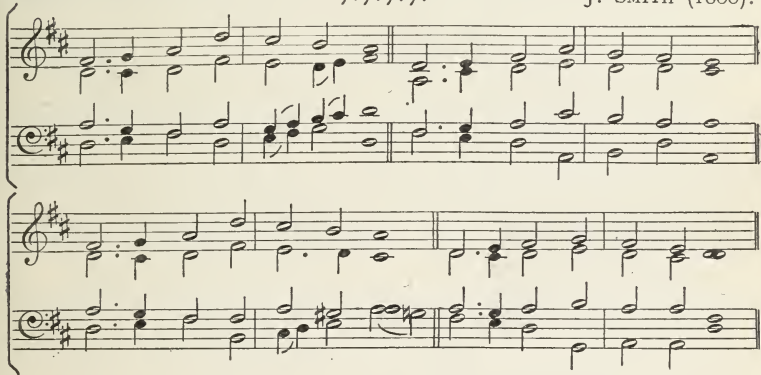
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

Then all the halls of Zion
For aye shall be complete,
And in the Land of Beauty
All things of beauty meet.

182 INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7. J. SMITH (1800).



J. CHANDLER (1806-76)
from the Latin.

CONQUERING kings their titles
take
From the foes they captive make:
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

Yes; none other name is given
Unto mortals under Heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

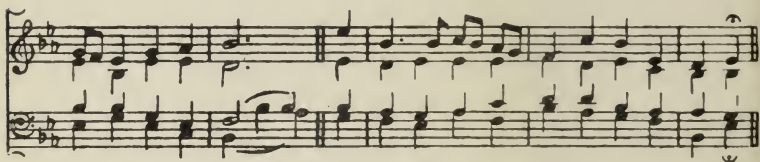
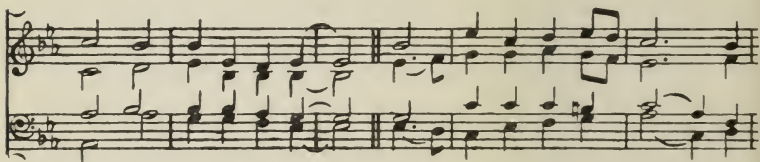
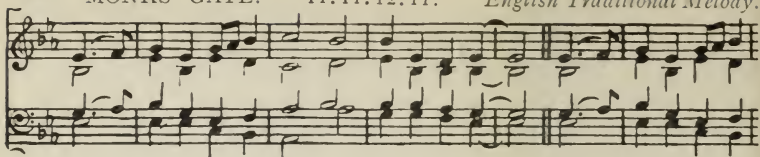
That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,

That salvation, brethren, say,
Shall we madly cast away ?

Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

Jesu, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Glory to the Father be,
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,
Glory to the Holy Ghost,
From the Saints and Angel-host.

183 MONKS' GATE. II. II. 12. II. *English Traditional Melody.*


By permission of Dr. Vaughan Williams.

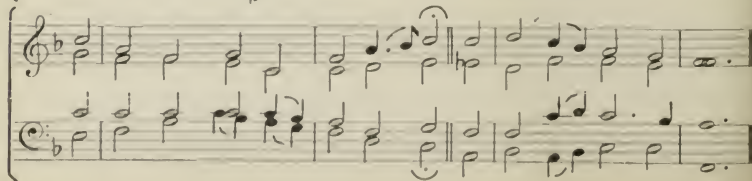
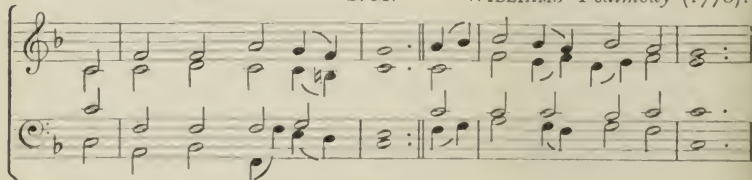
JOHN BUNYAN (1628–88) *and others.*

HE who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.

No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, Thou dost defend
Us with Thy Spirit;
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

184 ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAMS' *Psalmody* (1770).


I. WATTS (1674-1748).

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace instil!

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

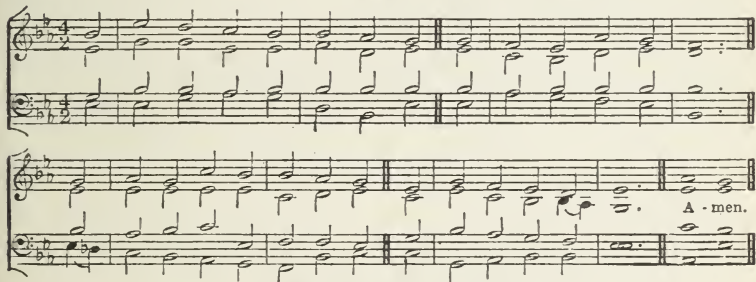
How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

185 ST. PETER.

C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE (1799-1877).



J. NEWTON (1725-1807).

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build.
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King.
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

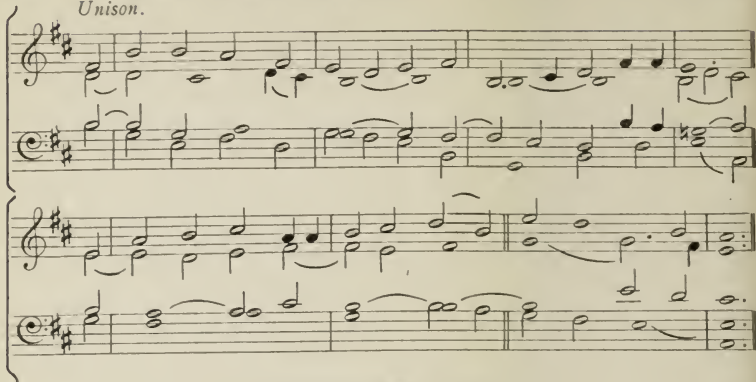
Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

186

VOX NOCTURNA CLAMANS.

9. 6. 9. 4.

H. GRACE.

Unison.

By permission of Mr. H. Grace.

JOHN OXENHAM.

I HEAR a clear voice calling, calling,
 Calling out of the night:
 O you who live in the light of life
 Bring us the Light !

We are bound with chains of darkness,
 Our eyes received no sight !
 O you who have never been bond or blind,
 Bring us the Light !

We live amid turmoil and horror,
 Where might is the only right.
 O you to whom life is liberty
 Bring us the Light !

We stand in the ashes of ruins,
 We are ready to fight the fight,
 O you whose feet are set on the Rock,
 Bring us the Light !

You cannot, you shall not forget us,
 Out here in the darkest night,
 We are drowning men, we are dying men,
 Bring, O bring us the Light !

187

KINGSFOLD.

D. C. M.

English Traditional Melody.

By permission of Miss L. E. Broadwood.

H. BONAR (1808-89).

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast;"
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water, thirsty one.
 Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul
 revived
 And now I live in Him.

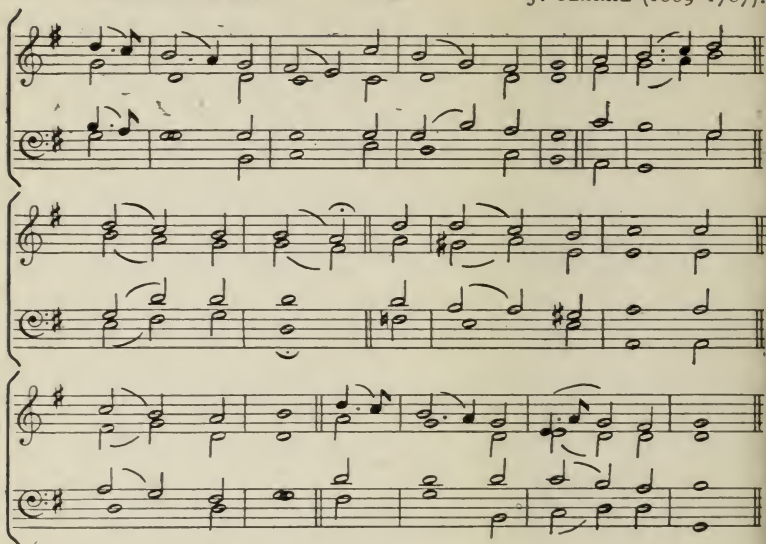
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise.
 And all thy day be bright:"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

188

BISHOPTHORPE.

C. M.

J. CLARKE (1669-1707).



J. G. WHITTIER (1807-92).

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
 For ever flowing free,
 For ever shared, for ever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the Name
 All other names above ;
 Love only knoweth whence it came
 And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down ;
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For Him no depths can drown.

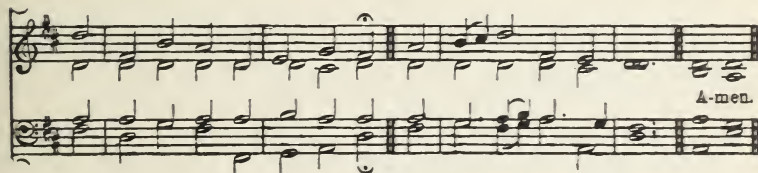
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is He ;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain ;
 We touch Him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all !
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

189 STOCKTON. C. M. T. WRIGHT (1763-1829).



JOHN OXENHAM.

I N Christ there is no East or West,
 In Him no South or North,
 But one great fellowship of Love
 Throughout the whole wide earth.

In Him shall true hearts everywhere
 Their high communion find.
 His service is the golden cord
 Close-binding all mankind.

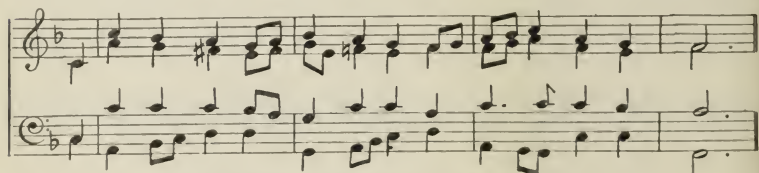
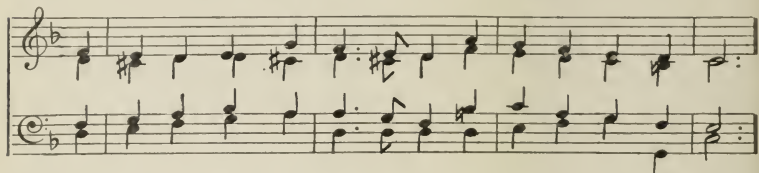
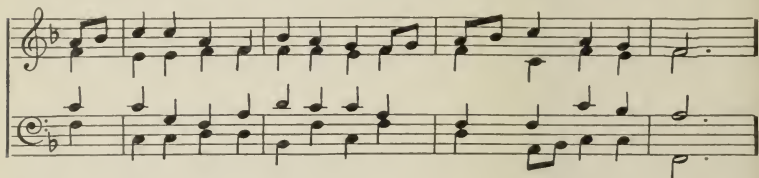
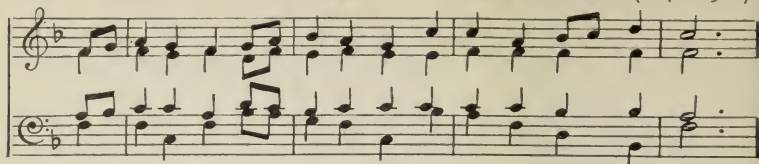
Join hands, then, Brothers of the Faith,
 Whate'er your race may be !
 Who serves my Father as a son
 Is surely kin to me.

In Christ now meet both East and West,
 In Him meet South and North,
 All Christly souls are one in Him,
 Throughout the whole wide earth.

190 NOEL.

D. C. M.

A. S. SULLIVAN (1842-1900).



By permission of Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.

E. H. SEARS (1810-76).

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

[come,
Still through the cloven skies they
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong:

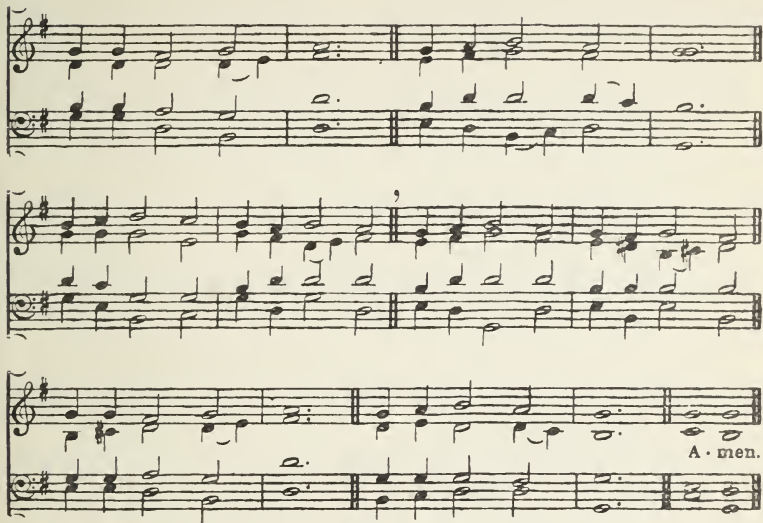
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

*And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the
song
Which now the angels sing.

* May be omitted.

191 SEELENBRÄUTIGAM. 5.5.8.8.5.5. A. DRESE (1620-1701).



J. L. BORTHWICK (1813-97) *from the German.*

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

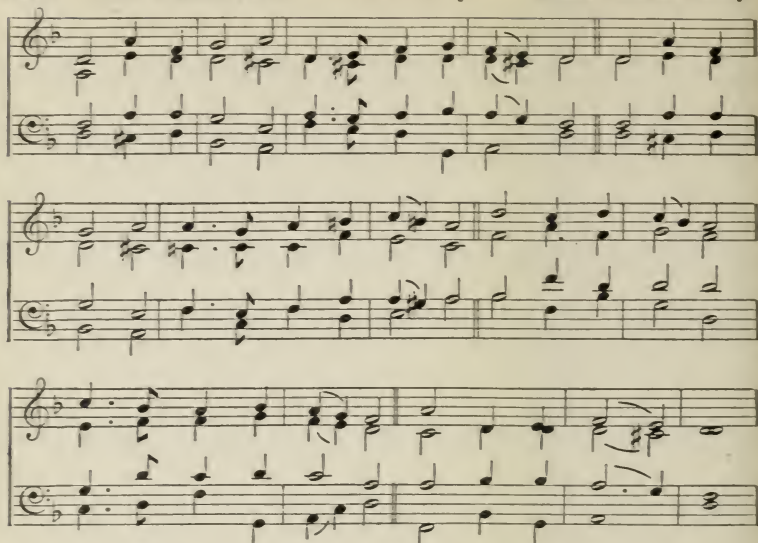
Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

192

ISTE CONFESSOR.

11. 11. 11. 5.

Rouen Church Melody.



P. PUSEY (1799-1855) from the German.

LORD of our life, and God of our
salvation, [nation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every
Hear and receive Thy Church's
supplication.

Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine ark the hungry
billows curling; [unfurling;
See how Thy foes their banners are
Lord, while their darts envenomed
they are hurling.

Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly
armour faileth, [sin assaileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly
Christ, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor
hell prevaieth:

Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts
assuaging; [are engaging;
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers
Peace, when the world its busy war
is waging:

Calm Thy foes' raging.

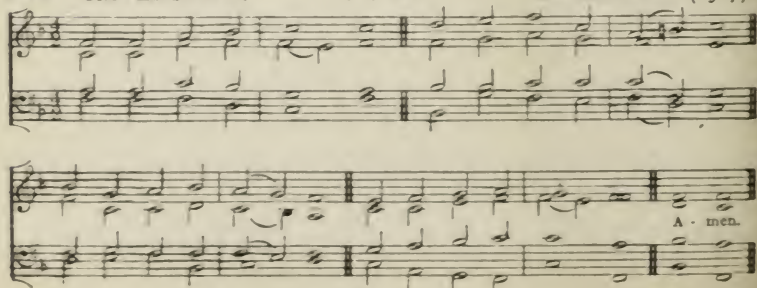
Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

193

RAVENSHAW.

6. 6. 6. 6.

Ave Hierarchia (1567).



H. W. BAKER (1821-77).

LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

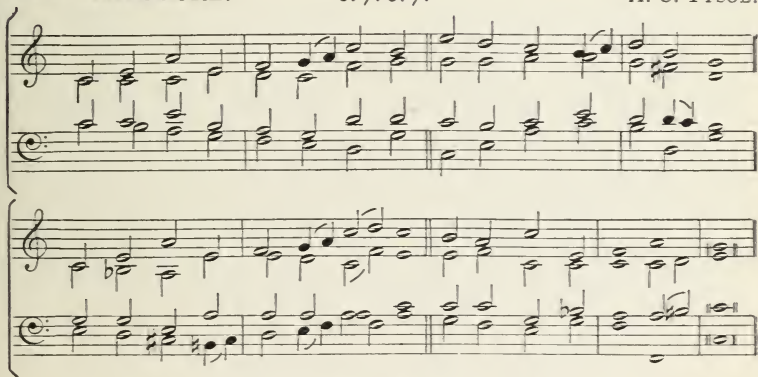
O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

194

THEODORE.

8. 7. 8. 7.

A. C. TYSOE.



By permission of Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.

C. WESLEY (1707-88).

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come
down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive:
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without
ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

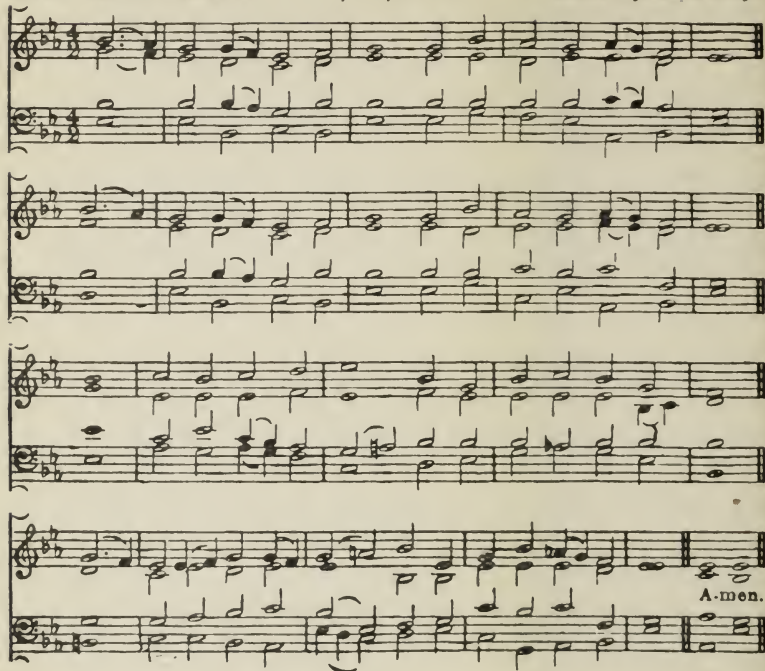
Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise !

195

MEIRIONYDD.

7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Welsh Hymn Melody.

W. C. BRAITHWAITE.

LOVER of souls, Thy gladness
 Heals islands sunk in night;
 Lifts India's yearning sadness,
 And China, seeking light.
 O'er Lebanon there shineth
 Thy mercy from above,
 Nor race nor tongue confineth
 The ocean of Thy love.

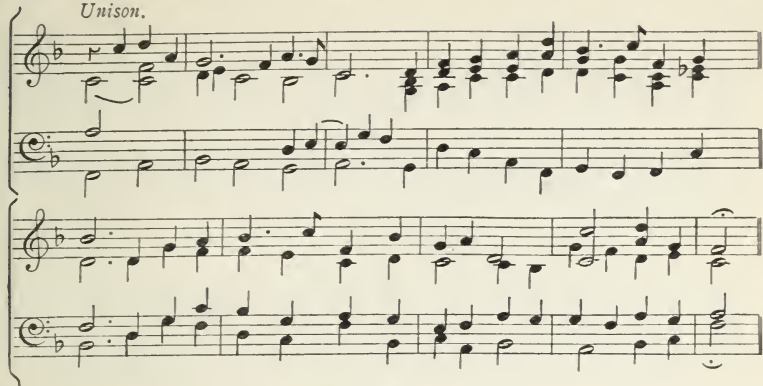
Lover of souls, Who gavest
 Thy Saints, amid their strife
 Grace to be best and bravest,
 Be still our help and life.
 Lead us by Thy sure guidings,
 And bless with rich increase
 Thy heralds of good tidings,
 Thy publishers of peace.

Lover of souls, directing
 Thy warriors in the fray,
 May we, great things expecting,
 Great deeds for Thee essay,
 Flinching from no endeavour,
 Ready for any call,
 With Thee for Captain ever,
 Whose love shall conquer all.

Lover of souls, we owe Thee
 Love's service to the end,
 That the wide world may know Thee
 Their Saviour, Lord and Friend.
 Help us to live for others
 In every land and zone,
 Till all mankind be brothers
 And the round earth Thine own.

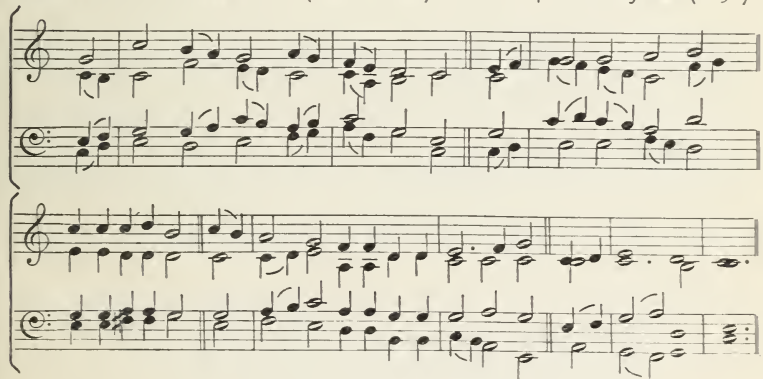
196 SHERWOOD. (1ST TUNE.) 8.10.10.4. J. S. SCOTT.

Unison.



By permission of Mr. J. S. Scott

196 ES IST KEIN TAG. (2ND TUNE.) 8.10.10.4. *Seelenfreud* (1692).



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830-94).

NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other hope in heaven, or earth, or sea,
None other hiding place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

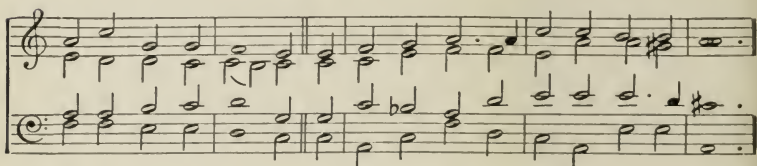
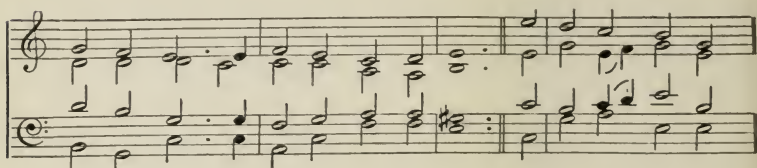
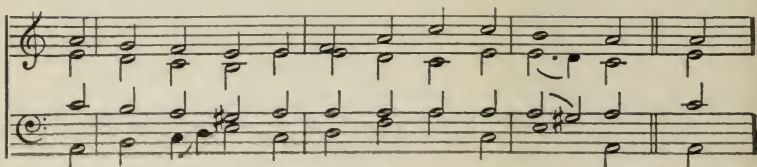
My faith burns low, my hope burns low;
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art life, though I be dead;
Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be;
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home but Thee.

197 INTERCESSOR.

11. 10. 11. 10.

C. H. H. PARRY.



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

J. G. WHITTIER (1807-92).

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

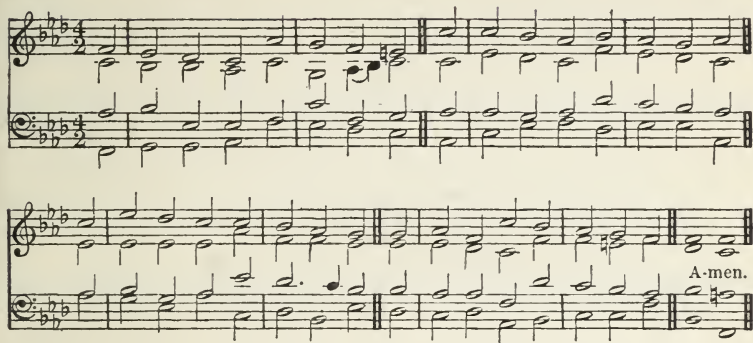
Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of Him Whose holy work was doing good;
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
 Of war's wild music o'er the earth shall cease;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

198 ST. LUKE.

L. M.

J. CLARKE (1669-1707).



ANON.

O CHRIST, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Our hearts rejoice to own Thy sway !
 Thy yoke is freedom, peace and power,
 Thy love, life's perfect crown and flower.

Fain would we share with all mankind
 The treasures which in Thee we find,
 And bid earth's sin and sorrow cease
 Within the circle of Thy peace.

We watch, we pray, we wait to hear
 The world's great chorus full and clear
 In strong united song proclaim
 The praise of Thy redeeming Name.

O, by Thy love's resistless force,
 Which breaks through ice and rock its course,
 Till coldest hearts their service yield,
 Thrust forth the labourers to Thy field !

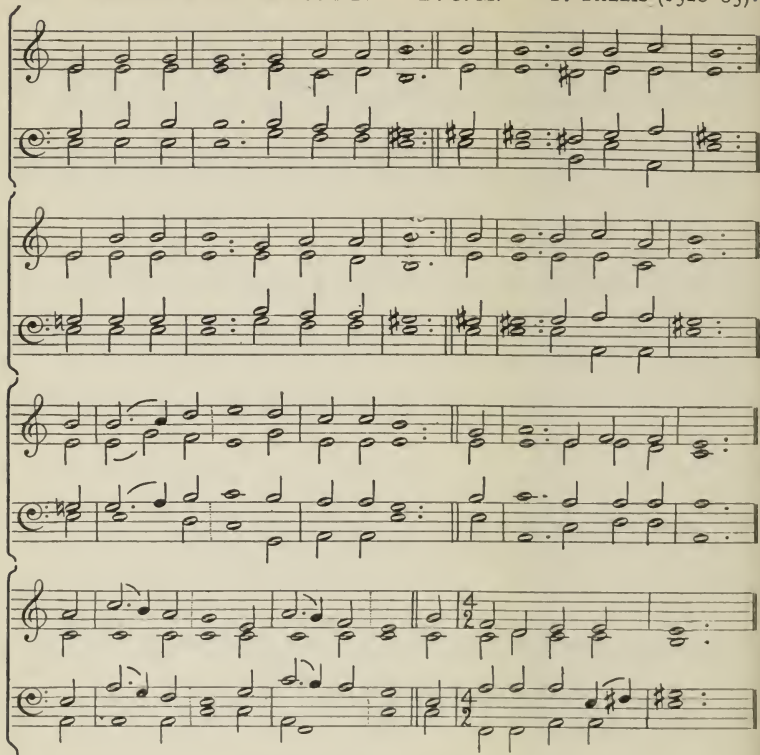
Pass with re-consecrating flame
 Through every heart that owns Thy Name
 Till from new love is born the prayer
 Thy kingdom's toil and war to share.

199

THIRD MODE MELODY.

D. C. M.

T. TALLIS (1520-85).



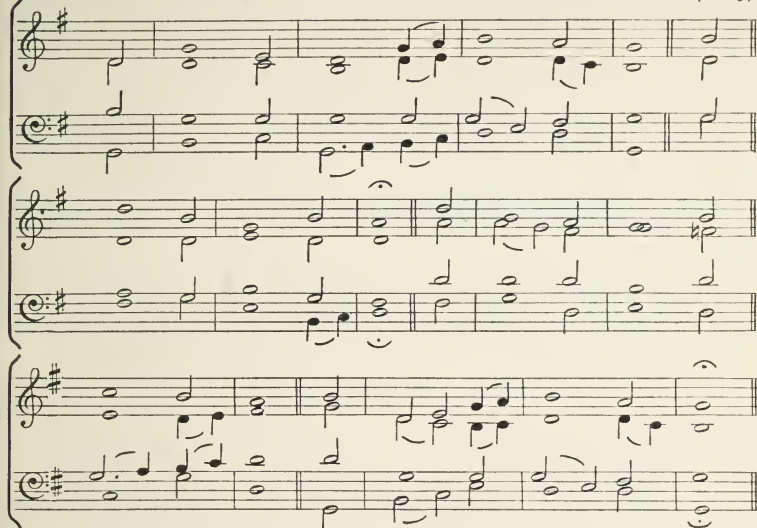
G. ROBSON.

O CHRIST, Thy love to all the world
 Is Thine eternal cross;
 From everlasting Thou hast borne
 The sorrow of our loss;
 And on the Tree Thy sacrifice
 Hath shown Thy love the life
 That, bearing sin unto the death,
 Hath triumphed in the strife.

O Christ, Thy love to all the world
 Is Thine eternal throne;
 From everlasting on Thy head
 The Father set the crown;
 And from the Tree Thy love re-
 vealed,
 Hath conquered us to Thee,
 And made obedience and Thy will
 One perfect liberty.

O Love, that died for all the world
 Teach us Thy sympathies,
 That we, in love for all, may learn
 The joy of sacrifice.
 O Love, that reigns for all the world,
 Fulfil Thy victory,
 Till all are subject to Thy sway,
 And blessed, O Christ, in Thee.

200 MARTYRDOM. C. M. SMITH'S *Sacred Music* (1825).



P. DODDRIDGE (1702-51) and J. LEMAN.

O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy Throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Ospread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

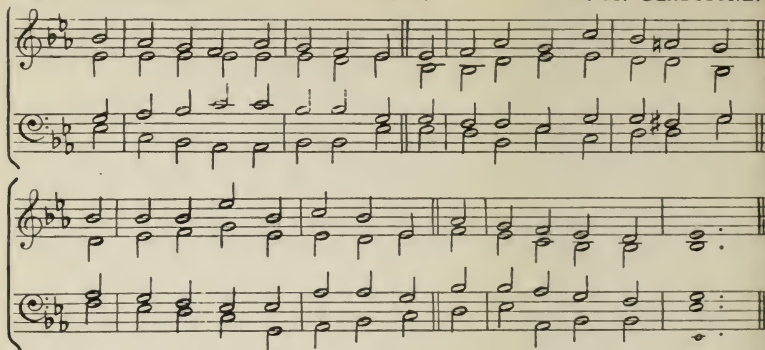
Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion evermore.

201

ERSKINE.

8. 8. 8. 6.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



By permission of the Exors. of W. H. Gladstone.

G. THRING (1823-1903).

O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

[die

And Thou, who cam'st on earth to
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath
bought, [thought
That every word and deed and
May work a work for Thee.

For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

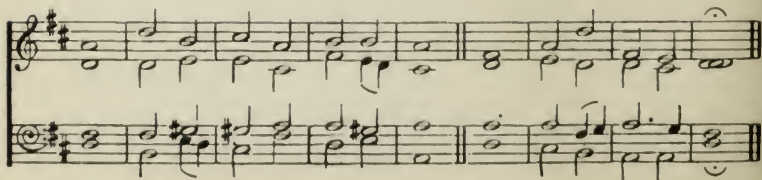
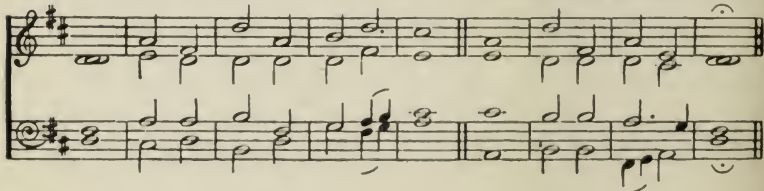
In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven
above
All those who give to Thee.

202

LONDON NEW.

C. M.

PLAYFORD'S *Psalms* (1671).

T. HUGHES (1823-96).

O GOD of truth, Whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we
Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with Thee to smite the
lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Ah ! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white !

We fight for truth ! we fight for God !
Poor slaves of lies and sin ;
He who would fight for Thee on
earth
Must first be true within.

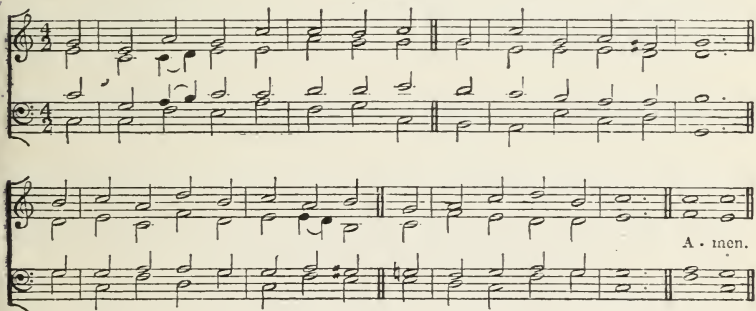
Then, God of truth, for Whom we
long—
Thou Who wilt hear our prayer—
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

203 ST. ANNE.

C. M.

W. CROFT (1678-1727).



I. WATTS (1674-1748).

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

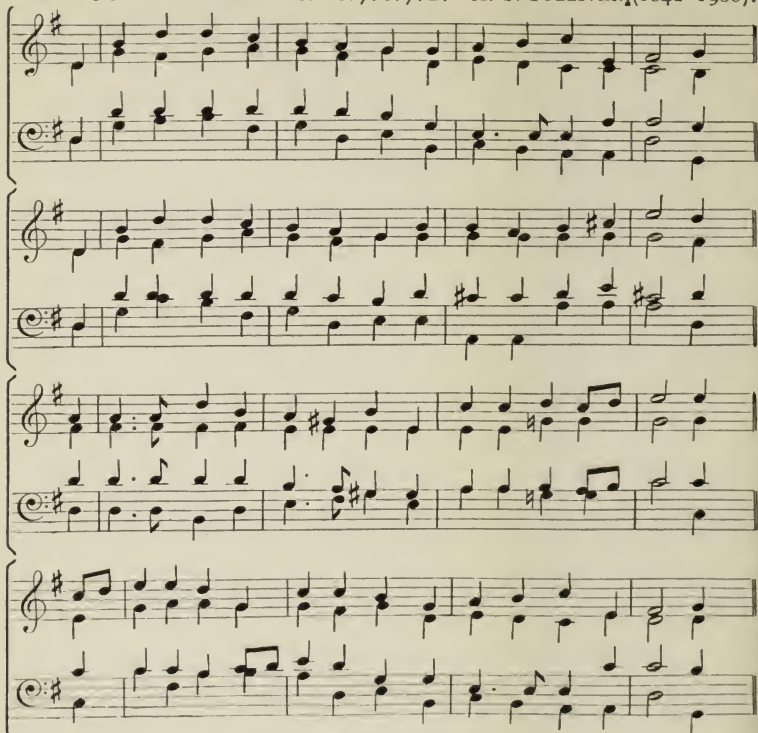
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the
night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while troubles
last,
And our eternal home !

204 GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8. 7. 8. 7. D. A. S. SULLIVAN⁷ (1842-1900).



By permission of Messrs. Novello and Co., Ltd.

This hymn may also be sung to *St. Gall*, No. 47.

J. H. ELLISON.

O LIVING God, Whose voice of old
Was heard in Sinai's thunder,
Who to the nations didst unfold
Thine Israel's tale of wonder;
While in Thy temple we rejoice
To see Thee in Thy beauty.
O make us hear Thy still small
A nation's call to duty. [voice—

In childhood's days with glowing
hearts

We listened to the story
How men of alien speech and arts
To England showed Thy glory;
They to an island dark with sin
Thy light and truth imparted,
May we to larger realms akin
Be ever larger hearted.

To many a realm by Thy decree
Our brethren forth are wending,
'Neath many a toil by land and sea
An English life is bending;
Lord, grant that they who onward
press
To tasks of Thy creation,
May onward bear through toil and
stress
The faith that made their nation.

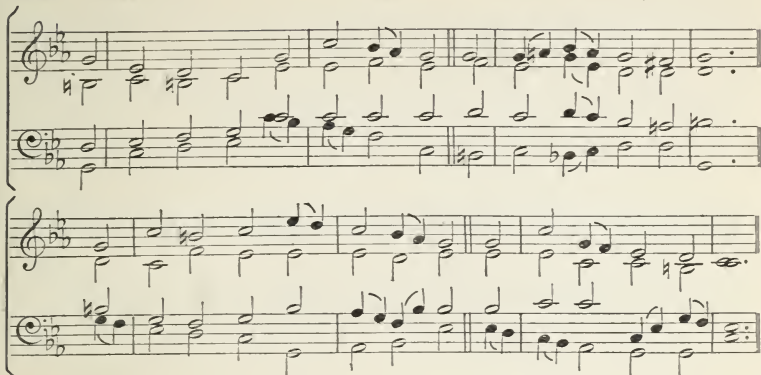
For not by preachers' word alone
Thou speakest to men benighted,
'Tis Thine each faithful task to own,
By truth and mercy lighted;
O light in us such love to Thee,
That we Thy truth confessing
May to the nations ever be
An earnest of Thy blessing.

205

BANGOR.

C. M.

W. TANS'UR (1699-1783).



J. G. WHITTIER (1807-92).

O LORD, and Master of us all,
 Whate'er our name or sign
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 We test our lives by Thine.

Thou judgest us; Thy purity
 Doth all our lusts condemn;
 The love that draws us nearer Thee
 Is hot with wrath to them;

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
 And naked to Thy glance
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of Thy pure countenance.

Yet weak and blinded though we be
 Thou dost our service own;
 We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
 And Thou rejectest none.

To Thee our full humanity,
 Its joys and pains belong;
 The wrong of man to man on Thee
 Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates Thee; who loves, becomes
 Therein to Thee allied:
 All sweet accords of hearts and homes
 In Thee are multiplied.

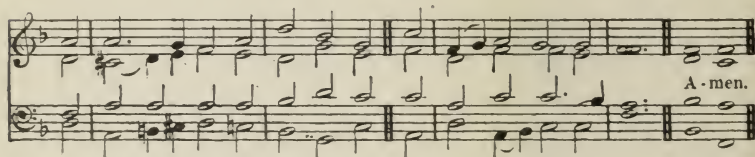
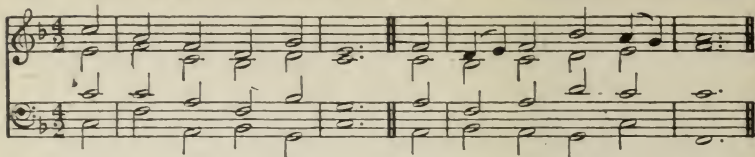
Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
 All labour vainly done.
 The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
 Is better than the sun.

206

THE DAY OF PRAISE.

S. M.

C. STEGGALL (1826-1905).



R. WARDLAW (1779-1853).

O LORD our God, arise !
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessèd reign.

Thou Holy Ghost, arise !
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

Thou Prince of life, arise !
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy
grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

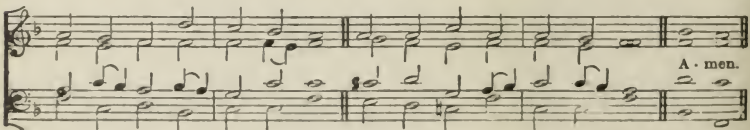
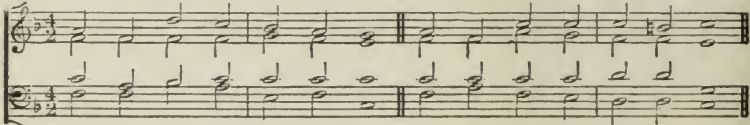
All on the earth, arise !
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to
heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

207

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

7.7.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



H. KIRKE WHITE (1785-1806),
and others.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward
go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life !

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your
need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long.
Soon shall victory wake your song.

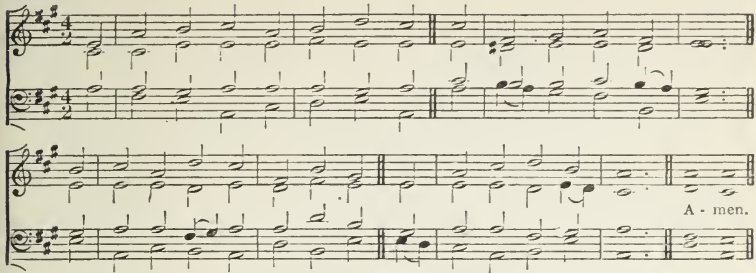
Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Holy Jesus, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be.

208 ST. JAMES.

C. M.

R. COURTEVILLE (1735).

*Scottish Psalter (1650).*

PRAY that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity: [peace
Let them that love thee and thy
Have still prosperity.

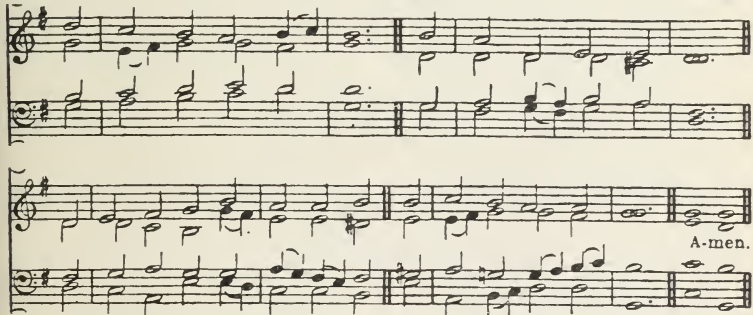
Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain.
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sake,
Peace be in thee, I'll say;
And for the house of God our Lord
I'll seek thy good away.

209 ST. ETHELWALD.

S. M.

W. H. MONK.



This hymn may also be sung to *Windermere*, No. 59.

J. WESLEY (1703-91),
from the German.

PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and
So shall thy work be done. [hope,

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure:
Though clouds and darkness hide His
The promised grace is sure. [path,

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and
storms
His power will clear thy way:
Wait thou His time, the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

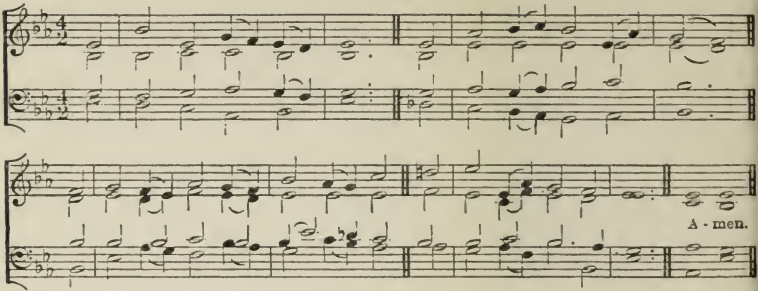
Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.

210

CARLISLE.

S. M.

C. LOCKHART (1745-1815).



A. MIDLANE (1825-1909).

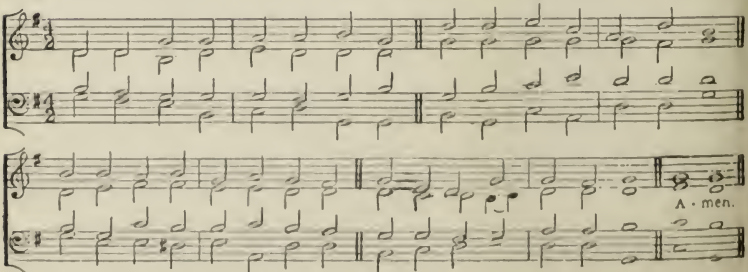
REVIVE Thy work, O Lord,
 Thy mighty arm make bare;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead
 And make Thy people hear.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Disturb this sleep of death;
 Quicken the smouldering embers now
 By Thine almighty breath.

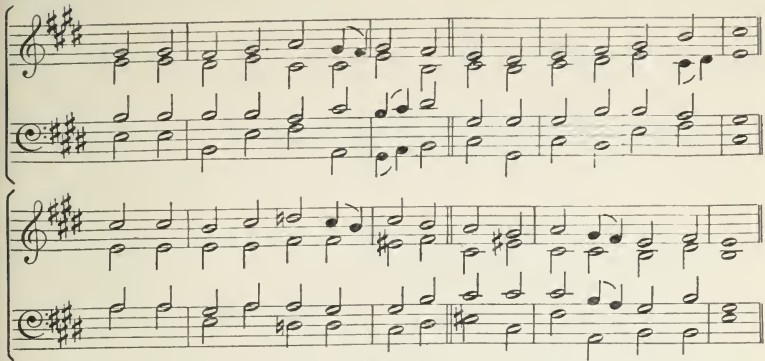
Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Exalt Thy precious Name;
 And by the Holy Ghost our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Give Pentecostal showers;
 The glory shall be all Thine own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours!

211

STUTTGART. (1ST TUNE.) 8. 7. 8. 7. *Psalmody Sacra* (1715).

211 SOULS OF MEN. (2ND TUNE.) 8.7.8.7. F. CAREY.



By permission of Mrs. Florence Carey.

F. W. FABER (1814-63)

SOULS of men, why will ye
scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

*It is God; His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's
sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's
failings
Have such kindly judgment given

*There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

*There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's
mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

*But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
And O! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more
bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

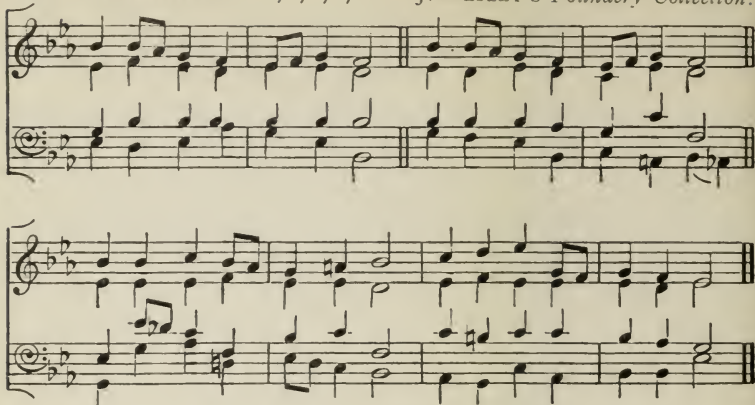
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His
word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

* May be omitted.

212

SAVANNAH.

7.7.7.7.

J. WESLEY'S *Foundry Collection*.

C. WINKWORTH (1829-78),
from the German.

SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty
word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still,
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove
By His holy sacrifice
All the guilt that on us lies.

Tell them of the Spirit given
Now to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo ! for thee the nations long;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

Up ! the ripening fields ye see,
Mighty shall the harvest be;
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.

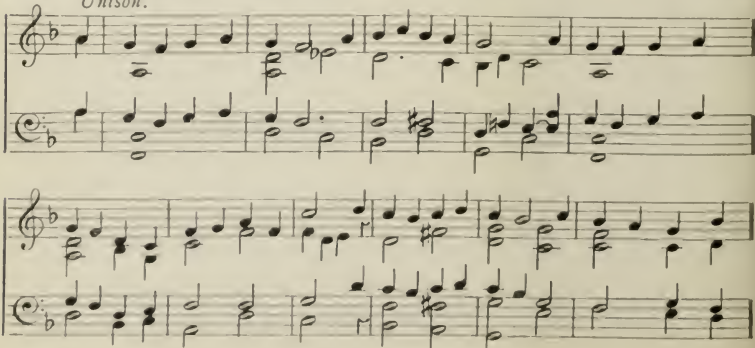
Lord of harvest, let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee,
Till the nations, far and near,
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

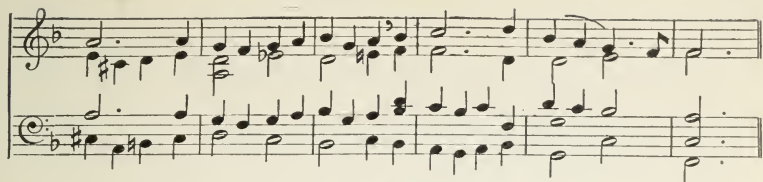
213

GRESHAM. (1ST $\bar{4}$ TUNE.)

7.6.8.6. D.

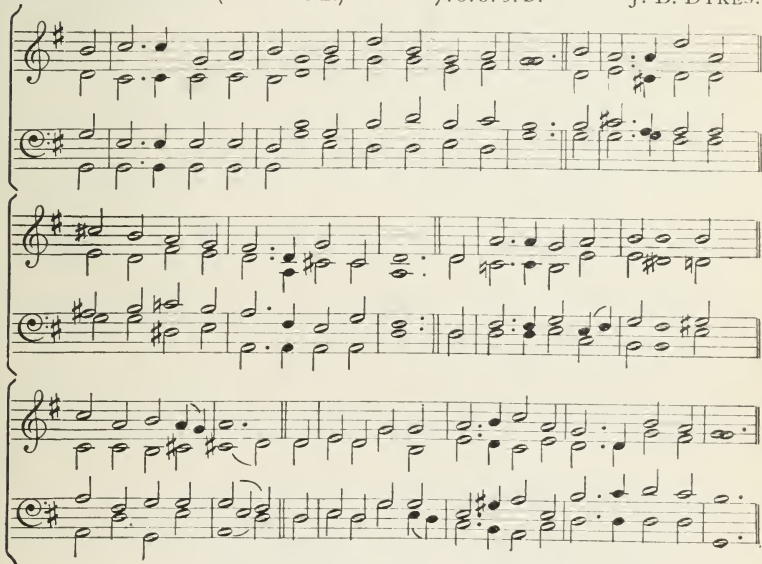
G. SHAW.

Unison.



By permission of Mr. Geoffrey Shaw.

213 ALFORD. (2ND TUNE.) 7.6.8.6.D. J. B. DYKES.



By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

H. ALFORD (1810-71).

TEN thousand times ten thousand,

In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
Throng up the steepes of light;
'Tis finished! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

O! then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

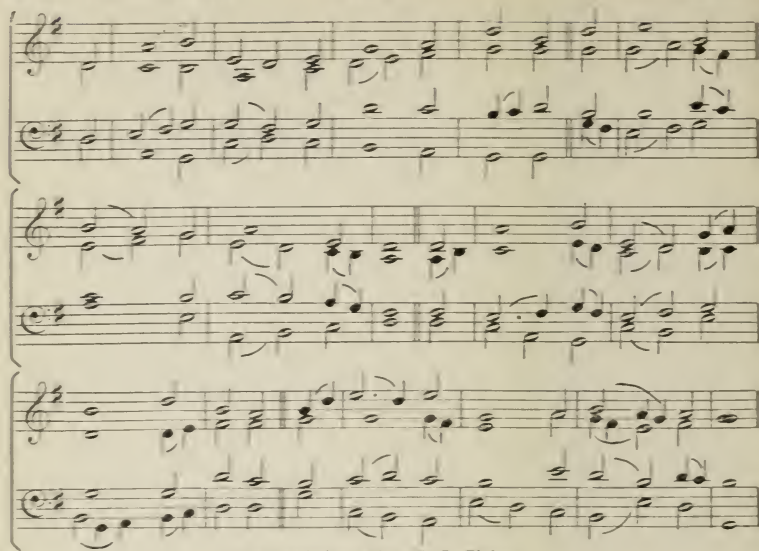
Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations;
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised
sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

214

ARDGOWAN.

9. 8. 9. 8.

K. G. FINLAY.



By permission of Mr. K G Finlay.

*J. ELLERTON (1826-93).

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is
ended

The darkness falls at Thy be-
hest; [ascended,

To Thee our morning hymns
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church
unsleeping [light,

While earth rolls onward into
Through all the world her watch is
keeping

And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise
away

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western
sky,

And hour by hour fresh lips are
making

Thy wondrous doings heard on
high.

So be it, Lord! Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

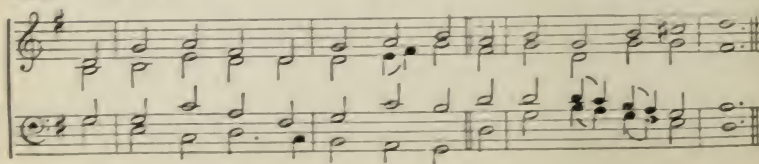
* By permission of the Oxford University Press.

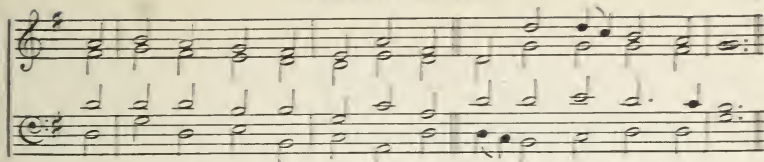
215

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

J. CLARKE (1669-1707).





T. KELLY (1769-1854)

THE Head that once was crowned
with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

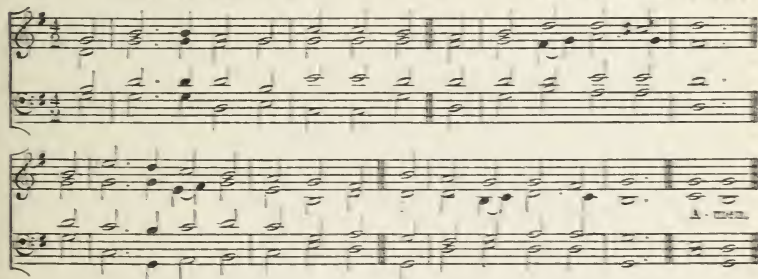
The Joy of all who dwell above
The Joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

To them the Cross, with all its shame
With all its grace, is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's
wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

216 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M. ESTE'S Psalter (1592).



J. MORISON (1749-08)

THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness
The gathering nations come;
They joy as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

For Thou their burden dost remove
And break the tyrant's rod,
As in the day when Midian fell
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a Child is born
To us a Son is given,
And on His shoulder ever rests
All power in earth and heaven.

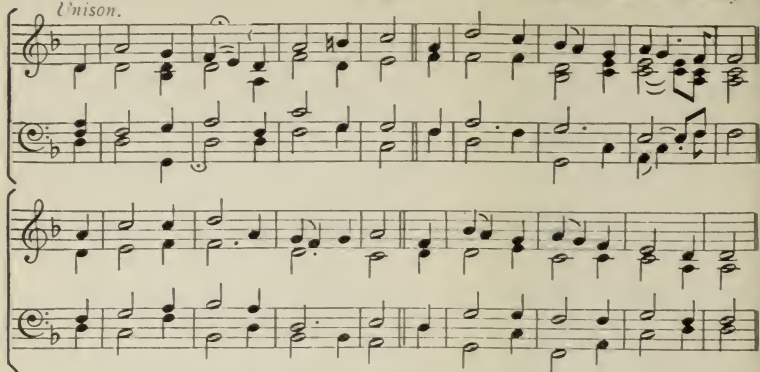
His Name shall be the Prince of
peace,
The everlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,
And make us Thine alone
Who with the Father ever art
And Holy Spirit One.

217 REX GLORIOSE.

L. M.

*French Church Melody.**Unison.*

H. TWELLS (1823-1900).

THE voice says, Cry! What
shall we cry? [flower
"All flesh is grass, and like the
its glories droop, its pleasures die,
Its joys but last one fleeting hour."

The voice says, Cry! O piteous
cry! [save?
And are there none to help and
Have all that live beneath the sky
No other prospect but a grave?

The voice says, Cry! Yet glorious
cry!
The word of God can never fall,
And tells how Jesus, throned on high
Holds out eternal life to all.

The voice says, Cry! Who needs
the cry? [not?
O brother men! who needs it

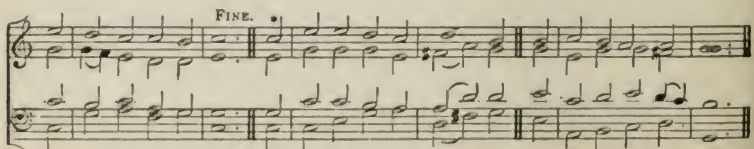
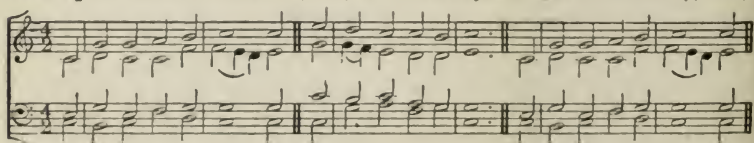
By countless millions, far and nigh,
'Tis still unheard, despised, forgot

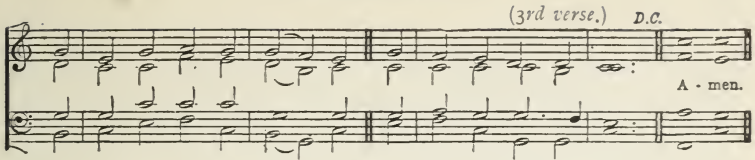
The voice says, Cry! What stops
the cry? [ease,
Our greed of wealth, our love of
Our lack of earnest will to try
Mankind to save, and God to
please.

The voice says, Cry! O let us cry!
Though standing on death's awful
brink, [buy,
Men feast, they jest, they sell, they
And cannot see, and will not
think.

The voice says, Cry! Lord, we
would cry,
But of Thy goodness teach us how;
For fast the hours of mercy fly,
And, if we cry, it must be now!

218 [ST. THEODULPH. 7.6.7.6. D. with refrain. [M. TESCHNER (1615).





CATHERINE H. JOHNSON (1889).

THE whole wide world for Jesus!

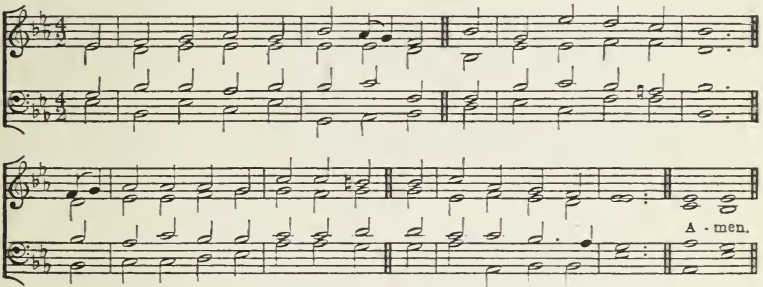
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Be this our battle-cry,
The lifted Cross our banner,
A sign to conquer by!

The whole wide world for Jesus!—
From out the Golden Gate,
Through all Pacific's sunny Isles
To China's princely state;

From India's vales and mountains,
Through Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina,
And Afric's desert gloom.

The whole wide world for Jesus,
Through all its fragrant zones!
Ring out again the watchword
In loftiest, gladdest tones.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
We'll wing the song with prayer,
And link the prayer with labour,
Till Christ His crown shall wear.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.

219 HORSLEY. C. M. W. HORSLEY (1774-1858).



C. F. ALEXANDER (1823-95).

THERE is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

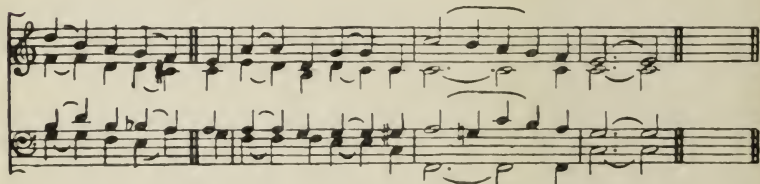
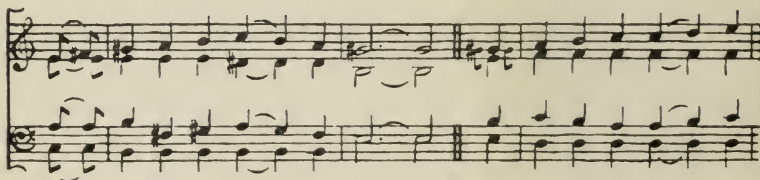
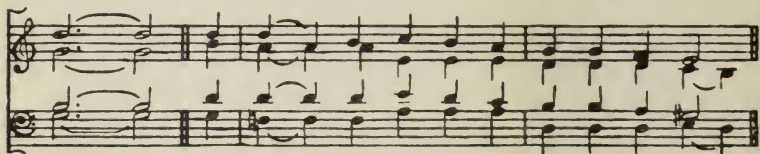
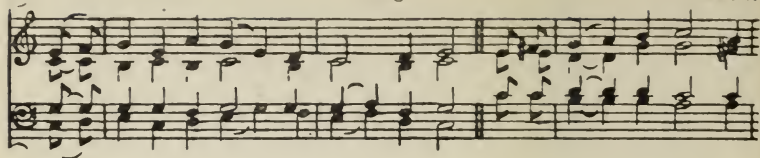
O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

220

RUTLEY.

Irreg.

H. GRACE.



E. C. CLEPHANE (1830-69).

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away
 Far off from the gates of gold;
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
 Are they not enough for Thee?"
 But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
 Has wandered away from Me;
 And although the road be rough and steep,
 I go to the desert to find My sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
 Ere he found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

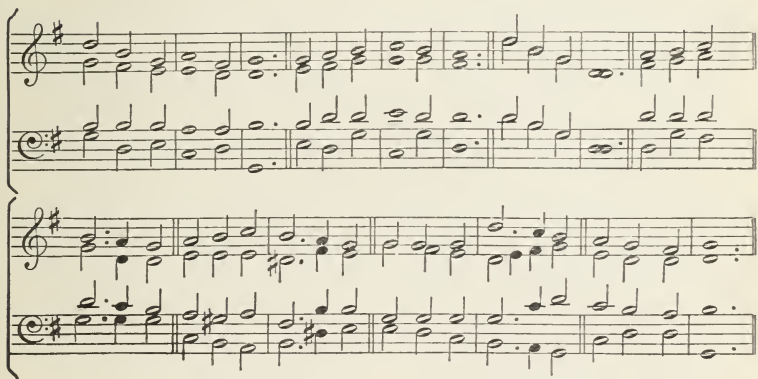
And all through the mountains thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep."
And the Angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

221

MOSCOW.

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

F. GIARDINI (1716-96)



J. MARRIOTT (1780-1825).

THOU, Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight:
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy light;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Thou Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now, to all mankind
Let there be light!

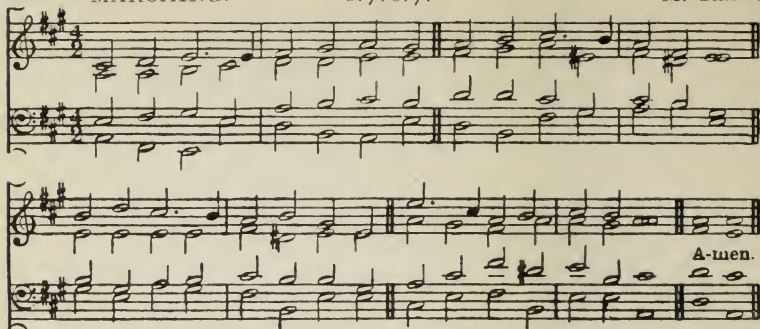
Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

222

MARCHING.

8. 7. 8. 7.

M. SHAW.



By permission of Messrs. Curwen and Sons, Ltd.

S. BARING-GOULD (b. 1834-),
from the Danish.

THROUGH the night of doubt
 and sorrow

Onward goes the pilgrim band,
 Singing songs of expectation,
 Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
 Gleams and burns the guiding light;
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,
 Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own Presence
 O'er His ransomed people shed,
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,
 Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
 One the faith which never tires,
 One the earnest looking forward,
 One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain that lips of thou-
 sands

Lift as from the heart of one;
 One the conflict, one the peril,
 One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
 On the far eternal shore,
 Where the one Almighty Father
 Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers.
 Onward with the Cross our aid;
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
 Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
 Soon the rending of the tomb;
 Then the scattering of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom.

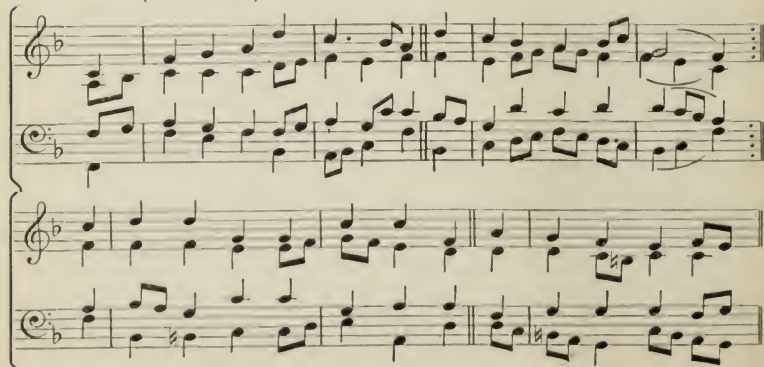
223

WAS GOTTHUT.

8.6.8.6.4.4.8.8.

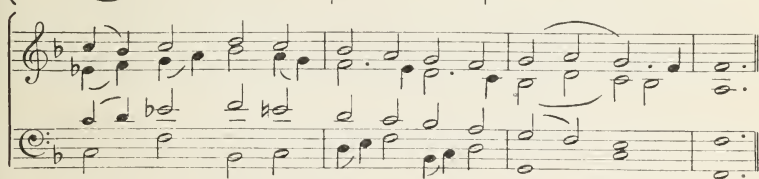
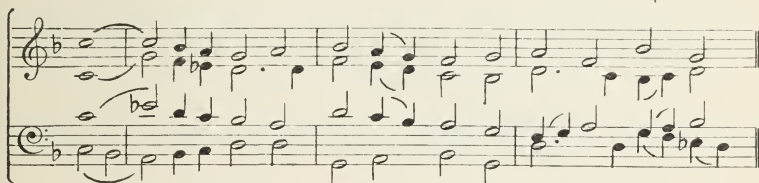
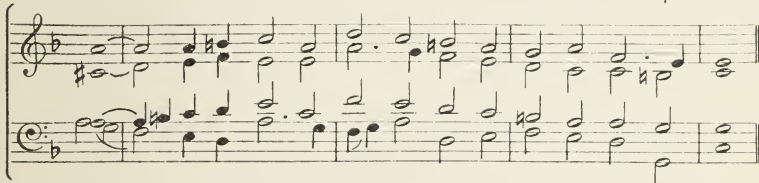
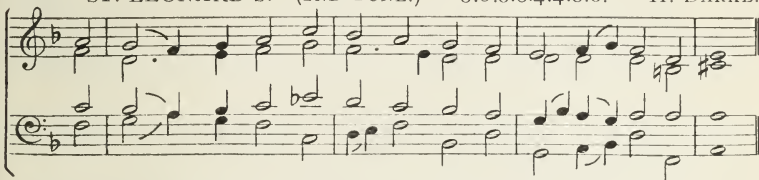
Nuremberg Gesangbuch.

(1ST TUNE.)





223 ST. LEONARD'S. (2ND TUNE.) 8.6.8.6.4.4.8.8. H. DARKE.



ANON., *from the German.*

THY word, O Lord, like gentle
dews,

Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, may Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of Thine.

Watered from Thee

Let every tree

Bud forth and blossom to Thy praise,
And bear much fruit in after days.

Thy word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy word.
And pierceth flesh and bone.

O send it forth

O'er all the earth,

To shatter all the might of sin,
The darkened heart to cleanse and
win.

Thy word a wondrous guiding star
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads to their Lord who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.

Let not its light

E'er sink in night

But still in every spirit shine
That none may miss Thy light
divine.

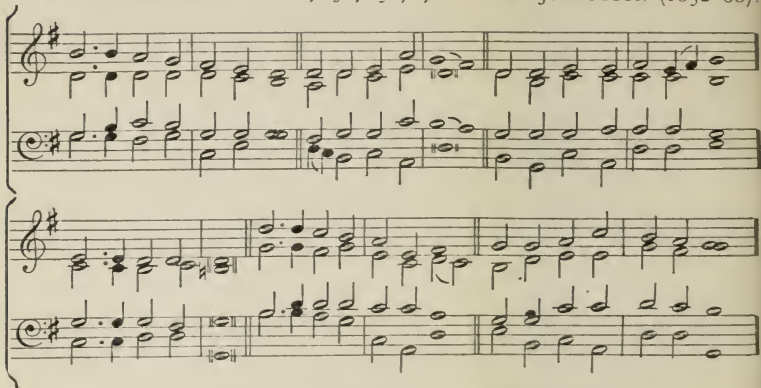
HYMN FOR A MISSIONARY EXHIBITION.

224

ETERNITY.

7. 5. 7. 5. 7. 7.

L. J. HUTTON (1832-88).



By permission of the Executors of Mrs. Borradaile.

SARAH G. STOCK (1838-98).

TREASURES we have gathered here,
 Brought from lands afar,
 Where Christ's servants follow Him
 To the holy war,
 From the grasp of death and sin
 His inheritance to win.

Tokens of the strife they wage
 Daily for their Lord;
 Tokens of the triumphs won
 By His holy word;
 Tokens of His blessings given,
 Captives freed and fetters riven.

Lord, wilt Thou our treasures use?
 Use them now to wake
 Souls from sleep of self and sloth;
 And for Jesus' sake
 Bid us face the world's great needs,
 Follow where our Captain leads.

In the battlefield with Him
 May we take our part,
 Consecrating to His Name
 Mind and strength and heart;
 Conqueror He will surely be:
 May we share His victory!

225

RANGOON.

Irreg.

C. WOOD.

ORG.

By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

A. BROOKS.

TRUMPET of God, sound high;
 Till the hearts of the heathen
 shake,
 And the souls that in slumber lie
 At the voice of the Lord awake.
 Till the fenced cities fall
 At the blast of the Gospel call,
 Trumpet of God, sound high !

Hosts of the Lord, go forth;
 Go, strong in the power of His
 rest,
 Till the South be at one with the
 North,

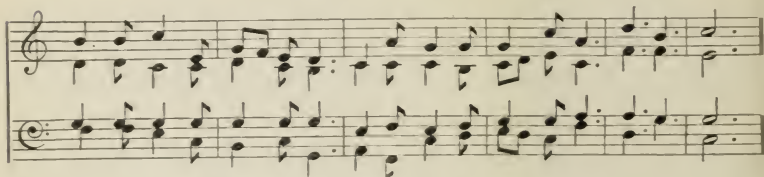
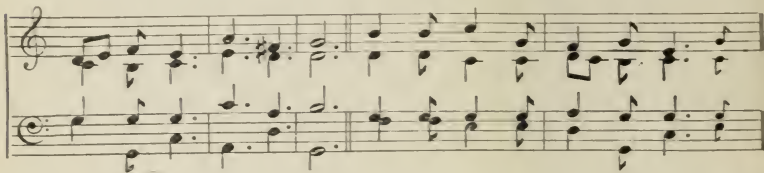
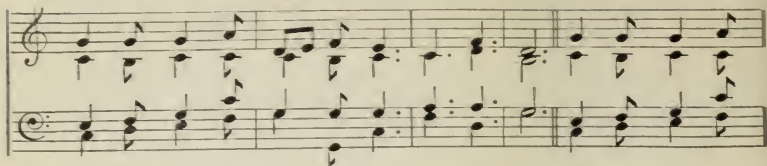
And peace upon East and West;
 Till the far-off lands shall thrill
 With the gladness of God's
 Goodwill.
 Hosts of the Lord go forth !

Come, as of old, like fire;
 O Force of the Lord, descend,
 Till with love of the world's Desire
 Earth burn to its utmost end;
 Till the ransomed people sing
 To the glory of Christ the
 King,
 Come, as of old, like fire !

226 LIMPSFIELD.

7. 3. 7. 3. 7. 7. 7. 3.

J. BOOTH.



By permission of the Trustees of "The Church Hymnary."

PRISCILLA J. OWENS (b. 1829).

WE have heard a joyful sound
 "Jesus saves!"
 Spread the gladness all around:
 "Jesus saves!"
 Bear the news to every land,
 Climb the steeps and cross the
 waves;
 Onward! 'tis our Lord's command:
 Jesus saves!

Waft it on the rolling tide:
 "Jesus saves!"
 Tell to sinners far and wide,
 "Jesus saves!"
 Sing, ye islands of the sea,
 Echo back, ye ocean caves;
 Earth shall keep her jubilee:
 Jesus saves!

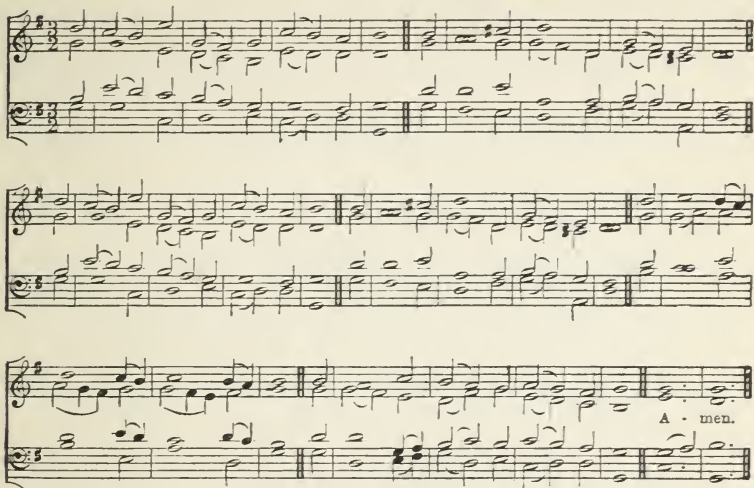
Sing above the battle's strife,
 "Jesus saves!"
 By His death and endless life
 Jesus saves!
 Sing it softly through the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy
 craves;
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
 "Jesus saves!"

Give the winds a mighty voice,
 "Jesus saves!"
 Let the nations now rejoice.
 "Jesus saves!"
 Shout salvation full and free
 To every strand that ocean laves,
 This our song of victory,
 "Jesus saves!"

227 SURREY.

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

{H. CAREY (1692-1743).



T. B. POLLOCK (1836-96).

WE have not known Thee as
we ought,
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace
and power;
The things of earth have filled our
thought,
And trifles of the passing hour.
Lord, give us light Thy truth
to see,
And make us wise in knowing
Thee.

We have not feared Thee as we
ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful
eye.
Nor guarded deed and word and
thought,
Remembering that God was nigh.
Lord, give us faith to know
Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

We have not loved Thee as we
ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by
Thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to
see.
Lord, give a pure and loving
heart
To feel and own the love Thou
art.

We have not served Thee as we
ought,
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervour
wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won.
Lord, give the zeal and give
the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to
fight.

When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear and love and serve aright!
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light!
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

228

NEVILLE.

Irreg.

J. S. SCOTT.

1st and last verses in unison.

COLIN STERN.

WE'VE a story to tell to the
nations

That shall turn their hearts to the
right,

A story of truth and sweetness,

A story of peace and light.

For the darkness shall turn to
dawning,

And the dawning to noon-day
bright,

And Christ's great kingdom
shall come on earth,

The kingdom of love and light.

We've a song to be sung to the
nations,

That shall lift their hearts to the
Lord;

A song that shall conquer evil,
And shatter the spear and sword
For the darkness, etc.

We've a message to give to the
nations,

That the Lord Who reigneth
above

Hath sent us His Son to save us,
And show us that God is love.

For the darkness, etc.

We've a Saviour to show to the nations,

Who the path of sorrow has trod,

That all of the world's great peoples

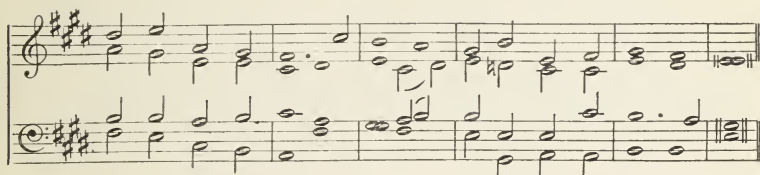
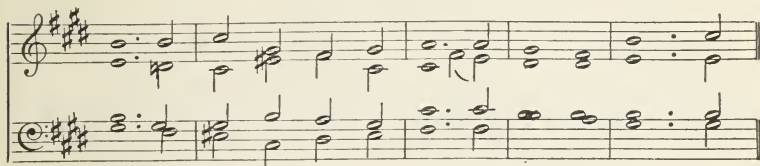
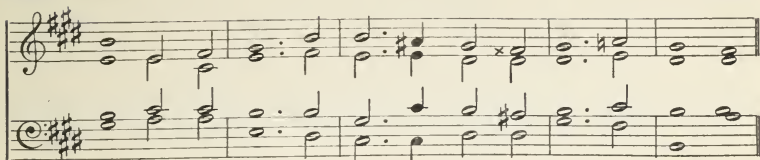
Might come to the truth of God.

For the darkness, etc.

229 WHAT DO I OWE ?

4. 6. 4. 6. D.

C. POWELL.



JOHN OXENHAM.

WHAT do I owe?
 Nay, Lord,—what do I not?
 All that I am—
 And all that I have got;
 All that I am,
 And that how small a thing,
 Compared with all
 Thy goodly fostering.

What do I owe
 'To all the world around?
 To set Thee first
 That grace may more abound;
 To set Thee first,
 To hold Thee all in all,
 And, come what may,
 To follow Thy high call.

What do I owe
 To those who follow on?
 To build more sure
 The freedom we have won;
 To build more sure
 The kingdoms of Thy grace,
 Kingdoms secure
 In truth and righteousness.

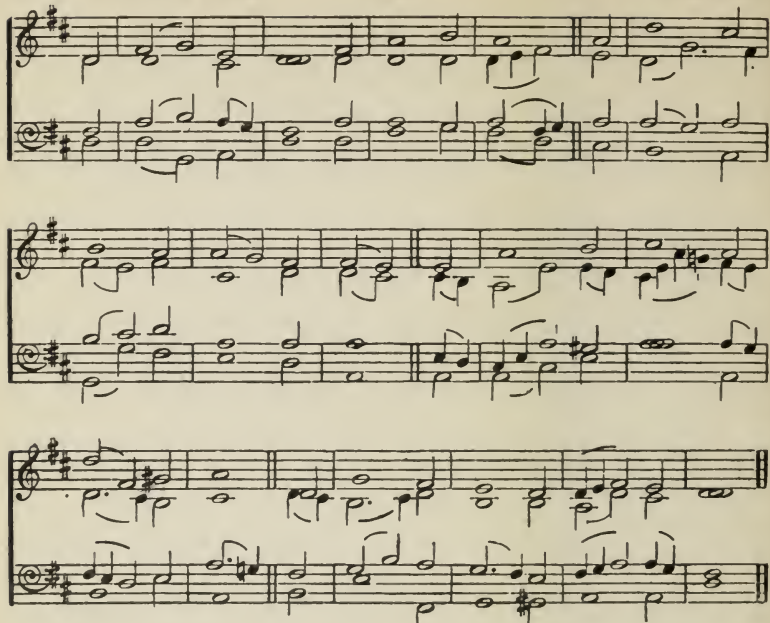
What do I owe
 To Christ, my Lord, my King?
 That all my life
 Be one sweet offering;
 That all my life
 To noblest heights aspire,
 That all I do
 Be touched with holy fire.

230

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

E. MILLER.



I. WATTS (1674-1748).

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
 On which the Prince of glory died
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the Cross of Christ my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

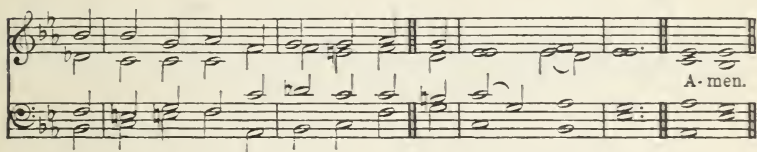
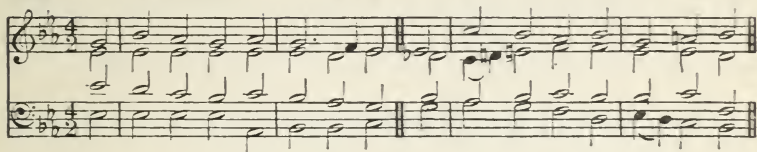
See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were an offering far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
 By bitter grief and anguish sore,
 Be praise from all the ransomed race
 For ever and for evermore.

V.—LITANIES.

231 ST. GABRIEL. S. S. S. 4. F. A. GORE OUSELEY (1825-89).



C. WORDSWORTH (1807-85).

FATHER of all, from land and
 sea
 The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are
 we,
 Countless in number, but in Thee
 May we be one."

O Son of God, Whose love so free
 For men did make Thee Man to be,
 United to our God in Thee,
 May we be one.

Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
 Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
 Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
 Making them one.

In Thee we are God's Israel,
 Thou art the world's Emmanuel.
 In Thee the saints for ever dwell,
 Millions, but one.

Thou art the fountain of all good,
 Cleansing with Thy most precious
 blood.
 And feeding us with Angels' Food,
 Making us one.

Join high and low, join young and
 old
 In love that never waxes cold;
 Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
 Make us all one.

O Spirit Blest, Who from above
 Camest gently gliding like a dove,
 Calm all our strife, give faith and
 love;

O make us one.

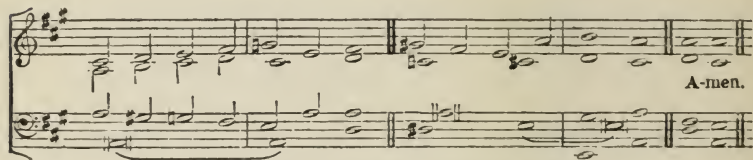
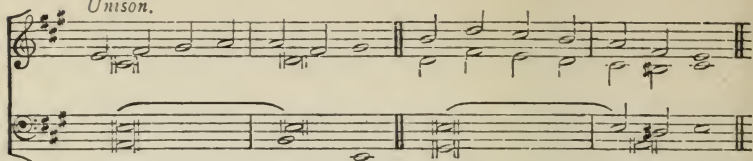
O Trinity in Unity.
 One only God, in Persons Three,
 Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
 May we be one.

So, when the world shall pass away,
 May we awake with joy and say.
 "Now in the bliss of endless day
 We all are one."

232 LITANY.

7.7.7.6.

F. A. J. HERVEY (1846-1910)

Unison.

A-men.

By permission of the Proprietors of Hymns A. & M.

W. J. L. SHEPPARD.

FATHER, Who didst give Thy
Son

For a world by sin undone,
Sparing not Thine only One;

We beseech Thee, hear us.

Saviour, Who didst undergo
Shame and pain and death, that so
All the world Thy life might know;

Holy Spirit far and wide,
Drawing to the Crucified
Souls for whom the Saviour died,

Wake Thy Church from selfish sleep,
Teach her Christ's commands to keep,
Bid her launch into the deep;

Teach her thus her love to show,
And to every nation go,
That the world her Lord may know;

Those who yet to idols kneel,
Who to senseless ears appeal,
Grant their sin and need to feel;

Those, who still are seeking light,
Struggling through the lessening
night,
Bring to clearer, fuller sight;

Those who, 'mid their heathen race,
Have come forth to seek Thy face,
Strengthen with Thy heavenly grace;

Where the waving harvests stand,
Whitening fields on every hand,
Send, O Lord, Thy reaper-band;

Prosper Thou their work, O Lord,
Save from peril, fire, or sword,
Be to them their great Reward;

If our loved ones Thou shouldst call,
Let not self our souls enthrall,
Make us glad to yield Thee all;

Teach us all our prayers to raise,
Claiming blessing all our days,
Lifting still our song of praise;

Teach us all our gifts to bring
For the service of our King,
Till the earth His praise shall sing;

Teach us all ourselves to lay
At Thy feet, to serve, obey
As Thou wilt, to go or stay;

Grant us faith that aye prevails,
Grant us hope no fear assails,
Grant us love that never fails;

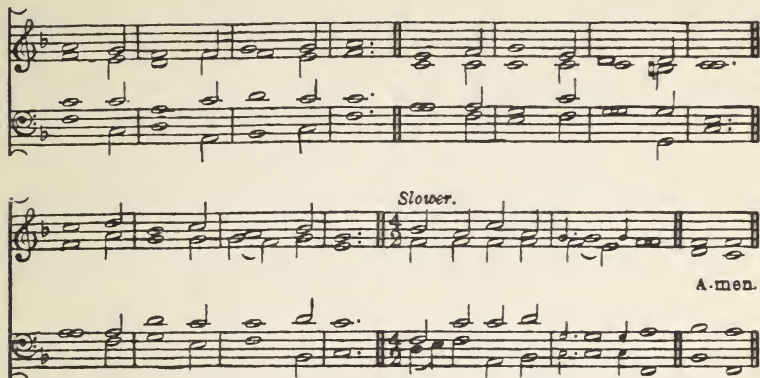
So that, with the host untold
Of earth's nations manifold,
Palms of triumph we may hold;

Stand with them before the Throne,
All Thy great salvation own,
Praising Thee, and Thee alone;

233

HELPER MEINER ARMEN
SEELE.

7.7.7.6.

SCHEFFLER's *Heilige*
Seelenlust.

T. B. POLLOCK (1836-96).

GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One.
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne:
Spare us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure:

Be Thou with her all the days:
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise:

May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:

All her ruined works repair,
Build again Thy temple fair,
Manifest Thy presence there:

All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace:

May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:

May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:

Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and
bold.
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold:

May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where they call, to lead:

Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:

For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:

Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy herald's warning cry:

May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen
night:

May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:

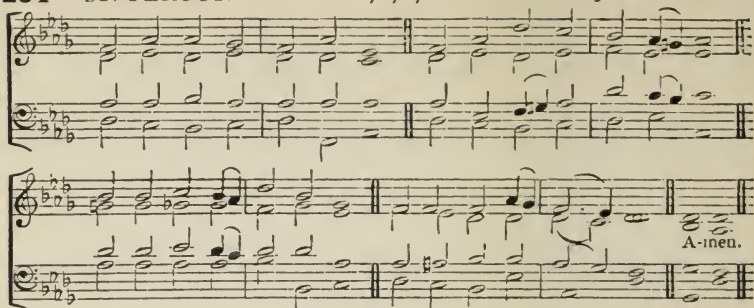
Arm her soldiers with the Cross:
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross:

May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:

234 ST. FERGUS.

7.7.7.6.

J. W. ELLIOTT.



By permission of Novello and Co., Ltd.

ANON.

HEAVENLY Father let Thy light
Break upon our blinded sight,
Chase away the shades of night,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

To the nations gone astray,
Thine eternal love display,
Send Thy truth, direct Thy way,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sow the seed, Thy word revealed,
In the earth's wide harvest field,
That the increase it may yield,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Jesus, Who didst suffer pain,
To release from error's chain,
Man's lost Paradise to gain,
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

Let Thy ministers proclaim
Far and wide Thy saving Name,
With Thy love all hearts inflame,
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

Seek for those who careless roam,
Bring the wanderers safely home,
May Thy glorious Kingdom come,
Jesu, Saviour, hear us.

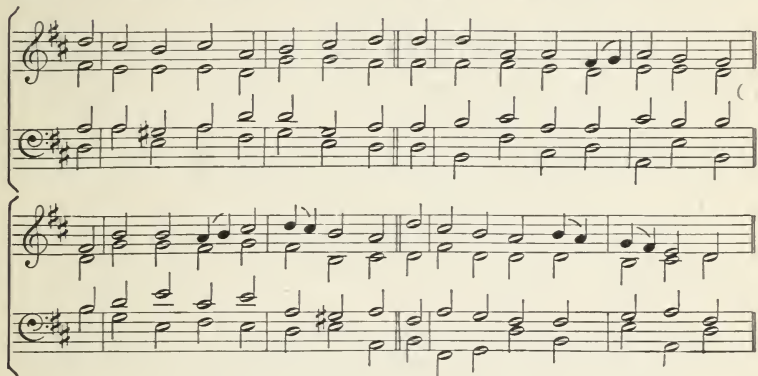
Blessèd Spirit, heavenly Lord,
Speak with power the saving word,
How the lost may be restored,
Blessèd Spirit, hear us.

Come and breathe new life within,
Rescue souls from death and sin,
Teach the careless heaven to win,
Blessèd Spirit, hear us.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Loving those who need Thee most,
Raise the fallen, save the lost,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

VI.—HYMNS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

235 VOM HIMMEL HOCH. L. M. M. LUTHER (1483-1546).

*From the Marathi*

ARISE, arise my soul and praise
 Give to the Lord of nights and days.
 Forth on the path of life once more,
 And God, the glorious, adore.

The thought of Him made glad the night;
 His service gave the day delight.
 Both have we at His footstool spent,
 In His best fellowship content.

Whate'er within the future lies
 Bring thou to Christ a sacrifice,
 Establishing a faith complete,
 O soul of mine, at Jesus' feet.

Search thou the world from end to end—
 Where is there such another friend?
 He leads thee on with loving care;
 Ah, follow thou Him everywhere.

His task to save, to take thy part,
 To teach thee, heal thy wounded heart;
 To thy spent soul new life to bring,
 To call thee back from wandering.

A PRAYER FOR INDIA.

236

PROMPTO GENTES ANIMO.
(1ST TUNE.)

8.8.7.D.

*Rouen Church
Melody.**Unison.*

Lord, de - liv - er Ind - ia.

Lord, de - liv - er Ind - ia. A - - men.

236

GRAFTON. (2ND TUNE.)

8.8.8.8.7.

H. DARKE.

J. E. H.

FROM evil man and evil brute,
 From fear and hatred's bitter
 fruit, [slay
 From death that lurketh swift to
 In each small chance of every day,
 Lord, deliver India.

From famine, pestilence, and
 drought, [out,
 From strife within, contempt with-
 From misery and black despair,
 The hopeless shame the outcastes
 bear,
 Lord, deliver India.

From ignorance and murky night,
 From dread of change and fear of
 light,
 From cruel greed that grinds the
 poor, [cure,
 From childhood's woe that knows no
 Lord, deliver India.

From dark oppression, tyrants' heel,
 From racial hate, fanatics' zeal,
 From hate that e'er at greatness
 girds, [words,
 From fools who flood the land with
 Lord, deliver India.

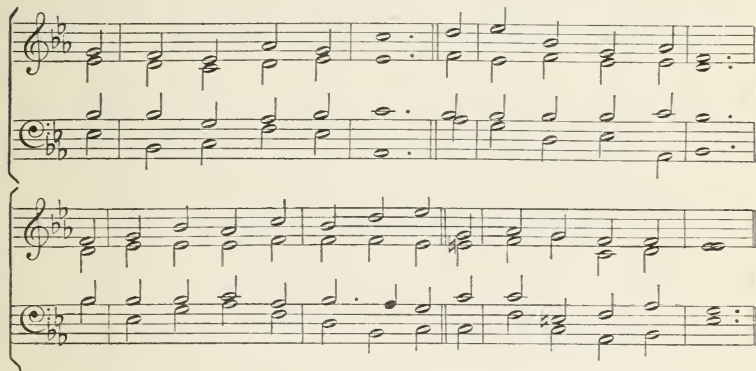
From greed of gold and lust of power,
 From craven fears in freedom's hour,
 From every man of every race,
 Who gives his own good foremost place,
 Lord, deliver India.

237

EGHAM.

S. M.

W. TURNER (1651-1740).

S. J. WALLIS, *from the Xosa.*

FULFIL, Lord God of Truth,
 The promise Thou hast given;
 Bring to all peoples in this land
 Salvation unto heaven.

Regard our fatherland,
 And all its sins forgive;
 Hold back Thy wrath, most Merciful,
 Let all its children live.

Before Thee may all knees
 In this our country bend;
 Until at last its varying tongues
 In praising Thee shall blend.

Forbid, Lord, that we die,
 Thou Who hast given us light;
 O Father, spare, though to Thy Truth
 We all have done despite.

Reign! reign! O Jesus, Lord,
 By Thee shall we have peace;
 Hurt and distraught the nations
 are,
 O bid our tumults cease!

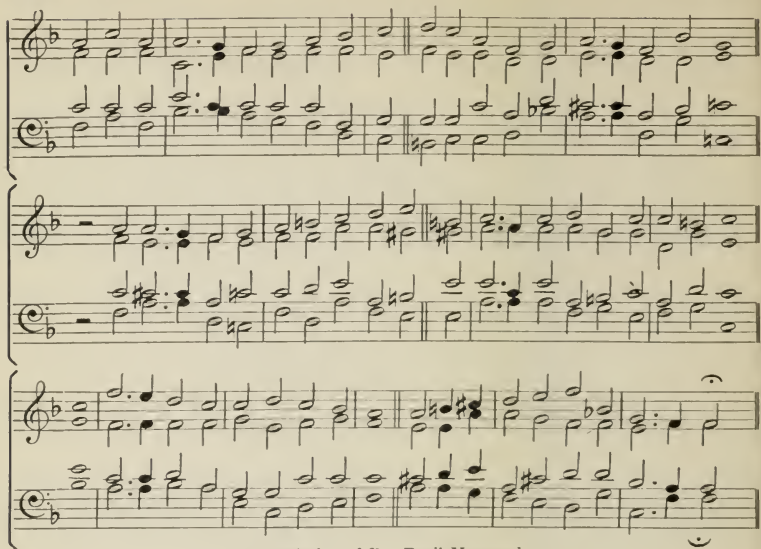
Thy Gospel in our land
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to bless;
 That, roused by Thee, we may
 pursue
 The path of righteousness.

238

AUST.

IO. IO. IO. IO. IO. IO.

B. HARWOOD.



By permission of Dr. Basil Harwood.

K. NAGATA (*written from a Leper Hospital in Japan*); trs. J. J. ERICKSON.

HE hears me pray to Him upon the deep,
 When masts are gone, and tattered sails are blown
 By winds that drive my frail boat out to sea;
 He hears, and sends the wind that wafts me home.
 No grief that comes shall bring despair to me,
 Gaining in all things more than victory.

He hears me pray to Him when I am lost
 Amid wild mountains, and no path can see.
 He saves me from the beasts and from the night,
 And gives the comfort of His strength to me.
 No grief that comes, etc.

He hears me pray to Him when my tired feet
 Are toiling o'er the desert's burning sand:
 Through His own Blood revives my thirsting soul,
 And to green pastures leads me by the hand.
 No grief that comes, etc.

The limits of the earth are wide and vast,
 And vaster still its shining dome of blue;
 Yet through this space I always hear His voice,
 "O little one." He says, "I died for you."
 No grief that comes, etc.

My Lord in me has found a dwelling place,
 And I in Him, O glorious crown to gain
 To be His temple! Gladly I will face
 In His great strength all bitterness and pain.
 No grief that comes, etc.

239

PALESTINE.

8.6.8.8.4.6.5.5.9.

C. POWELL.



By permission of the Rev. C. Powell.

H. A. W. (*Allahabad*).

I. THE MANGER.

MY head has bowed at
Bethlehem,
At Bethlehem so bright;
I heard the Angels in the sky.
I saw the wise men drawing nigh,
Their guiding light
The wondrous star on high.
Oh, the songs they sing,
And the gifts they bring,
Whose hearts have cradled the
new-born King!

II. THE CROSS.

Mine eyes have wept on Calvary,
On Calvary so dear:
I saw the Saviour crucified,
My sins the Cross on which He
died,

My grief the spear
They pressed into His side.
Oh, the guilt and shame,
And the scourging blame,
Of those whose lips have disowned
His Name!

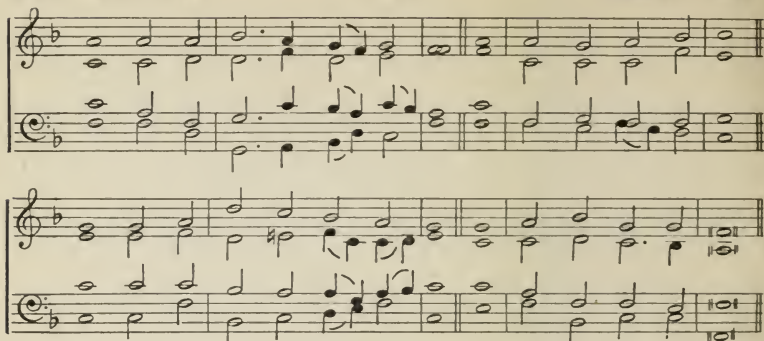
III. THE CROWN.

My heart has burned in Galilee,
In Galilee the blest;
I heard the voice I knew of yore,
I saw the matchless eyes once
more,
With love possessed,
That thrilled me as before.
Oh, the peace they win,
And the rest from sin,
Whose Lord is risen and reigns
within!

240

WIGTON.

C. M.

Scottish Psalter.

From the Tamil of NARAYAN VAMAN TILAK.

ONE who is all unfit to count
 As scholar in Thy school,
 Thou of Thy love has named a friend—
 O kindness wonderful !

So weak am I, O gracious Lord,
 So all unworthy Thee,
 That e'en the dust upon Thy feet
 Outweighs me utterly.

Thou dwellest in unshadowed light,
 All sin and shame above—
 That Thou shouldst bear our sin and shame,
 How can I tell such love ?

Ah, did not He the heavenly throne
 A little thing esteem,
 And not unworthy for my sake
 A mortal body deem ?

When in His flesh they drove the nails,
 Did He not all endure ?
 What name is there to fit a life
 So patient and so pure ?

So love itself in human form,
 For love of me He came,
 I cannot look upon His face
 For shame, for bitter shame.

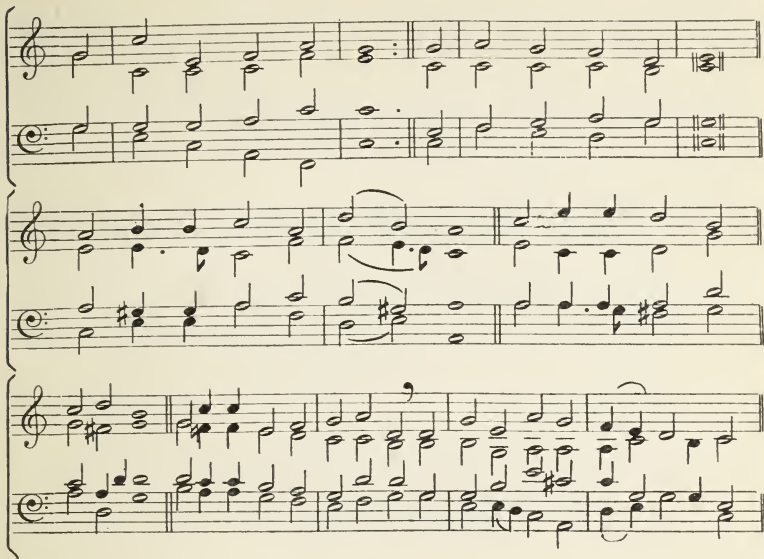
If there is aught of worth in me
 It comes from Thee alone:
 Then keep me safe, for so, O Lord,
 Thou keepest but Thine own.

241

WILLINGHAM.

6. 6. 7. 7. 7. 7.

S. WESLEY (1766-1834).

S. J. WALLIS, *from the Xosa.*

O! where am I this day,
Thus wretched, cold, forlorn,
Rags, filthy rags my raiment;
Keen pangs of hunger gnaw me;
Wholly deserted of those friends
With whom erstwhile did I rejoice.

Spurned, my inheritance—
Blest heritage of heaven!—
Abandoned, too, my Father,
Who yet with love regards me;
Left and despised that home
Where from a child I dwelt in peace.

Ah! in my Father's house
Hunger is all unknown,
Even by hired servants—
Yet here, his son, I perish!
Long time He called, and called
again,
While, all perverse, I silent stayed.

"I will arise and go,"—
Whispers my homesick heart,
Not asking back my sonship
Which I myself cast from me;
"Thy hired servant," will I say,
For love and pity are His wont.

Father, I may not dare
Even to look on Thee;
Alas! I sinned against Thee,
And in the sight of heaven:
Make me Thy servant—not Thy
son—
One of the hirelings in Thy house.

Unceasing will I toil,
Carry each day my cross,
A-hungering for Thy pardon,
Whom I, the graceless, grieved:
All filled with longing, will I serve
Thee, Thee, my own Deliverer.

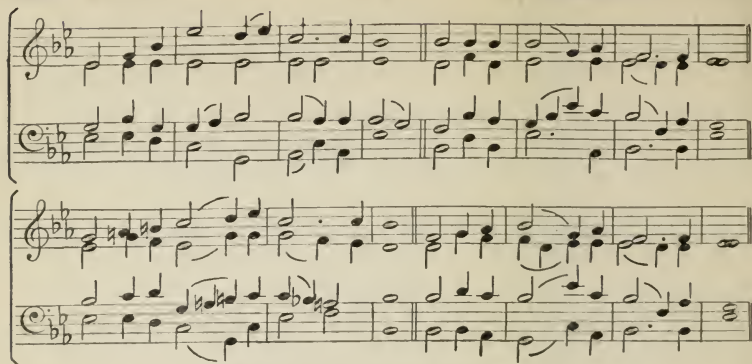
Father, when these my eyes
Fail and but dimly see,
My limbs grow cold and rigid,
And quick and short my breathing,
Take me, O take me to Thyself,
Since love and pity are Thy wont.

242

WELLS.

L. M.

S. S. WESLEY (1810-76).



By permission of the Royal College of Music.

From the Tamil of NARAYAN VAMAN TILAK.

PRAYER to a heart of lowly love
 Opens the gate of heaven above.
 Ah, prayer is God's high dwelling-place
 Wherein His children see His face.

From earth to heaven we build a stair,
 The name by which we call it prayer.
 Prayer is the gracious Father's knee;
 On it the child climbs lovingly.

Love's rain, the Spirit's holy ray,
 And tears of joy are theirs who pray.
 Prayer to a heart of lowly love
 Opens the gate of heaven above.

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O for a thousand tongues to sing	26	O God of Love. c.m.	B. R.
O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand	200	Martyrdom. c.m.	<i>Smith's Sacred Music.</i>
O God of Mercy, God of might ..	201	Erskine. 88 86.	W. H. Gladstone.
O God of truth, Whose living word	202	London New. c.m.	<i>Playford's Psalms.</i>
O God, our help in ages past ..	203	St. Anne. c.m.	W. Croft.
O Holy Ghost, Thy people bless..	27	St. Flavian. c.m.	<i>Day's Psalter.</i>
O Father, in whose great design..	110	Colchester. 88 88 88.	S. S. Wesley.
O, it is hard to work for God ..	111	Caithness. c.m.	<i>Scottish Psalter.</i>
O King of kings, before Whose throne	152	Colchester. 88 88 88.	S. S. Wesley.
O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high	124	Song 46. 10 10.	O. Gibbons.
O living God, Whose voice of old	204	Golden Sheaves. 87 87 D.	A. S. Sullivan.
O Lord and Master of us all ..	205	Bangor. c.m.	W. Tans'ur.
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea	153	St. Leonard. 88 84.	H. S. Irons.
O Lord our God, arise!	206	The Day of Praise. s.m.	C. Steggall.
O Master, when Thou callest ..	55	Pearsall. 76 76 D.	R. L. Pearsall.

<i>First Line of Hymn.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Name of Tune and Metre.</i>	<i>Composer or Source.</i>
O North, with all thy vales of green	80	O Jesu. 86 86 88.	<i>Hirschberg Gesangbuch.</i>
O quickly come, dread Judge of all	81	Vater unser. 88 88 88.	<i>Schumann's Gesangbuch.</i>
O Spirit of the living God ..	28	Winchester New. L.M.	<i>Hamburg Choralbuch.</i>
O that the Lord's salvation ..	135	Christus der ist mein Leben. 76 76.	M. Vulpus.
O Thou, through suffering perfect made	130	Wesley's Bristol. L.M.	S. Wesley.
O Thou, Who at Thy Eucharist didst pray	125	Sacramentum Unitatis. 10 10 10 10 10.	C. H. Lloyd.
O Thou, Who camest from above	29	Devonshire. L.M.	J. F. Lampe and S. S. Wesley.
O Thou, Who makest souls to shine	30	St. Lawrence. L.M.	L. G. Hayne.
O ! what can little hands do ..	175	Winterton. 76 88 6.	M. Saumarez Smith.
O ! where am I this day ..	241	Willingham. 66 77 77.	S. Wesley.
O Word of God incarnate ..	101	Gosterwood. 76 76 D.	English Traditional Melody.
O world of pride	82	Arthur. 447 887.	G. Shaw.
Oft in danger, oft in woe ..	207	University College. 77 77.	H. J. Gauntlett.
Once again, dear Lord, we pray	176	Lyne. 77 77.	<i>Magdalen Hymns.</i>
One who is all unfit to count ..	240	Wigton. C.M.	<i>Scottish Psalter.</i>
Our Lord, His Passion ended ..	31	Fortem virili pectore. 77 77 D.	1697.; harm.: F. C. Burkitt.
Part in peace	162	Palms of glory. 77 77.	W. D. MacLagan.
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	32	Praise, my soul. 87 87 447.	J. Goss.
Praise, praise ye the Name ..	33	A Virgin unspotted. 11 11 11 11.	English Traditional Carol.
Praise the Lord through every nation	34	Wachet auf ! 898 898 664 88.	P. Nicolai.
Pray that Jerusalem may have ..	208	St. James. C.M.	R. Courteville.
Prayer, to a heart of lowly love ..	242	Wells. L.M.	S. S. Wesley.
Put thou thy trust in God ..	209	St. Ethelwald. S.M.	W. H. Monk.
Rejoice, the Lord is King ..	35	Gopsal. 66 66 88.	G. F. Handel.
Rejoice, to-day with one accord	36	Ein' feste Burg. 87 87 66 667.	M. Luther.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart ..	147	Sandys. S.M.	<i>Sandys' Collection.</i>
Revive Thy work, O Lord ..	210	Carlisle. S.M.	C. Lockhart.
Saviour, sprinkle many nations ..	83	{ 1. Hyfrydol } 87 87 D. { 2. Iona }	{ R. H. Prichard. { J. Stainer.
Send forth the Gospel	56	{ 1. Wells } L.M. { 2. Brockham }	{ S. S. Wesley. { J. Clarke.
Send Thou, O Lord, to every place	57	Amor Dei. 88 86.	<i>Bremen Gesangbuch.</i>
Shine Thou upon us, Lord ..	37	Hawarden. 66 66 D.	S. S. Wesley.
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands	84	Dundee. C.M.	<i>Scottish Psalter.</i>
Soldiers of Christ, arise ! ..	112	St. Ethelwald. S.M.	W. H. Monk.
Soldiers of the Cross, arise ! ..	58	Orientis partibus. 77 77.	Medieval French Me- lody.
Souls of men, why will ye scatter	211	{ 1. Stuttgart } 87 87. { 2. Souls of men }	{ <i>Psalmodia Sacra.</i> { F. Carey; harm: H.G.
Sound aloud Jehovah's praises ..	38	{ 1. Sound aloud } 87 87 887. { 2. Greenock }	{ H. Grace. { K. G. Finlay.
Sow in the morn thy seed ..	59	Windermere. S.M.	A. Somervell.
Speed Thy servants, Saviour ..	163	Lewes. 87 87 87.	J. Randall.
Spirit Divine, attend our prayers	39	Richmond. C.M.	T. Haweis and S. Webbe.
Spirit of God, that moved of old	40	Vom Himmel hoch. L.M.	Martin Luther.
Spirit of mercy, truth and love ..	41	Breslau. L.M.	Leipzig, 1625.
Spouse of Christ, in arms contend- ing	102	In Babilone. 87 87 D.	Dutch Traditional Me- lody.
Spread, O spread, thou mighty word	212	Savannah. 77 77.	<i>J. Wesley's Foundery Collection.</i>
Standing forth on life's rough way	164	Gwalchmai. 74 74 D.	J. D. Jones.
Take my life and let it be ..	113	Song 13. 77 77.	O. Gibbons.
Tell it out, the Lord is King ..	80	Ministres de l'Eternel. 77 77 77.	<i>Geneva Psalter.</i>
Ten thousand times ten thousand	213	{ 1. Gresham } 76 86 D. { 2. Alford }	{ G. Shaw. { J. B. Dykes.
The Church of God a kingdom is ..	103	St. Stephen. C.M.	W. Jones.
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	214	Ardgowan. 98 98.	K. G. Finlay.

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<i>First Line of Hymn.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Name of Tune and Metre.</i>	<i>Composer or Source.</i>
The fields are all white	177	Kenn Moor. 56 659.	B. Harwood.
The God of Abraham praise ..	136	Leoni. 66 84 D.	Hebrew Melody.
The Head that once was crowned	215	St. Magnus. C.M.	J. Clarke.
The King of Love my shepherd is	126	St. Columba. 87 87.	Ancient Irish Hymn.
		{ 1. Wareham. L.M.	{ W. Knapp.
		{ 2. Lasst uns erfreuen. }	{ Geistliche Kirchengesang.
The Lord is King, lift up thy voice	85		B. Harwood.
		Portishead. 66 886 66.	Scottish Psalter.
		Old 107th. D.C.M.	
The Lord is on our side	148	Winchester Old. C.M.	<i>Este's Psalter.</i>
The Lord will come and not be slow	86	St. Matthew. D.C.M.	W. Croft.
The people that in darkness sat	216	La sainte chapelle. L.M.	C. Janequin.
The Son of God goes forth to war	104	Rex gloriose. L.M.	French Church Melody
The sunset burns across the sky	61	St. Theodulph. 76 76 D. With refrain.	M. Teschner.
The voice says, Cry	217		
The whole wide world for Jesus	218	Horsley. C.M.	W. Horsley.
		Rutley. Irreg.	H. Grace.
There is a green hill far away ..	219	Cameronian Midnight Hymn. L.M.	Scottish Hymn Melody
There were ninety and nine	220		
These things shall be, a loftier race	87	Vienna. 77 77.	J. H. Knecht.
		St. Matthew. D.C.M.	W. Croft.
They whose course on earth is o'er	105	Aberystwyth. 77 77 D.	J. Parry.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	131	Requiem. 87 87 77.	W. Schulthes.
Thou, the Christ, for ever one ..	137	Gott des Himmels. 87 87 77.	H. Albert.
Thou, to Whom the sick and dying	132		
Thou, Who on the Cross at noon-tide	42	Moscow. 664 666 4.	F. Giardini.
Thou, Whose Almighty word ..	221	Leicester. 88 88 88.	J. Bishop.
Through midnight gloom from Macedon	62	Marching. 87 87.	M. Shaw.
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	222	Thornbury. 76 76 D.	B. Harwood.
Thy Hand, O God, has guided ..	149	{ 1. St. Quintin }	{ H. Parr.
Thy Kingdom come, O God ..	88	{ 2. St. Cecilia } 66 66.	{ L. G. Hayne.
Thy Kingdom come, on bended knee	89	Irish. C.M.	Dublin Collection.
Thy Word, O Lord, like gentle dew }	223	{ 1. Was Gott thut } 86 86 44	{ Nuremberg Gesangbuch.
		{ 2. St. Leonard's } 88.	{ H. Darke.
To bless Thy chosen race.. ..	138	St. Michael. S.M.	<i>Este's Psalter.</i>
To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love	133	Epsom. C.M.	Arnold's Complete Psalter.
		Alleluia dulce carmen. 87 87 87.	Ch. Plain Chant.
To the Name of our salvation ..	43	Eternity. 75 75 77.	I. J. Hutton.
Treasures we have gathered here	224	True-hearted. 10 11 11 10 D.	F. R. Havergal.
True-hearted, whole-hearted ..	114	Rangcon. Irreg.	C. Wood.
Trumpet of God, sound high ..	225		
Unchanging God, hear from eternal heaven	139	Ellingham. 10 10 10 10.	S. S. Wesley.
We bring our hearts to Jesus ..	178	Hodnet. 76 76 D.	Anon.
We give Thee but Thine own ..	154	Franconia. S.M.	J. B. Ebeling.
We have heard a joyful sound ..	226	Limpsfield. 73 73 77 73	J. Booth.
We have not known Thee as we ought	227	Surrey. 88 88 88 88.	H. Carey.
We sing the praise of Him who died	44	Wareham. L.M.	W. Knapp.
We've a story to tell to the nations	228	Neville. Irreg.	J. S. Scott.
What do I owe	229	What do I owe ? 46 46 D.	C. Powell.
When I survey the wondrous Cross	230	Rockingham. L.M.	E. Miller.
When of old, in lowly state ..	179	Dix. 77 77 77.	C. Kocher.
Who are these, like stars appearing	106	All Saints. 87 87 77.	<i>Darmstadt Gesangbuch.</i>
Who is on the Lord's side ..	63	Hermas. 65 65 (4).	W. H. Havergal.
Work is sweet, for God has blest	115	Voller Wunder. 77 77 77.	J. G. Ebeling.
Ye servants of God	64	Hanover. 10 10 11 11	W. Croft.
Ye servants of the Lord	65	Narenza. S.M.	<i>Cöln Gesangbuch.</i>
Zion's King shall reign victorious	90	Stuttgart. 87 87.	<i>Psalmodia Sacra.</i>

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